DELSARTE ELOCUTIONIST

FOR 1896

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A DELSARTE POSE.

THE

DELSARTE ELOCUTIONIST

—FOR—

1896

CONTAINING

A PRACTICAL TREATISE ON THE DELSARTE SYSTEM OF PHYSICAL CULTURE AND EXPRESSION,

INCLUDING

VALUABLE INSTRUCTIONS AND RULES FOR THE CULTIVATION OF THE VOICE AND THE USE OF GESTURES.

TOGETHER WITH

CHOICE SELECTIONS FOR READINGS AND RECITATIONS NOW USED IN THE LEADING SCHOOLS OF ORATORY.

Illustrated by Original Engravings.

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EDITED BY

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AND

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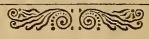

INTRODUCTORY.

Suit the action to the word, the word to the action, with this special observance, that you o'erstep not the modesty of Nature.—*Shakespeare.*

THE increasing popularity of the study of elocution in our schools, and the difficulty of obtaining appropriate selections for recitation has induced the editor to prepare the present work.

Moreover, the Delsarte system of physical expression, hitherto misunderstood, is rapidly gaining in favor, and the aim of this publication is to plainly set forth the underlying principles of that great master's teachings. Absolute freedom and grace of movement are the most important qualifications of a good speaker, and a careful study and observance of the Delsarte method of physical culture will result in a complete mastery of the arts of gesture and expression.

The selections contained in this volume were chosen with great care. While many of these are recent productions, the compiler has included a few old and familiar masterpieces of eloquence, which so fitly represent the different phases of elocution and oratory. For convenience in reference the selections are classified according to subjects.

The editor desires especially to acknowledge the courtesy of Miss Irma Lepperr, who kindly posed for the illustrations, portraying typical gestures and attitudes. Miss Lepperr is a pupil of Mrs. Lillian Woodward Gunckel, the distinguished teacher of Elocution and Delsarte in the Chicago Musical College, who rendered valuable assistance in the preparation of the present work.

The editor also wishes to express his obligations to Messrs. Oliver Ditson & Co. in permitting the use of copyrighted music.

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PART I.

Francois Delsarte.

SOON after the battle of Waterloo, as a body of troops was passing through the town of Solesmes, in France, the soldiers were startled by the voice of a child crying, "Long live the Emperor—Long live Napoleon!" The commanding officer at once ordered a detachment of men to seek out the child's home and burn it to the ground. The order was executed, and thus the innocent prattle of a child brought ruin and disaster upon an entire family. The child was Francois Delsarte.

He was born in Solesmes in 1811. His father was a physician of repute, and his mother a woman of culture and refinement. The loss of his home and the poverty that followed, caused the father to become morose and melancholy, and finally to treat his family with great harshness and cruelty. Unable to endure such treatment, the mother fled with her two boys to Paris. Here they led a life of misery and hardship. Francois endeavored to find employment but failed. His mother died of starvation, and one morning the poor boy awoke to find he held the dead body of his brother in his arms. When ten years of age, Delsarte was found lying asleep in the street one night by a rag-picker, who took pity on him and carried him to his miserable home.

For two years the lad wandered about the city searching for rags and listening to the bands of music and itinerant singers he encountered in the streets. When thirteen years old he was discovered by Pere Bambini, the eminent professor of music, in the garden of the Tuilleries, tracing figures in the sand. When questioned as to the significance of the marks, he replied that he was writing down the music that the soldiers were playing. Bambini said to him:

"I am a musician, yet I cannot read these signs. Can you read them?"

For answer the boy sang a beautiful melody, pointing out as he did so, the signs denoting the musical sounds.

"Who taught you this?" inquired Bambini.

"No one," answered Delsarte.

Amazed at the genius of the child, Bambini took him to his own home and finally adopted him. When fourteen years of age, Delsarte was admitted to the Conservatory. A year afterward his benefactor died, leaving him again in great poverty.

In the meantime he had made up his mind to go upon the stage, and persistently applied for a position in the Grand Opera House. The doorkeeper reported the matter to the director, who replied that he would "teach the fellow a lesson." The next time Delsarte called at the theater, it was during the performance of an opera, and a large audience had assembled.

He was conducted to the office of the director, who asked him what he wanted.

"Merely an opportunity to be heard," was the reply.

"Very well, wait here;" said the director, "I will let you know when I am ready for you."

He then gave orders that when the curtain fell at the end of the next act, a piano should be placed upon the stage. When this had been done, he sent for Delsarte and said:

"Have you the courage to go on and show me before the public what you are able to do?"

With great dignity, Delsarte replied: "Yes, monsieur. If I cannot succeed with the public, I have nothing to ask of you."

The curtain was rung up and Delsarte, in his ragged clothes, stepped upon the stage. He was received with jeers and laughter. Bowing politely, he seated himself at the piano and ran his fingers over the keys. A moment later and the tones of his magnificent voice rang through the house. When he had finished he was greeted with loud applause by the surprised and delighted audience. He was recalled again and again, and when at last he went behind the scenes, the director at once offered him a contract for three years at a salary of 1,000 francs a month.

After several years of unqualified success, the failure of his voice compelled Delsarte to retire from the stage. Convinced that this misfortune was due to poor training he had received at the Conservatory, he determined to devote his life to developing a system of physical culture and expression, founded upon natural laws. Many men and women of rank and fortune became his pupils. Upon one occasion, when he appeared at the Tuileries, King Louis Philippe received him at the foot of the grand staircase and bestowed marked attentions upon the great master. He died in 1871, however, without having published any work descriptive of his wonderful system.

Miss Anna Morgan, in her work entitled, "An Hour with Delsarte," says: "To Francois Delsarte, more than to any other man, is due the credit of opening our eyes to the possibility of adding strength and expression to our movements, as well as grace and ease. His opponents have unwittingly done much to heighten public interest in his teachings; their scoffing has only served to whet curiosity and bring the subject of æsthetic cultivation of the body into equal prominence with kindred arts. Hitherto the subject of physical culture has suggested only the gymnasium, with visions of Indian clubs, dumb-bells, and various other violent exercises for the development of muscle; but, thanks to the genius of Delsarte, we are in possession of means whereby we may obtain muscular strength, but not at the expense of flexibility which is the basis of grace. He has given us a perfect method by which we may not only obtain freedom and elasticity of action, but one which adds force and meaning to our every movement. It frees the body from all restrictions and renders it as it should be—subservient to its master, the will. It should be the training of every child from its cradle, and then there would be no bias of birth or custom to overcome in later years. Delsarte's inventive genius has furnished us a series of mechanical exercises, which subject all the joints and muscles to a flexing or freeing process which is the first step toward restoring them to the pliancy of unconscious freedom. They destroy that unbending muscular rigidity largely imposed by conventionality, and infuse an air of elastic independence, so fundamental

an element in a graceful carriage. They correct all faults of negligent personal habit and overcome hereditary tendencies, which sometimes, if unchecked, result in grave consequences to health. These are among the purposes of Delsarte's scheme of mechanical movements."

PART II.

The Delsarte System of Expression.

IT is impossible in the present volume to explain in detail the many features of the Delsarte system of physical culture. It needs a living teacher who can study the peculiarities of pupils and adapt the method to individual needs. The object of this treatise is to suggest in outline a few exercises for the cultivation of the body, the practice of which will enable the student to assume the various attitudes and gestures necessary in expression.

The importance of physical culture is now universally recognized. According to Charles Wesley Emerson, M. D., LL. D., proper physical culture "aims at the highest condition of health and beauty through such exercises as are authorized and required by the laws of the human economy. There is no rigidity in the cultivated body. If it moves, its movements will be as soft as music. Any form of exercise is better than no form at all, but those motions are the most helpful which are at the same time the most beautiful. All nature's lines are curved lines. The curved line is the line of beauty. A curved movement assists more than an angular one, or one that is made in a straight line, The movements of the Greeks were beautiful, and no other nation ever cultivated the physique as they did."

The study of gesture was subjected by Delsarte to a profound analysis. According to his theory, every portion of the face performs a separate part. In the expression of certain emotions nature has assigned certain functions to the eye, nose and mouth. True passion, which never errs, has no need of recurring to such studies, but they are indispensable when we wish to express pretended passion. How useful would it not be to one who wishes

to represent madness or wrath, to know that the eye never expresses the sentiment experienced, but simply indicates the object of this sentiment. Cover the lower part of the face and impart to the look all the energy of which it is capable, and it will be impossible for the most sagacious observer, to tell whether the look expresses anger or attention. On the other hand, uncover the lower part of the face, and if the nostrils are dilated and the contracted lips are drawn up, there is no doubt that anger is written on the countenance. It is an interesting fact that among raving madmen the lower part of the face is violently contracted, while the vague and uncertain look shows clearly that their fury has no object. It is easy to conceive what a wonderful interest the study of the human body becomes when analyzed from head to foot in the innumerable ways of expression.

The system of Delsarte teaches one the laws of the language and of the eloquence which nature places in the face, in the gestures, in the suppressed or expansive tones of the voice, and in the accent of speech. According to his theory of expression there are nine laws of gesture. The first law is the law of motion. Every agent of expression is produced by motion, and the force by which this motion is effected emanates from the soul. When the force produces outward motion or from the body it is called vital. When this force causes inward motion or toward the body it is called mental, and when it neither causes motion, outward or inward, but holds the body in poise it is called emotive. In every person one of these three natures predominates while the other two are subordinate. The character of an individual is indicated by the extent to which one nature predominates over the others. The physical nature is the seat of sensation and the source of vitality, and is expressed by outward motion. The emotive nature is the seat of sentiment and is the source of emotion. The seat of consciousness is in the mental nature, which is the source of thought, and is revealed through inward motion.

The second law is that "the velocity of any agent is in proportion to the mass moved and of the force moving." For instance, deep thought is expressed by slow gestures, while thoughts and emotions of a light character are indicated by short, quick gest-

ures. This is also true of the voice. Deep tones suggest lofty thoughts, while lighter tones indicate sentiments of less feeling.

The law of direction and extension states that all gestures must have a certain direction. Vital gestures are made forward from the body or lengthwise. Mental gestures are pointed upward or below, while emotional gestures are directed sideways. The extension of gesture is indicated by the degree to which we give way to any emotion.

Delsarte's fourth law is as follows: "Every extreme of emotion tends to react to its opposite," as in the rebounding of a ball thrown against a wall. For example; Great grief is followed by great prostration.

According to the fifth law all gestures describe certain forms. Those which describe straight lines are called vital. The gestures which indicate a circular form are emotional, while mental gestures are expressed by broken outlines. The sixth law, or law of personality, indicates the character of an individual.

Delsarte expressed his law of opposition as follows: "When two limbs follow the same direction they cannot be simultaneous without injury to the law of opposition, therefore direct movements should be successive, and opposite movements simultaneous." The law of opposition in gesture is based on the laws of gravity and equilibrium. There cannot be grace of body without perfect balance. Any movement of the body from a state of perfect poise must be counterbalanced by the movement of another part of the body in the opposite direction.

The law of sequence or priority of gesture is the order of succession in which the agents of expression act. "Impression always precedes expression. We must have before we can give, and give in the order of having." The vital nature is usually the first to express itself in gesture. Then follows the emotional and then the mental nature. The eye is the first to reveal impressions, then the face, then the hands and limbs, and finally speech.

According to the Delsarte philosophy, "Rhythm is the vibration or swing of matter to equal spaces and in equal times." All motion is rhythmic. In speech this is indicated by the rise and fall of the voice, and in gesture by the undulating movements of the body.

Delsarte separated the body into three divisions, selecting the limbs as the agents of the vital nature, because they denote power and strength; the head as the agent of the mental nature, because it is the seat of the mind, and the trunk, or body, as the agent of the emotive nature, as it is supposed to be the source of the emotions. The head is subdivided into three tracts; the eyes and forehead representing the mental center, because the state of the mind is revealed by the expression of the eyes and brows; the cheeks and nose are termed emotive agents, because various emotions are indicated by the blush or pallor of the cheeks and the distension of the nostrils. The region about the mouth and jaws is termed the agent of the vital nature, as the impulses of individuals are often indicated by the formation of these parts.

According to the Delsarte system the upper part of the leg is termed vital, because of its being the source of impelling force, as in walking. That the lower part of the leg expresses emotion is shown in kneeling, as in the gesture of supplication (see page 133). The foot, or base, is called the mental agent, because the state of the mind is often indicated by the position or action of the feet. The illustrations, protraying typical gestures, were prepared with a view to showing the attitudes of the feet in different forms of expression.

In the subdivision of the body the lungs are the seat of the mental nature; the heart is the seat of the emotive nature, and the abdomen that of the vital nature.

The Delsarte theory ascribes to the arm, as a whole, the agency of the vital nature, subdividing it into three centers. The shoulder is termed vital, although Delsarte also believed that the part indicates sensibility or passion, provided the face determines the character of the emotion. The elbow is the agent of the emotive nature. Its attitude in repose denotes self-possession. When turned outward from the body it implies arrogance or disdain; when turned inward toward the body it indicates resignation or forgetfulness of self. The wrist is the direct agent of the hand, and its cultivation is necessary in order to effect graceful gestures.

The hand is the most important agent of expression. "The

eye may be trained to deceive; the features may be schooled to assume a stolid indifference under circumstances of mental emotion; but the impulsive pressure, or involuntary movement of the hand, frequently betrays the truth. The motions of the hand add force to argument, and often speak a silent language of their own, portraying fear, astonishment, or grief beyond the power of words to convey."

EXERCISES FOR RENDERING THE BODY PLIANT.

Before attempting to assume the various gestures necessary in expression, the student should subject the various joints to certain movements which will render the body pliable and remove all stiffness and rigidity. Each of the following movements are to be repeated several times:

1. Standing with the feet close together, place the hands upon the hips and describe a circle with the body by bending it from the waist line as far forward as possible, then to the left, then backward, then to the right and return to the erect position.

2. Standing in the position previously indicated, describe a circle in the same manner with the head. Allowing the neck to become as limp as possible, let the head fall forward on the chest and then gradually move in a circular direction, first to the left, then to the back, then to the right and then to the erect position.

3. With the fingers lightly touching the chest, bend backward as far as possible with the head moving toward the heels. Then move forward, slowly raise the arms, stiffen the knees and, bending forward, touch the tips of the fingers to the floor.

4. Standing in an erect position, raise and lower the shoulders several times, then move them forward and backward. Take a full breath and swing the arms with a circular movement from the shoulder joints.

5. Standing on one foot, swing the right leg freely from the hip joint backward and forward, then with a circular movement to the left and right. Then bend the leg at the knee, lifting the foot as high as possible. Repeat these movements with the left leg.

6. Cultivate pliancy of the ankle by turning the foot to the right and left and moving it up and down with a rapid motion.

7. Rapidly agitate the fingers and thumbs as though playing a piano.

8. Render the hands flexible at the wrists by circular movement from left to right and from right to left. Bend them backward and forward, as though beating time to music; shake them rapidly, as though the fingers had been burned.

9. Raise the arms and extend them before the body; then bending them at the elbows move them freely up and down and to the right and left. This exercise imparts freedom and flexibility to the muscles of the forearm.

10. Standing in an erect position, with the hands hanging loosely at the sides, stiffen the arms, raise and bring them together at the back; then slowly move them forward till they meet in front of the chest extended at full length; then relax and allow the arms to drop easily to the sides.

These exercises, together with other movements that the student may devise, if practiced daily and industriously, will render the body graceful and free, and bring the different parts under the complete dominion of the will.

EXERCISES FOR PRODUCING HARMONY OF MOVEMENT.

1. The first step in physical culture is to acquire a graceful and easy carriage. Cultivate a natural poise by standing with one foot a little in advance of the other, with the weight of the body resting on the ball of the advanced foot (see page 290.).

2. A graceful expansion of the hands can be acquired by the following exercises: Close the hands lightly, holding them before the breast. Then with a slow and graceful movement open the hands, while gradually separating them until they are fully expanded and extended at full length. Then slowly close them together, returning the hands to the breast as before. This exercise is of great value in the education of awkward hands, and will impart pliancy and grace if carefully practiced.

3. Assume an erect and graceful position, with the weight resting equally on both feet; slowly move the body forward until the weight rests entirely on the balls of the feet, but with the heels touching the floor. Then allow the body to move back-

ward as far as possible, with the weight entirely on the heels, but without losing the balance. The practice of this exercise will enable the student to easily assume a perfect poise.

4. Standing in an erect position, with the left foot advanced, and the weight equally borne by each leg, slowly take the weight upon the left leg, the head following in the direction of the weight, with the body moving in the opposite direction. Repeat this exercise with the right foot. Should the student attempt to move the head and body simultaneously in the direction of the advanced leg, the loss of balance will afford a proof of the value of Delsarte's law of opposition. This movement will aid in imparting a sinuous grace to the body.

5. Standing with the feet on a line, rise on the toes and remain in that position for thirty seconds, then slowly descend. Repeat several times.

6. Sit in a chair, as on page 238, and move the body forward, the action beginning first at the chest, then extending to the shoulders and head, the latter following the body in opposition, until the attitude becomes one of animation; then allow the body to sink slowly back, the waist leading and the head following in opposition until the original passive position is resumed.

7. Assuming the normal position of standing, elevate the right arm by means of the wrist, and describe the figure eight with a light, graceful motion of the hand, moving to the right as far as possible. Repeat this exercise with the left arm, moving to the left, and then with both arms. This exercise is called the "feather movement."

8. Assume in succession the following attitudes: Remorse (page 30); adoration (page 81); reproach (page 185); scorn (page 237); disdain (page 159); flight (page 160); horror (page 55); caution (page 263); supplication (page 133.)

10. In the same manner, after assuming the attitude of repose (page 290), assume in succession: Secrecy (page 107); hatred (page 108); accusation (page 186); designation (page 134); repulsion (page 211); invocation (page 212); meditation (page 56); resignation (page 82.)

THE ARTS OF GESTURE AND EXPRESSION.

IN gesture the hand plays the most important part. The index finger is employed to indicate an object by pointing (see page 186), to define by an upward movement, and to affirm by placing the forefinger into the palm of the other hand. The clenched hand indicates extreme emphasis, vehement declaration and earnest resolve (see page 212). The clasped hands indicate entreaty. The hand expresses denial by an upward motion, palm outward. Impatience is manifested by the snapping of the forefinger and thumb. Concealment is expressed by the back of the hand, with the palm toward the object to be hidden, while revelation is indicated by the exposed palm. Inquiry is expressed by the raised palm extended with the finger and thumb slowly expanding and directed upward. Acquiescence is expressed by a waving part of the hands, fingers pointed downward, and the palms presented. Anger is usually shown by the tightly clenched fists, and satisfaction is revealed by gently rubbing the palms together. Fondness is indicated by softly stroking or patting an object. Moral support is expressed by the hands held horizontally, with the palms upward.

Raising the shoulders indicates sensibility or an emotion of extreme joy, or hate, although the character of the emotion must be determined by the expression of the face (see page 108). The motion of grief or concentration of thought is expressed by drooping the shoulders (see page 56).

Forgetfulness of self is indicated by the elbow turned in (see page 290), while the expression of self-assertion is indicated by the elbow turned outward (see page 159).

The arms crossed lightly on the breast indicate resignation (see page 82). If they are tightly folded or raised to a level with the shoulders it indicates scorn or suppressed passion (see page 237). When the hands rest on the hips and the elbows are turned out, the gesture indicates impertinence or boasting (see page 159.)

The gesture most frequently employed is the simple one of announcement employed in descriptive passages when no particular emotion is expressed (see page 29). Stand with one foot a little

in advance of the other with the weight of the body resting on the advanced foot, the left arm hanging easily at the side, and the right hand extended toward the audience, the first finger straight, and the other slightly curved, with the palm partially exposed.

The illustrations with which the work abounds are graphic portrayals of typical gestures and will afford the student a practical idea of the various methods of expression. These should be carefully studied

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A PRACTICAL STUDY OF EXPRESSION.

The following extracts from various selections in the work will afford a practical study of the arts of gesture and expression. These extracts refer to illustrations which show the proper gestures to be used in portraying different thoughts and emotions. This feature will be appreciated by the student of elocution;

ANNOUNCEMENT.

(See page 29.)

Friends, Romans, countrymen! lend me your ears;
I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.
The evil that men do lives after them;
The good is oft interred with their bones.

Marc Antony's Address.

REMORSE.

(See page 30.)

For I thought of her grave below the hill,
  Which the sentinel cypress tree stands over
And I thought "Were she only living still,
  How I could forgive her and love her."

Aux Italiens.

HORROR.

(See page 55.)

O God! that horrid, horrid dream
  Besets me now awake;
Again, again, with dizzy brain,
  The human life I take;

And my red right hand grows raging hot
Like Crammer's at the stake.

Dream of Eugene Aram.

MEDITATION.

(See page 56.)

Once, upon a midnight dreary,
While I pondered, weak and weary,
Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore—
While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping,
As of some one gently rapping, rapping at my chamber door.

The Raven.

ADORATION.

(See page 81.)

I was a child and she was a child,
In this kingdom by the sea;
But we loved with a love that was more than love,
I and my Annabel Lee,
With a love that the winged seraphs of heaven
Coveted her and me.

Annabel Lee.

RESIGNATION.

(See page 82.)

The temple of her earthly hopes had fallen, and what was there left for her but to sit down in despondency among its lonely ruins, and weep and die! or, in the spirit of a better hope, await the dawning of another day, when a Hand divine shall gather its sacred dust, and rebuild for immortality its broken walls!

The Old Wife's Kiss.

SECRECY.

(See page 107.)

"She is dead," they said to him. "Come away;
Kiss her and leave her—thy love is clay;"
With a tender touch they closed up well
The sweet thin lips that had secrets to tell.

He and She.

HATRED.

(See page 108.)

And when she met
The snake eyes of Gueldo, the braids on her brow were wet;
And if the hell of the preachers had yawned on our gentle Kate,
She couldn't have glared such horror or woman's deadly hate.

Justice in Leadville.

SUPPLICATION.

(See page 133.)

"Gentle Jesus, please forgive me, as I didn't know afore,
That yer cared for little cripples who is weak and very poor,
And I never heard of heaven till that Jessie came to-day
And told me all about it, so I wants to try and pray."

Tommy's Prayer.

DESIGNATION.

(See page 134.)

There was one clear shining star that used to come out in the sky before the rest, near the church spire, above the graves. It was larger and more beautiful, they thought, than all the others, and every night they watched for it, standing hand-in-hand at the window. Whoever saw it first, cried out, "I see the star."

A Child's Dream of a Star.

DISDAIN.

(See page 159.)

Thereat King Robert muttered scornfully,
"Till well that such seditious words are sung
Only by priests and in the Latin tongue;
For unto priests and people be it known,
There is no power can push me from my throne."

King Robert of Sicily.

FLIGHT.

(See page 160.)

Hark! from the hills, a moment mute,
Came a clatter of hoofs in hot pursuit;

And a cry from the foremost trooper said,
"Halt! or your blood be on your head;"
She heeded it not, and not in vain
She lashed the horse with the bridle rein.

The Ride of Jennie McNeal.

REPROACH.

(See page 185.)

God is my judge! May I never see such a look of despairing, desolate anguish, as that which the woman cast on her master, griping her breast with her little hand, as if he had stabbed her.

The Pilot's Story.

ACCUSATION.

(See page 186.)

"It is she! Gracious God! Is she dying?
Or dead, sirs? Say, tell if you can?
Unhand me! Who murdered my poor wife?"
And a voice answered, *thou art the man.*

Convict Joe.

REPULSION.

(See page 211.)

Depart! depart, O child
Of Israel, from the temple of thy God;
For He has smote thee with His chastening rod,
And to the desert wild
From all thou lov'st, away thy feet must flee,
That from thy plague His people may be free.

The Leper.

INVOCATION.

(See page 212.)

Virginius tottered nigh
And stood before the judgment seat, and held the knife on high;
"O dwellers in the nether gloom, avengers of the slain,
By this dear blood I cry to you, do right between us twain;
And e'en as Appius Claudius hath dealt by me and mine,
Deal you by Appius Claudius and all the Claudian line."

The Fate of Virginia.

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REMORSE.

SCORN.

(See page 237.)

Back! ruffians, back, 'nor dare to tread
Too near the body of my dead;
Nor touch the living boy. I stand
Between him and your lawless band.
The Polish Boy.

REVERY.

(See page 238.)

I'm sitting alone by the fire,
Dressed just as I came from the dance,
In a robe even you would admire,
It cost a cool thousand in France.
Her Letter.

CAUTION.

(See page 263.)

We set around the kitchen fire an' has the mostest fun
A-list'nin' to the witch tales 'at Annie tells about,
An' the Gobble-uns 'at gits you
Ef you
Don't
Watch
Out!
The Elf-Child.

GRACE.

(See page 264.)

Grandma told me all about it,
Told me so I couldn't doubt it,
How she danced—my Grandma danced—long ago;
How she held her pretty head—
How she turned her little toes—
Smiling little human rose—long ago.
The Minuet.

Regarding other gestures, the following hints may be useful: Patriotism is indicated by the right foot a slight space in

advance, the form elevated to full height, the right arm extended, the hand just raised to a level with the eyes; the left arm extended, so that the wrist is on a level with the waist; the hand open, the palm horizontal with the body.

In expressing courage, the left foot is placed a little in advance, the figure somewhat thrown back so that the breast is well advanced, the arms fully extended, hands open, the right hand on a level with forehead, the left on a level with lower part of thigh; the right palm partly turned upward, the left partly down.

Appeal is expressed with right foot a little in advance, left knee very slightly bent, shoulders thrown back somewhat, face a little upturned, eyes lifted heavenward, right arm extended, hand open, and a little above the level of the forehead, left arm extended almost horizontally, so as to bring the wrist just below the belt, the hand open, palm upward.

In resolution the heels are well together, the form straight, the left arm nearly perpendicular with the body, and about nine inches from it, the right arm, as far as the elbow, close to the body, from the elbow rather extended out, the palms of both hands turned downward, the head held firmly erect.

In indicating admiration the right foot is very slightly advanced, the left knee bent a little so as to bring the figure into an easy, agreeable posture, the form quite erect, the shoulders well back, the right arm stretched out on a level with the breast, the hand open, and the index finger pointed at the object spoken of (or to), the left arm close to the hip, but from the hip slightly extended from the body, the hand expanded and palm down.

To express regret advance the right foot with the legs well together, the right arm nearly perpendicular with the body, the hand about one foot from the thigh, nearly open, the left arm close to the body to the elbow, the head turned a little backward, over the right shoulder.

In dislike, the right foot is slightly advanced, the left knee slightly bent, the right arm almost falling straight, but a little advanced to the center of the figure; the left hand extended from the side, the hands open, the palms downward, the head a little drooped forward, the face turned toward the right shoulder.

PART III.

Elocution and Oratory.

THE art of reading and speaking in public in an eloquent and effective manner is an enviable accomplishment. Were it possible to realize the importance that elocutionary ability has upon the welfare in life of either a man or a woman, there would be less neglect of the study of elocution in our schools, and pupils would be eager to excel in this branch of education. But throughout a great portion of the country this most important study has been looked upon as something more ornamental than useful, and where elocution has been taught effectively at all, it has been where an occasional instructor, wiser than the average, has forced it into the course of training. Fortunately a change of sentiment is rapidly manifesting itself everywhere.

The subject of elocution ought to be an important one to American people, for the love of oratory is inherent in the national character. They have felt its influence as no other people have, and realize the part it has performed in the formation of the republic. One of our famous scholars has said that it was "oratory that made us a free and independent people, oratory that determined the quality of man, oratory that settled all the important questions of the past, and oratory that must mark the future weal or woe of the American nation." In no other country have orators and oratory played so important a part in shaping public affairs as in this country. The reason is that nowhere else has free speech been enjoyed with absolute thoroughness. Every other land either is or has been cursed by a despotism which dared not give rein to the tongue. Oratory cannot flourish under tyranny

Our republican institutions are of such a character as to call for and encourage the practice of not only impromptu and well-finished oratory, but there is also a demand for elocutionists and readers capable of instituting an intelligent inquiry into the meaning of an author, and of conveying with force, beauty and expression his ideas and sentiments. Such is the demand for the services of elocutionists of every class that excellence in this great art is a sure road to financial success.

The general inaptitude of our citizens to extemporaneous speaking is proof that there is a lamentable deficiency in their education which is the result of faulty training. That some are gifted more than others in the matter of oratory cannot be denied, and that the great majority of our people need nothing but proper training in their youth to fit them for public life is equally undeniable. The neglect of elocution in our schools is caused from the defective methods adopted in teaching. It is gratifying to know, however, that elocution is beginning to secure the attention it deserves. This is mainly due to the influence of the Delsarte system which is being felt in all departments of learning.

Elocution in our schools should rank with other important studies. The teacher himself should be a good reader, otherwise his scholars cannot become proficient. He should certainly keep his pupils in constant practice, and drill them in the principles of elocution. It is unreasonable to expect the school boy to be able to analyze the works of great authors. This must be taught him by his instructor, while at the same time his voice should be trained to express the ideas. It is a good idea to accustom children to address audiences of their own school companions and acquaintances, which will prepare them for reading and speaking in public.

The first qualifications for an orator or a reader are a pure and cultivated voice and a correct articulation. The different intonations, cadences and inflections of the human voice are to be acquired only by indefatigable study and practical effort, and the most assiduous and strict attention to the guidance and instruction of a teacher qualified to express the various meanings. A great many people are prejudiced against the study of elocution

for fear it will teach their children to adopt the stage as a profession. The aim of the present work is to treat the subject from the standpoint of pure elocution, based upon the Delsarte system of physical culture and expression. It has been said that a work of genius recited by a man of fine taste, enthusiasm and good elocution is a very pure and high gratification. Were this art cultivated and encouraged great numbers now insensible to the most beautiful compositions might be waked up to their excellence and power. It is not easy to conceive of a more effectual way of spreading a refined taste in a community. The drama undoubtedly appeals more strongly to the passions than recitations. The latter brings out the meaning of the author more.

Elocution, it must be borne in mind, properly includes reading and conversation, as well as public speaking, and is a matter of nearly as much interest to women as to men.

"Reading aloud with propriety and grace is an accomplishment worthy of acquisition," says Mrs. Sigourney. "To enter into the spirit of the author and convey his sentiments with a happy adaptation of tone, emphasis and manner, is no common attainment. It is peculiarly valuable to our sex, because it so often gives them an opportunity of imparting pleasure and improvement to an assembled family during the winter evening or the protracted storm."

Reading and recitation are more useful and invigorating muscular exercises than is generally imagined. In the cultivation of the voice the chest and the diaphram are in constant action and communicate with the stomach a healthy and agreeable stimulus, and consequently where the voice is raised and elocution rapid, as in many kinds of public speaking, the muscular effort is more exhaustive than the mental, especially to those who are unaccustomed to it. When care is taken, however, not to carry reading or reciting to excess, the exercise is extremely useful, developing and giving tone to the general system. As reading aloud, public speaking and lecturing require some exertion, they ought to be indulged in with prudence and with constant reference to the constitution and health of the individual.

IMPORTANT RULES AND INSTRUCTIONS.

THE preservation of the voice and the proper means of improving its tone and compass are very important subjects. Even though it be exerted only in ordinary conversation, in reading aloud or in singing, a full, clear and pleasing voice is an accomplishment. The first and most important rule for the preservation of the voice is that the public speaker should be temperate in all things, moderate in his appetite, and not given to any personal excess. The voice should not be exerted after a full meal. It should never be urged beyond its strength or strained to its utmost pitch. The voice when hoarse should not be exerted if it can possibly be avoided. The use of tobacco is very injurious to the voice, rendering it dry and harsh. Expand the chest freely and assume an erect and easy position when speaking or reading. The following breathing exercises for developing the voice should be carefully studied by the student and elocutionist:

Stand in a perfectly erect but easy posture, as indicated in the previous chapter (see page 290.) In *effusive* breathing draw in slowly a full breath and emit it very slowly in a prolonged sound of *ah* in a whisper. In *expulsive* breathing draw in somewhat quicker than the preceding a full breath and send it forth with a lively explosive force, the sound of the *ah* but little prolonged. In *explosive* breathing draw in a full breath faster than in expulsive and emit very quickly in a brief sound of the *ah.*

Those who are accustomed to articulate poorly should practice *whispering*, for in whispering a poor articulation cannot be understood. Let the student follow the instructions given in preceding paragraph. In *effusive* whispering let the breath pass from the mouth *gently*, so that it could be understood ten feet distant. In the *expulsive* whisper emit with *more force*, and in the *explosive* send forth the breath in an *abrupt* manner.

The qualities of voice generally used in elocution are the pure tone, the orotund, the tremor, the aspirated, the guttural, the falsetto, and the whisper. The pure tone is a clear, smooth, sonorous flow of sound, used to express joy, love and tranquility. The orotund tone is full, deep and pure; although sometimes natural, it

is more frequently acquired, and is a most pleasing and musical sound. It enables the speaker to enunciate distinctly and in a most powerful tone, readily modulated and easy to expand or diminish. This tone is used especially to express sublime, impassioned and pathetic emotions. The aspirated tone is used in suppressed passion, or whispering, to express fear, anger, terror, revenge and remorse. The gutteral tone is uttered from the throat and is employed to convey an expression of scorn, aversion, hatred or contempt. The falsetto tone is sometimes called a head voice. It is used to simulate whinings of peevishness or the scream of baffled rage or hopeless terror. The tremor tone is rarely used, but is easily acquired by practice to indicate laughter or crying. The whisper, if used carefully, is very effective, and is often more expressive than a loud exclamation.

Correct articulation is the distinct utterance of the elementary sounds in syllables and words according to the most approved custom of pronouncing them, and is the first requisite in good reading and speaking. A clear and elegant enunciation may be acquired by continued practice and indefatigable study. The student should remember that good articulation depends upon opening the mouth sufficiently so that nothing can impede a round, full tone of voice.

Modulation is the giving to each tone of voice its proper character and expression. The voice is defined as capable of assuming three keys commonly termed low, middle and high key. The low key is generally used to express awe, amazement, horror, despair, melancholy and grief. The middle key should be used in conversation or in the delivery of an essay, sermon or plain practical oration. The high key is used in expressing brisk, gay and joyous emotions; also the extremes of pain and fear. The monotone is the opposite of modulation. It consists of speaking with a full tone of voice, with slow and prolonged utterance but without ascent or descent. It is the only tone that can properly express the supernatural and ghostly, and is the best tone to practice in the cultivation of the voice.

Force or emphasis is a particular stress of voice given to one or more important words in a sentence. As a general rule force

is placed upon the word or words which more than others express the idea to be conveyed.

Rate must necessarily vary with the nature of the thought. Slow rate should generally be practiced because the speaker or reader has the air of self-possession, is able to enunciate more distinctly, and has in reserve the power to increase the rate where the nature of the sentence may demand it.

The student should never attempt to deliver any selection until he fully comprehends its every meaning and can properly adapt his voice and movement to the selection, "suiting the action to the word and the word to the action."

In announcing the subject of a recitation assume a natural position, as on page 290, and deliver the selection with expression and with appropriate gestures.

In reading hold the book in the left hand, keeping the place open with the thumb and little finger. Do not keep your eyes riveted on the book. A reader is more effective when the varying expressions of thought and feeling are visible in the face.

A DELSARTE DRILL.

IT is the custom of teachers to arrange a drill illustrating the principles of the Delsarte system, consisting of a series of movements to be performed in perfect order and to the accompaniment of music. These drills are very effective as public entertainments, and the participants should wear soft, draped Grecian garments. If colored lights are used, more beautiful effects are produced if the costumes are of different colors.

Select suitable music, Mendelssohn's Wedding March, for instance, and after assuming the natural poise as on page 290, instruct the class to walk in perfect time and unison. Then change the music to Lange's Flower Song, and have one of the class recite the following poem, the others assuming in succession the various attitudes indicated by the figures which refer to the illustrations of typical gestures. For instance, 29 refers to the illustration found on page 29, etc.

ANNABEL LEE.

IT was many and many a year ago,[29]
In a kingdom by the sea,
That a maiden lived whom you may know[290]
By the name of Annabel Lee;
And this maiden she lived with no other thought[81]
Than to love, and be loved by me.

I was a child and she was a child,[316]
In this kingdom by the sea;
But we loved with a love that was more than love,[81]
I and my Annabel Lee,
With a love that the wingéd seraphs of heaven[134]
Coveted her and me.

And this was the reason that long ago,[29]
In this kingdom by the sea,
A wind blew out of cloud-land[341] chilling
My beautiful Annabel Lee;
So that her high-born kinsman came[30]
And bore her away from me,
To shut her up in a sepulchre,[186]
In this kingdom by the sea.

The angels, not so happy in heaven,[185]
Went envying her and me.
Yes! that was the reason (as all men know)[29]
In this kingdom by the sea,
That the wind came out of the cloud by night,[160]
Chilling and killing my Annabel Lee.

But our love it was stronger by far than the love[81]
Of those who were older than we,
Of many far wiser than we;
And neither the angels in heaven above,[134]
Nor the demons down under the sea,[55]
Can ever dissever my soul from the soul
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee.

For the moon never beams without bringing me dreams
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee,[29]
And the stars never rise but I feel the bright eyes[341]
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;
And so, all the night-tide I lie down by the side[133]
Of my darling, my darling, my life and my bride,
In her sepulchre there by the sea,[82]
In her tomb by the sounding sea.

Key to Gestures.

The illustrations found on the pages given below are practical portrayals of the Delsarte method of expression. The figures introduced in different selections, throughout the work, refer to these illustrations, and indicate appropriate gestures in recitation.

For example:

"She is dead!" [29] *they said to him.*

The figure 29 means that the illustration on page 29 shows the proper gesture to be used—that of *announcement.* The same gesture can be employed in *descriptive passages* or in *simple statement.*

Page 30. Remorse—Anguish.
" 55. Horror—Fear.
" 56. Meditation—Reflection—Soliloquy.
" 81. Adoration—Love—Memory.
" 82. Resignation—Submission—Devotion.
" 107. Secrecy—Silence—Warning.
" 108. Hatred—Passion—Menace.
" 133. Supplication—Prayer—Entreaty.
" 134. Designation.
" 159. Disdain—Contempt—Arrogance.
" 160. Flight—Terror—Cowardice.
" 185 Reproach—Awe—Veneration.
" 186. Accusation—Indication—Denunciation.
" 211. Repulsion—Banishment—Protest.
" 212. Invocation—Defiance—Emphatic Declaration.
" 237. Scorn—Command—Rejection.
" 238. Revery.
" 263. Caution—Suspense—Listening.
" 264. A Delsarte Movement.
" 289. Expectation.
" 290. Repose.
" 315. Modesty—Innocence.
" 316. Wonder—Observation—Discernment.
" 341. Revelation.

PART IV.

Dramatic and Descriptive Selections.

THE RAVEN.

[The following selection should be recited with intense feeling and force, the face expressing melancholy and grief. The figures refer to the illustrations, which show the proper gestures to be used.]

ONCE, upon a midnight dreary,[56] while I pondered, weak and weary,
Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore —
While I nodded, nearly napping,[263] suddenly there came a tapping,
As of some one gently rapping, rapping at my chamber door —[107]
"'Tis some visitor," I muttered, "tapping at my chamber door —
Only this, and nothing more."

Ah! distinctly I remember![29] It was in the bleak December,
And each separate dying ember wrought[55] its ghost upon the floor.
Eagerly I wished the morrow; vainly I had tried to borrow
From my books surcease of sorrow[30] — sorrow for the lost Lenore —
For the rare and radiant maiden whom the angels named Lenore —
Nameless here for evermore.

And the silken, sad, uncertain rustling of each purple curtain[160]
Thrilled me — filled me with fantastic terrors never felt before;
So that now, to still the beating of my heart, I stood repeating,[107]

"'Tis some visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door —
This it is, and nothing more."
Presently my soul grew stronger; hesitating then no longer,[29]
"Sir," said I, "or madam, truly your forgiveness I implore;
But the fact is I was napping, and so gently you came rapping,
And so faintly you came tapping, tapping at my chamber door,
That I scarce was sure I heard you"—here I opened wide the door:[186]
Darkness there, and nothing more!

Deep into that darkness peering,[316] long I stood there wondering, fearing,
Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortal ever dared to dream before;
But the silence was unbroken, and the darkness gave no token,
And the only word there spoken was the whispered word,[81] "Lenore!"
This I whispered, and an echo murmured back the word, "Lenore!"
Merely this, and nothing more.

Then into the chamber turning, all my soul within me burning,[29]
Soon I heard again a tapping, somewhat louder than before;
"Surely," said I,[186] "surely that is something at my window-lattice;
Let me see, then, what thereat is, and this mystery explore;[185]
Let my heart be still a moment, and this mystery explore;
'Tis the wind, and nothing more!"

Open here, I flung the shutter, when, with many a flirt and flutter,
In there stepped a stately raven of the saintly days of yore;[159]
Not the least obeisance made he; not an instant stopped or stayed he;
But, with mien of lord or lady,[341] perched above my chamber door—
Perched upon a bust of Pallas, just above my chamber door—
Perched, and sat, and nothing more.

Then this ebony bird[29] beguiling my sad fancy into smiling,

By the grave and stern decorum of the countenance it wore, [316]
"Though thy crest be shorn and shaven, thou," I said, "art sure no craven—
Ghastly, grim and ancient raven, wandering from the nightly shore— [159]
Tell me what thy lordly name is on the night's Plutonian shore!"
Quoth the raven, "Nevermore."

Much I marveled this ungainly fowl to hear discourse so plainly— [29]
Though its answer little meaning, little relevancy bore;
For we cannot help agreeing that no living human being
Ever yet was blessed [341] with seeing bird above his chamber door—
Bird or beast upon the sculptured bust above his chamber door,
With such name as "Nevermore."

But the raven, [134] sitting lonely on the placid bust, spoke only
That one word, as if his soul in that one word he did outpour.
Nothing further then he uttered—not a feather then he fluttered—
Till I scarcely more than muttered, [185] "Other friends have flown before—
On the morrow he will leave me, as my hopes have flown before."
Then the bird said, "Nevermore."

Startled at the stillness broken by reply so aptly spoken, [29]
"Doubtless," said I, "what it utters is its only stock and store—
Caught from some unhappy master, [30] whom unmerciful disaster
Followed fast and followed faster, till his songs one burden bore—
Till the dirges of his hope the melancholy burden bore
Of 'Never—Nevermore.'"

But the raven still beguiling all my sad soul into smiling,[29]
Straight I wheeled a cushioned seat in front of bird and bust and door;
Then[56] upon the velvet sinking, I betook myself to linking
Fancy unto fancy, thinking what this ominous bird of yore—
What this grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt and ominous bird of yore
Meant in croaking "Nevermore.'

This I sat engaged in guessing, but no syllable expressing
To the fowl,[55] whose fiery eyes now burned into my bosom's core;
This, and more, I sat divining,[29] with my head at ease reclining,
On the cushion's velvet lining that the lamplight gloated o'er,[81]
But whose velvet violet lining, with the lamplight gloating o'er,
She shall press—ah, nevermore!

Then, methought,[29] the air grew denser, perfumed from an unseen censer,
Swung by seraphim, whose faint footfalls tinkled on the tufted floor.
"Wretch!' I cried, "[186]thy God hath lent thee, by these angels He hath sent thee
Respite—respite and nepenthe from thy memories of Lenore![36]
Quaff, oh quaff this kind nepenthe, and forget the lost Lenore!"
Quoth the raven, "Nevermore."

"Prophet!" [237]said I, "thing of evil!—prophet still, if bird or devil!
Whether tempter sent,[29] or whether tempest tossed thee here ashore—
Desolate, yet all undaunted, on this desert land enchanted,
On this home by horror haunted[133]—tell me truly, I implore—
Is there—is there balm in Gilead? tell me—tell me, I implore!"
Quoth the raven, "Nevermore."

"Prophet!" [237]said I, "thing of evil!—prophet still, if bird or devil!
By that heaven that bends above us—by that God we both adore—[133]

Tell this soul with sorrow laden if, within the distant Aidenne,
It shall clasp a sainted maiden whom the angels name Lenore—
Clasp a rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore."
Quoth the raven, "Nevermore."

"Be that word[186] our sign of parting, bird or fiend!" I shrieked, upstarting—[211]
"Get thee back into the tempest and the night's Plutonian shore!
Leave no black plume as a token of that lie thy soul hath spoken!
Leave my loneliness unbroken!—quit the bust above my door!
Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy form from off my door!"
Quoth the raven "Nevermore."

And the raven, never flitting,[134] still is sitting, still is sitting
On the pallid bust of Pallas just above my chamber door;
And his eyes have all the seeming of a[186] demon's that is dreaming,
And the lamplight o'er him streaming throws his shadow on the floor;
And my soul from out that shadow that lies floating on the floor[82]
Shall be lifted—nevermore.

THE FATE OF VIRGINIA.

[This recitation requires dramatic fervor and should be given with great animation. The figures refer to the illustrations and indicate appropriate gestures.]

"WHY is the forum crowded?[29] What means this stir in Rome?"
"Claimed as a slave, a free-born maid is dragged here from her home.
On fair Virginia,[108] Claudius has cast his eye of blight;
The tyrant's creature, Marcus, asserts an owner's right,
Oh,[237] shame on Roman manhood! Was ever plot more clear?
But look![186] the maiden's father comes! Behold Virginius here!"

Straightway Virginius led the maid a little space aside,[29]
To where the reeking shambles stood, piled up with horn and hide.
Hard by, a butcher on a block had laid his whittle down,—
Virginius caught the whittle up, and hid it in his gown.
And then his eyes grew very dim, and his throat began to swell,
And in a hoarse, changed voice he spake,[30] "Farewell, sweet child, farewell!
The house that was the happiest within the Roman walls,—
The house that envied not the wealth of Capua's marble halls,
Now, for the brightness of thy smile, must have eternal gloom,
And for the music of thy voice, the silence of the tomb.
"The time is come.[186] The tyrant points his eager hand this way;
See how his eyes gloat on thy grief, like a[108] kite's upon the prey;
With all his wit[237] he little deems that, spurned, betrayed, bereft,
Thy father hath, in his despair, one fearful refuge left;
He little deems that, in this hand,[212] I clutch what still can save
Thy gentle youth from taunts and blows, the portion of the slave;
Yea, and from nameless evil, that passeth taunt and blow,—
Foul outrage, which thou knowest not,—which thou shalt never know.
Then[29] clasp me round the neck once more, and give me one more kiss;
And now, mine own dear little girl, there is no way but this!"
With that, he lifted high the steel,[212] and smote her in the side,
And in her blood she sank to earth, and with one sob she died.

Then, for a little moment,[55] all people held their breath;
And through the crowded forum was stillness as of death;
And in another moment brake forth from one and all[160]
A cry as if the Volscians were coming o'er the wall;
Till, with white lips and bloodshot eyes, Virginius tottered nigh,
And stood before the judgment seat, and held the knife on high:[212]
"O dwellers in the nether gloom, avengers of the slain,
By this dear blood I cry to you, do right between us twain;

And e'en as Appius Claudius hath dealt by me and mine,
Deal you by Appius Claudius and all the Claudian line!"
So[29] spake the slayer of his child, and turned, and went his way;
But first[160] he cast one haggard glance to where the body lay,
And writhed, and groaned a fearful groan, and then, with steadfast feet,
Strode right across the market-place unto the Sacred Street.

Then up sprang Appius Claudius:[186] "Stop him, alive or dead!
Ten thousand pounds of copper to the man who brings his head!"
He[108] looked upon his clients—but none would work his will;
He looked upon his lictors[29]—but they trembled and stood still.
And as Virginius through the press[211] his way in silence cleft,
Ever the mighty multitude fell back to right and left;
And he hath passed in safety unto his woful home,
And there ta'en horse to[185] tell the camp what deeds are done in Rome.

HOW THEY BROUGHT THE GOOD NEWS FROM GHENT TO AIX.

[This spirited selection is to be recited rapidly, but clearly. Try to convey to the audience the impression of riding at full speed.]

I SPRANG to the stirrup, and Joris and he;
I galloped, Dirck galloped, we galloped all three;
"Good speed!" cried the watch as the gatebolts undrew,
"Speed!" echoed the wall to us galloping through.
Behind shut the postern, the lights sank to rest,
And into the midnight we galloped abreast.

Not a word to each other; we kept the great pace—
Neck by neck, stride by stride, never changing our place;
I turned in my saddle and made its girths tight,
Then shortened each stirrup and set the pique right,
Rebuckled the check-strap, chained slacker the bit,
Nor galloped less steadily Roland a whit.

'Twas moonset at starting; but while we drew near
Lokeren, the cocks crew and twilight dawned clear;
At Boom a great yellow star came out to see;
At Düffeld 'twas morning as plain as could be;
And from Mecheln church-steeple we heard the half-chime—
So Joris broke silence with "Yet there is time!"

At Aerschot up leaped of a sudden the sun,
And against him the cattle stood black every one,
To stare through the mist at us galloping past;
And I saw my stout galloper Roland at last
With resolute shoulders, each butting away
The haze, as some bluff river headland its spray;

And his low head and crest, just one sharp ear bent back
For my voice, and the other pricked out on his track;
And one eye's black intelligence,—ever that glance
O'er its white edge at me, his own master, askance;
And the thick heavy spume-flakes, which aye and anon
His fierce lips shook upward in galloping on.

By Hasselt Dirck groaned; and cried Joris, "Stay spur!
Your Roos galloped bravely, the fault's not in her;
We'll remember at Aix"—for one heard the quick wheeze
Of her chest, saw the stretched neck, and staggering knees,
And sunk tail, and horrible heave of the flank,
As down on her haunches she shuddered and sank.

So we were left galloping, Joris and I,
Past Looz and past Tongres, no cloud in the sky;
The broad sun above laughed a pitiless laugh;
'Neath our feet broke the brittle, bright stubble like chaff;
Till over by Delham a dome-spire sprang white,
And "Gallop," gasped Joris, "for Aix is in sight!"

"How they'll greet us!"—and all in a moment his roan
Rolled neck and croup over, lay dead as a stone;
And there was my Roland to bear the whole weight

Of the news which alone could save Aix from her fate,
With his nostrils like pits full of blood to the brim,
And with circles of red for his eye-sockets' rim.

Then I cast loose my buff-coat, each holster let fall,
Shook off both my jack-boots, let go belt and all,
Stood up in the stirrup, leaned, patted his ear,
Called my Roland his pet-name, my horse without peer—
Clapped my hands, laughed and sang, any noise, bad or good,
Till at length into Aix Roland galloped and stood.

And all I remember is friends flocking round,
As I sate with his head 'twixt my knees on the ground;
And no voice but was praising this Roland of mine,
As I poured down his throat our last measure of wine,
Which (the burgesses voted by common consent)
Was no more than his due who brought good news from Ghent.

THE LEPER.

[The religious character of this selection calls for the expression of awe and solemnity. The figures refer to the illustrations indicating gestures.]

"ROOM[186] for the leper! Room!" and as he came
The cry passed on. "Room for the leper! Room!"
And aside[55] they stood—
Matron, and child, and pitiless manhood—all
Who met him on the way—and let him pass.
And onward through the open gate he came,
A leper, [82] with the ashes on his brow,
Sackcloth about his lions, and on his lip
A covering—stepping painfully and slow,
And with difficult utterance, like one
Whose heart is like an iron nerve put down,
Crying, "Unclean! unclean!"
For Helon was a leper.

Day was breaking,[29]
When at the altar of the temple stood
The holy priest of God. The incense lamp[316]
Burned with a struggling light, and a low chant[341]
Swelled through the hollow arches of the roof,
Like an articulate wail; and[29] there, alone,
Wasted to ghastly thinness, Helon knelt.
The echoes of the melancholy strain
Died in the distant aisles, and he rose up,
Struggling with weakness; and [82] bowed down his head
Unto the sprinkled ashes, and put off
His costly raiment for the leper's garb,
And with the sackcloth round him, and his lip
Hid in the loathsome covering, stood still,
Waiting to hear his doom:—
"Depart![211] depart, O child
Of Isarel, from the temple of thy God!
For He has[186] smote thee with His chastening rod,
And to the desert wild,
From all thou lov'st,[237] away thy feet must flee,
That from thy plague His people may be free.

"Depart![186] and come not near
* * * the crowded city more;
Nor set thy foot a human threshold o'er;[237]
And stay thou not to hear
Voices that call thee in the way; and fly
From all who in the wilderness pass by.

"Wet[107] not thy burning lip
In streams that to a human dwelling glide;
Nor rest there where the covert fountains hide;
Nor[29] kneel thee down to dip
The water where the pilgrim bends to drink.

* * * * * *

"And pass thou[186] not between
The weary traveler and the cooling breeze;

And lie not down to sleep beneath the trees
Where human tracks are seen.

* * * * * *

"And now depart![211] and when
Thy heart is heavy, and thine eyes are dim,
Lift[133] up thy prayer beseechingly to Him
Who from the tribes of men
Selected[186] thee to feel His chastening rod:—
Depart,[212] O leper! and forget not God."

And he went forth alone. Not one of all
The many whom he loved,[81] nor she whose name
Was woven in the fibres of the heart,
Breaking within him now, to come and speak
Comfort unto him. Yea, he went his way,[30]
Sick and heart-broken, and alone,—to die!
For God had cursed the leper.

It was noon,[29]
And Helon knelt beside a stagnant pool
In the lone wilderness, and bathed his brow,
Hot with the burning leprosy, and touched
The loathsome water to his fevered lips,[133]
Praying he might be so blest,—to die!
Footsteps approached, and with no strength to flee,
He drew the covering closer on his lip,[82]
Crying, "Unclean! unclean!" and in the folds
Of the coarse sackcloth, shrouding up his face,
He fell upon the earth till they should pass.
Nearer the Stranger came, and bending o'er
The leper's prostrate form, pronounced his name,[56]
"Helon!" The voice was like the rich master-tone
Of a rich instrument,—most strangely sweet;
And[316] the dull pulses of disease awoke,
And for a moment beat beneath the hot
And leprous scales with a restoring thrill.[29]

"Helon, arise!" And he forgot his curse,
And rose[82] and stood before him.

Love and awe,[185]
Mingled in the regard of Helon's eyes,
As he beheld the Stranger. He[29] was not
In costly raiment clad, nor on His brow
The symbol of a lofty lineage wore;
No followers at His back nor in His hand
Buckler, sword or spear; yet in His mien[237]
Command sat throned serene, and if He smiled,[29]
A kingly condescension graced His lips,
The lion would have crouched to in his lair.
His[290] garb was simple and His sandals worn;
His statue modeled with a perfect grace;
His[29] countenance, the impress of a god
Touched with the open innocence of a child;
His eye was blue and calm as is the sky
In the serenest noon; His hair, unshorn,
Fell to His shoulders; and His curling beard
The fullness of perfected manhood bore.[56]
He looked on Helon earnestly awhile,
As if His heart was moved, and stooping down,
He took a little water in His hand
And laid it on his brow, and said,[29] "Be clean!"
And lo![316] the scales fell from him, and his blood
Coursed with delicious coolness through his veins,
And his dry palms grew moist, and on his brow
The dewy softness of an infant stole.
His leprosy was cleansed,[133] and he fell down
Prostrate at Jesus' feet, and worshiped Him.

THE CHARIOT RACE.

[This exciting description of a race should be delivered with great animation.]

WHEN the dash for position began, Ben Hur was on the extreme left of the six. For a moment, like the others, he was half blinded by the light in the arena: yet he managed to

catch sight of his antagonists and divine their purpose. At Messala, who was more than an antagonist to him, he gave one searching look. The air of passionless hauteur characteristic of the fine patrician face, was there as of old,—but more,—it may have been a jealous fancy—still the Israelite thought he saw the soul of the man as through a glass darkly; cruel, cunning, desperate; not so excited as determined—a soul in a tension of watchfulness and fierce resolve.

In a time not longer than was required to turn his four again, Ben Hur felt his own resolution harden to a like temper. At whatever cost, at all hazards, he would humble this enemy! Prize, friends, wages, honor,—everything that can be thought of as a possible interest in the race was lost in the one deliberate purpose. Regard for life even should not hold him back. The air about him seemed aglow with a renewed and perfect transparency.

When not half-way across the arena, he saw that Messala's rush would, if there were no collision, and if the rope fell, give him the inner wall, that the rope would fall he ceased as soon to doubt; and, further, it came to him, a sudden flash-like insight, that Messala knew it was to be let drop at the last moment.

There could be no other accounting for the confidence with which Messala pushed his four forward the instant his competitors were prudentially checking their fours in front of the obstruction—no other except madness. It is one thing to see a necessity and another to act upon it. Ben Hur yielded the wall for the time.

The rope fell, and all the fours but his sprang into the course under urgency of voice and lash. He drew head to the right, and, with all the speed of his Arabs, darted across the trail of his opponents, the angle of movement being such as to lose the least time and gain the greatest possible advance. So he swept round and took the course neck and neck with Messala, though on the outside. The marvelous skill shown in making the change thus from the extreme left across to the right without appreciable loss did not fail the sharp eyes upon the benches. The circus seemed to rock with applause.

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HORROR.

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MEDITATION.

The Romans began to think Messala might have found an equal, if not a master, and that in an Israelite.

And now, racing side by side, a narrow interval between them, the two neared the second goal.

The pedestal of the three pillars there, viewed from the west, was a stone wall in the form of a half-circle, around which the course and opposite balcony were bent in exact parallelism. Making this turn was considered, in all respects, the most telling test of a charioteer. It was, in fact, the very feat in which Orestes failed. As an involuntary admission of interest on the part of the spectators, a hush fell over all the circus, so that for the first time the rattle and clang of the cars plunging after the tugging steeds was distinctly heard. Then it would seem, Messala observed Ben Hur and recognized him; the audacity of the man flamed out in an astonishing manner.

"Down Eros, up Mars!" he shouted, whirling his lash-whip with practiced hand. "Down Eros, up Mars!" he repeated, and caught the well-doing Arabs of Ben Hur a cut, the like of which they had never known.

The blow was seen in every quarter, and the amazement was universal. The silence deepened; up on the benches behind the counsel the boldest held his breath, waiting for the outcome. Only a moment thus: then, involuntarily, down from the balcony, as thunder falls, burst the indignant cry of the people.

No hand had ever been laid upon those steeds except in love. Forward they sprang as with one impulse, forward sprang the car. So he kept his place and gave the four free rein, and called to them in soothing voice, trying merely to guide round the dangerous turn, and before the fever of the people began to abate, he had back the mastery. Not that only; on approaching the first goal, he was again side by side with Messala, bearing with him the sympathy and admiration of every one not a Roman.

As the car whirled round the goal, Esther caught sight of Ben Hur's face—a little pale, a little higher raised, otherwise calm, even placid.

Immediately a man climbed on the entablature at the west

end of the division wall, and took down one of the conical wooden balls. A dolphin on the east entablature was taken down at the same time.

In like manner the second ball and second dolphin disappeared.

And then the third ball and third dolphin.

Three rounds concluded; still Messala held the inside position; still Ben Hur moved with him side by side; still the other competitors followed as before. The contest began to have the appearance of one of the double races which became so popular in Rome during the late Cæsarean period—Messala and Ben Hur in the first, the Corinthian, Sidonian and Byzantine in the second. Meantime the ushers succeeded in returning the multitude to their seats, though the clamor continued to run the rounds, keeping, as it were, even pace with the rivals in the course below.

In the fifth round the Sidonian succeeded in getting a place outside Ben Hur, but lost it directly.

The sixth was entered upon without change of relative position. Gradually the speed had been quickened—gradually the blood of the competitors warmed to the work. Men and beasts seemed to know alike that the final crisis was near, bringing the time for the winner to assert himself.

The interest, which from the beginning had centered chiefly in the struggle between the Roman and the Jew, with an intense and general sympathy for the latter, was fast changing to anxiety on his account. On all the benches the spectators bent forward motionless, except as their faces turned, following the contestants.

"A hundred sestertii on the Jew," cried Sanballat to the Romans, under the consul's awning.

There was no reply.

"A talent, or five talents, or ten; choose ye!"

He shook his tablets at them defiantly.

"I will take thy sestertii," answered a Roman youth, preparing to write.

"Do not so," interposed a friend.

"Why?"

"Messala hath reached his utmost speed. See him lean over his chariot rim, the reins loose as flying ribbons. Look then at the Jew."

"By Hercules!" he replied, his countenance falling. The dog throws all his weight on the bits. I see, I see! If the gods help not our friend, he will be run away with by the Israelite. No, not yet. Look! Jove with us, Jove with us!"

The cry, swelled by every Latin tongue, shook the *velaria* over the consul's head.

If it were true that Messala had attained his utmost speed, the effort was with effect. Slowly and certainly he was beginning to forge ahead. His horses were running with their heads low down; from the balcony their bodies appeared to actually skim the earth; their nostrils showed blood-red in expansion; their eyes seemed straining in their sockets. Certainly, the good steeds were doing their best! How long could they keep the pace? It was but the commencement of the sixth round. On they dashed. As they neared the second goal, Ben Hur turned in behind the Roman's car.

The joy of the Messala faction reached its bound; they screamed and howled, and tossed their colors, and Sanballat filled his tablets with wagers of their tendering.

Malluch, in the lower gallery over the Gate of Triumph, had cherished the vague hint dropped to him by Ben Hur, of something to happen in the turning of the western pillars. It was the fifth round, yet the something had not come; and he had said to himself, the sixth round will bring it; but lo! Ben Hur was hardly holding a place at the tail of his enemy's car.

Along the home-stretch—sixth round—Messala leading, next him Ben Hur.

Thus to the first goal, and round it. Messala fearful of losing his place, hugged the stony wall with perilous clasp; a foot to the right and he would be dashed to pieces. Yet, when the turn was finished, no one could have said, here went Messala, there the Jew. They left but one track behind them.

As they whirled by, Esther saw Ben Hur's face again, and it was whiter than before.

One ball and one dolphin remained on the entablatures, and all the people held their breath, for the beginning of the end was at hand.

First the Sidonian gave the scourge to his four, and, smarting with fear and pain, they dashed desperately forward, promising for a brief time to go to the front. The effort ended in promise. Next the Byzantine and Corinthian each made the trial with like result, after which they were practically out of the race. Thereupon, with a readiness perfectly explicable, all the factions except the Romans joined hope in Ben Hur, and openly indulged their feeling.

"Ben Hur! Ben Hur!" they shouted, and from the benches above him as he passed the favor descended in fierce injunctions:

"Speed the Jew!"

"Take the wall!"

"On, loose the Arabs! Give them the rein and scourge!

"Let him not have the turn on thee again. Now or never!"

Over the balustrade they stooped low, stretching their hands imploringly to him.

But half-way round the course he was still following; at the second goal even, still no change!

And now, to make the turn, Messala began to draw in his left hand steeds, an act which necessarily slackened their speed. His spirit was high; more than one altar was richer of his vows; the Roman genius was still president. On the three pillars only six hundred feet away were fame, increase of fortune, promotions and a triumph ineffably sweetened by hate, all in store for him. That moment Malluch in the gallery saw Ben Hur lean forward over his Arabs and give them the reins. Out flew the many-folded lash in his hand; over the backs of the startled steeds it writhed and hissed, and hissed and writhed again and again, and though it fell not, there were both sting and menace in its quick report; and as the man passed thus from quiet to resistless action, his face suffused, his eyes gleaming along the reins, he seemed to flash his will, and instantly, not one, but the four as one, answered with a leap that landed them alongside the Roman's car. Above the noise of the race there was but one voice, and that was Ben Hur's, calling to the Arabs:

"On, Atair! On Rigel! What Antares! dost thou linger now? Good horse—ho Aldebaran! I hear them singing in the tents. I hear the children singing and the women—singing of the stars, of Atair, Antares, Rigel, Aldebaran, victory! the song will never end Well done! Home—to-morrow under the black tent—home! On Antares, the tribe is waiting for us, and the master is waiting! 'Tis done! 'tis done! Ha, ha! We have overthrown the proud. The hand that smote us is in the dust. Ours the glory! Ha, ha! steady! The work is done—soho! Rest!"

There had never been anything of the kind more simple. At the moment chosen for the dash, Messala was moving in a circle round the goal. To pass him Ben Hur had to cross the track, and good strategy required the movement to be in a forward direction, The thousands on the benches saw the four close outside Messala's outer wheel: Ben Hur's inner wheel behind the other's car. And with a *crash* loud enough to send a thrill through the circus, Messala's car was a wreck, and Messala, entangled in the reins. pitched forward headlong. The Sidonian who had the wall next behind could not stop or turn out, but plunged into the wreck at full speed, a moment later, from the cloud of dust and sand he crawled, just in time to see the Byzantine and Corinthian halfway down the course, and Ben Hur *turning the first goal.*

And the race was won.

MOTHER AND POET.

TURIN—AFTER NEWS FROM GAETA. 1861.

[Let the reader endeavor to portray the feelings of a mother who has lost her two sons in the struggle for liberty. Patriotism is forgotten in the thought that her boys are dead.]

I.

DEAD! one of them shot by the sea in the east,
And one of them shot in the west by the sea.
Dead! both my boys! When you sit at the feast
And are wanting a great song for Italy free,
Let none look at me!

II.

Yet I was a poetess only last year,
And good at my art for a woman, men said.
But this woman, this, who is agonized here,
The east sea and west sea rhyme on in her head
For ever instead.

III.

What art can a woman be good at? oh, vain!
What art is she good at, but hurting her breast
With the milk-teeth of babes, and a smile at the pain?
Ah, boys, how you hurt! you were strong as you pressed,
And I proud by that test.

IV.

What's art for a woman? To hold on her knees
Both darlings! to feel all their arms round her throat
Cling, struggle a little! to sew by degrees
And 'broider the long clothes and neat little coat!
To dream and to dote.

V.

To teach them . . . It stings there. I made them indeed
Speak plain the word "country." I taught them no doubt
That a country's a thing men should die for at need.
I prated of liberty, rights, and about
The tyrant turned out.

VI.

And when their eyes flashed . . . Oh, my beautiful eyes! . . .
I exulted! nay, let them go forth at the wheels
Of the guns, and denied not.—But then the surprise,
When one sits quite alone!—Then one weeps, then one kneels!
—God! how the house feels!

VII.

At first happy news came, in gay letters moiled
With my kisses, of camp-life, and glory, and how

They both loved me, and soon, coming home to be spoiled,
In return would fan off every fly from my brow
With their green laurel-bough.

VIII.

Then was triumph at Turin. "Ancona was free!"
And some one came out of the cheers in the street
With a face pale as stone, to say something to me.
—My Guido was dead!—I fell down at his feet,
While they cheered in the street.

IX.

I bore it;—friends soothed me: my grief looked sublime
As the ransom of Italy. One boy remained
To be leant on and walked with, recalling the time
When the first grew immortal, while both of us strained
To the height he had gained.

X.

And letters still came,—shorter, sadder, more strong,
Writ now but in one hand. "I was not to faint.
One loved me for two . . . would be with me ere long;
And 'Viva Italia' he died for, our saint,
Who forbids our complaint."

XI.

My Nanni would add "he was safe, and aware
Of a presence that turned off the balls . . . was imprest
It was Guido himself, who knew what I could bear,
And how 'twas impossible, quite dispossessed,
To live on for the rest."

XII.

On which without pause up the telegraph line
Swept smoothly the next news from Gaeta:—"Shot.
Tell his mother." Ah, ah, "his," "their" mother; not "mine."
No voice says "my mother" again to me. What!
You think Guido forgot?

XIII.

Are souls straight so happy that, dizzy with heaven,
They drop earth's affections, conceive not of woe?
I think not. Themselves were too lately forgiven
Through that love and sorrow which reconciled so
The above and below.

XIV.

O Christ of the seven wounds, who look'st through the dark
To the face of thy mother! consider, I pray,
How we common mothers! stand desolate, mark,
Whose sons, not being Christs, die with eyes turned away,
And no last word to say!

XV.

Both boys dead! but that's out of nature; we all
Have been patriots, yet each house must always keep one.
'Twere imbecile, hewing out roads to a wall,
And when Italy's made, for what end is it done,
If we have not a son?

XVI.

Ah, ah, ah! when Gaeta's taken, what then?
When the fair wicked queen sits no more at her sport
Of the fireballs of death crashing souls out of men?
When your guns at Cavalli with final retort
Have cut the game short—

XVII.

When Venice and Rome keep their new jubilee,
When your flag takes all heaven for its white, green and red,
When you have your country from mountain to sea,
When King Victor has Italy's crown on his head
(And I have have my dead),

XVIII.

What then? Do not mock me. Ah, ring your bells low,
And burn your lights faintly!—My country is there,

Above the star pricked by the last peak of snow
My Italy's there—with my brave civic pair
To disfranchise despair.

XIX.

Forgive me. Some women bear children in strength,
And bite back the cry of their pain in self-scorn.
But the birth-pangs of nations will wring us at length
Into such wail as this!—and we sit on forlorn
When the man-child is born.

XX.

Dead! one of them shot by the sea in the west,
And one of them shot in the east by the sea!
Both! both my boys!—If in keeping the feast
You want a great song for your Italy free,
Let none look at me!

LASCA.

[This thrilling poem ought to be given with dash and freedom of manner. The last two verses should be read in low and subdued tones.]

I WANT free life, and I want fresh air;
And I sigh for the canter after the cattle,
The crack of the whips like shots in a battle,
The mellay of horns and hoofs and heads
That wars and wrangles and scatters and spreads;
The green beneath and the blue above,
And dash and danger, and life and love.
And Lasca!
Lasca used to ride
On a mouse-gray mustang close to my side,
With blue *serape* and bright-belled spur;
I laughed with joy as I looked at her.
Little knew she of books or of creeds;
An *Ave Maria* sufficed her needs;
Little she cared, save to be by my side,

To ride with me, and ever to ride,
From San Saba's shore to Lavaca's tide.
She was as bold as the billows that beat,
  She was as wild as the breezes that blow;
From her little head to her little feet
  She was swayed in her suppleness to and fro
By each gust of passion; a sapling pine,
That grows on the edge of a Kansas bluff,
And wars with the wind when the weather is rough,
Is like this Lasca, this love of mine.
She would hunger that I might eat,
Would take the bitter and leave me the sweet;
But once, when I made her jealous for fun,
At something I'd whispered, or looked, or done,
One Sunday in San Antonio,
To a glorious girl on the Alamo,
She drew from her garter a dear little dagger,
And — sting of a wasp! — it made me stagger!
An inch to the left, or an inch to the right,
And I should n't be maundering here to-night;
But she sobbed, and, sobbing, so swiftly bound
Her torn *rebosa* about the wound,
That I quite forgave her. Scratches don't count
    In Texas, down by the Rio Grande.

Her eye was brown — a deep, deep brown —
  Her hair was darker than her eye;
And something in her smile and frown,
  Curled crimson lip and instep high,
Showed that there ran in each blue vein,
Mixed with the milder Aztec strain,
The vigorous vintage of old Spain.
She was alive in every limb
  With feeling, to the finger tips;
And when the sun is like a fire,
And sky one shining, soft sapphire,
  One does not drink in little sips.

* * * * * * *
The air was heavy, the night was hot,
I sat by her side, and forgot — forgot
The herd that were taking their rest,
Forgot that the air was close opprest,
That the Texas norther comes sudden and soon,
In the dead of night, or the blaze of noon —
That once let the herd at its breath take fright,
Nothing on earth can stop the flight;
And woe to the rider, and woe to the steed,
Who falls in front of their mad stampede!
* * * * * * *
Was that thunder? I grasped the cord
Of my swift mustang without a word.
I sprang to the saddle, and she clung behind.
Away! on a hot chase down the wind!
But never was fox-hunt half so hard
And never was steed so little spared;
For we rode for our lives. You shall hear how we fared,
In Texas, down by the Rio Grande.

The mustang flew, and we urged him on;
There was one chance left, and you have but one,
Halt! jump to the ground, and shoot your horse;
Crouch under his carcase, and take your chance,
And if the steers in their frantic course
Don't batter you both to pieces at once,
You may thank your star; if not, good-bye
To the quickening kiss and the long-drawn sigh,
And the open air and the open sky,
In Texas, down by the Rio Grande!

The cattle gained on us, and, just as I felt
For my old six-shooter behind in my belt,
Down came the mustang, and down came we,
Clinging together, and—what was the rest?
A body that spread itself on my breast.
Two arms that shielded my dizzy head,

Two lips that hard on my lips were prest;
Then came thunder in my ears,
As over us surged the sea of steers,
Blows that beat blood into my eyes,
And when I could rise—
Lasca was dead!

* * * * * * *

I gouged out a grave a few feet deep,
And there in Earth's arms I laid her to sleep;
And there she is lying, and no one knows,
And the summer shines and the winter snows;
For many a day the flowers have spread
A pall of petals over her head;
And the little gray hawk hangs aloft in the air,
And the sly coyote trots here and there,
And the black snake glides and glitters and slides
Into a rift in a cotton-wood tree;
And the buzzard sails on,
And comes and is gone,
Stately and still like a ship at sea;
And I wonder why I do not care
For the things that are like the things that were.
Does half my heart lie buried there
In Texas, down by the Rio Grande?

BAY BILLY.

[The following word-picture of a great battle requires the expression of enthusiasm and action. The reader should endeavor to impress the audience with the excitement and spirit of the piece.]

'TWAS the last fight at Fredericksburg—
Perhaps the day you reck,
Our boys, The Twenty-second Maine,
Kept Early's men in check:
Just where Wade Hampton boomed away
The fight went neck and neck.

All day we held the weaker wing,
And held it with a will;
Five several stubborn times we charged
The battery on the hill,
And five times beaten back re-formed,
And kept our columns still.

At last from out the center fight
Spurred up a General's aide
"That battery *must* silenced be!"
He cried as past he sped.
Our Colonel simply touched his cap,
And then with measured tread,

To lead the crouching line once more
The grand old fellow came.
No wounded man but raised his head,
And strove to gasp his name,
And those who could not speak nor stir,
"God blessed him" just the same.

For he was all the world to us,
That hero gray and grim;
Right well he knew that fearful slope
We'd climb with none but him,
Though while his white head led the way
We'd charge hell's portals in.

This time we were not half-way up,
When midst the storm of shell,
Our leader, with his sword upraised,
Beneath our bayonets fell.
And, as we bore him back, the foe
Set up a joyous yell.

Our hearts went with him. Back we swept,
And when the bugle said
"Up, charge again!" no man was there

But hung his dogged head.
"We've no one left to lead us now,"
The sullen soldiers said.

Just then, before the laggard line,
The Colonel's horse we spied—
Bay Billy, with his trappings on,
His nostrils swelling wide,
As though still on his gallant back
The master sat astride.

Right royally he took the place
That was of old his wont,
And with a neigh, that seemed to say
Above the battle's brunt,
"How can the Twenty-second charge
If I am not in front?"

Like statues we stood rooted there,
And gazed, a little space,
Above that floating mane we missed
The dear familiar face;
But we saw Bay Billy's eye of fire,
And it gave us heart of grace.

No bugle call could rouse us all
As that brave sight had done;
Down all the battered line we felt
A lightning impulse run;
Up, up the hill we followed Bill,
And captured every gun!

And when upon the conquered height
Died out the battle's hum,
Vainly 'mid living and the dead
We sought our leader dumb;
It seemed as if a specter steed
To win the day had come.

At last the morning broke. The lark
Sang in the merry skies,
As if to e'en the sleepers there,
It said, awake, arise!
Though naught but that last trump of all
Could ope their heavy eyes.

And then once more, with banners gay,
Stretched out the long brigade,
Trimly upon the furrowed field
The troops stood on parade,
And bravely 'mid the ranks were closed
The gaps the fight had made.

Not half the Twenty-second's men
Were in their place that morn,
And Corporal Dick, who yesternoon
Stood six brave fellows on,
Now touched my elbows in the ranks,
For all between were gone.

Ah, who forgets that dreary hour
When, as with misty eyes,
To call the old familiar roll
The solemn Sergeant tries—
One feels that thumping of the heart
As no prompt voice replies.

And as in faltering tone, and slow,
The last few names were said,
Across the field some missing horse
Toiled up with weary tread;
It caught the Sergeant's eye, and quick
Bay Billy's name was read.

Yes! There the old bay hero stood,
All safe from battle's harms,
And ere an order could be heard,
Or the bugle's quick alarms,

Down all the front, from end to end,
The troops presented arms!

Not all the shoulder-straps on earth
Could still our mighty cheer,
And ever from that famous day,
When rang the roll-call clear,
Bay Billy's name was read, and then
The whole line answered, "Here!"

THE RIDE OF JENNIE McNEAL.

[In presenting this vivid account of a perilous ride, the reader should begin in a natural and easy style, reserving the strength for the description of Jennie's race for life.]

PAUL REVERE was a rider bold—
Well has his valorous deed been told;
Sheridan's ride was a glorious one—
Often it has been dwelt upon;
But why should men do all the deeds
On which the love of a patriot feeds?
Hearken to me, while I reveal
The dashing ride of Jennie McNeal.

On a spot as pretty as might be found
In the dangerous length of the neutral ground,
In a cottage, cozy, and all their own,
She and her mother lived alone.
Safe were the two, with their frugal store,
From all of the many who passed their door;
For Jennie's mother was strange to fears,
And Jennie was large for fifteen years;
With vim her eyes were glistening,
Her hair was the hue of the blackbird's wing.
And while the friends who knew her well
The sweetness of her heart could tell,
A gun that hung on the kitchen wall

Looked solemnly quick to heed her call;
And they who were evil-minded knew
Her nerve was strong and her aim was true.
So all kind words and acts did deal
To generous, black-eyed Jennie McNeal.

One night, when the sun had crept to bed,
And rain clouds lingered overhead,
And sent their surly drops for proof
To drum a tune on the cottage roof,
Close after a knock at the outer door
There entered a dozen dragoons or more.
Their red coats, stained by the muddy road,
That they were British soldiers showed;
The captain his hostess bent to greet,
Saying, "Madam, please give us a bite to eat;
We will pay you well, and, if may be,
This bright-eyed girl for pouring our tea;
Then we must dash ten miles ahead,
To catch a rebel colonel abed.
He is visiting home, as doth appear;
We will make his pleasure cost him dear."
And they fell on the hasty supper with zeal,
Close watched the while by Jennie McNeal,

For the gray-haired colonel they hovered near,
Had been her true friend, kind and dear;
And oft in her younger days, had he
Right proudly perched her upon his knee,
And told her stories, many a one,
Concerning the French war lately done.
And oft together the two friends were,
And many the arts he had taught to her;
She had hunted by his fatherly side,
He had shown her how to fence and ride:
And once had said, "The time may be,
Your skill and courage may stand by me."

So sorrow for him she could but feel,
Brave, grateful-hearted Jennie McNeal.

With never a thought or a moment more,
Bare-headed she slipped from the cottage door,
Ran out where the horses were left to feed,
Unhitched and mounted the captain's steed,
And down the hilly and rock-strewn way
She urged the fiery horse of gray.
Around her slender and cloakless form
Pattered and moaned the ceaseless storm:
Secure and tight a gloveless hand
Grasped the reins with stern command;
And full and black her long hair streamed,
Whenever the ragged lightning gleamed.
And on she rushed for the colonel's weal,
Brave, lioness-hearted Jennie McNeal.

Hark! from the hills, a moment mute,
Came a clatter of hoofs in hot pursuit;
And a cry from the foremost trooper said,
"Halt! or your blood be on your head;
She heeded it not, and not in vain
She lashed the horse with the bridle rein.
So into the night the gray horse strode;
His shoes hewed fire from the rocky road;
And the high-born courage that never dies
Flashed from his rider's coal-black eyes.
The pebbles flew from the fearful race;
The rain drops grasped at her glowing face.
"On, on, brave beast!" with loud appeal,
Cried eager, resolute Jennie McNeal.

"Halt!" once more came the voice of dread;
"Halt! or your blood be on your head!"
Then no one answering to the calls,
Sped after her a volley of balls.

They passed her in rapid flight;
They screamed to her left, they screamed to her right;
But rushing still o'er the slippery track,
She sent no token of answer back,
Except a silvery laughter peal,
Brave, merry-hearted Jennie McNeal.

So on she rushed, at her own good will,
Through wood and valley, o'er plain and hill;
The gray horse did his duty well,
Till all at once he stumbled and fell,
Himself escaping the nets of harm,
But flinging the girl with a broken arm.
Still undismayed by the numbing pain,
She clung to the horse's bridle rein,
And gently bidding him to stand,
Petted him with her able hand;
Then sprung again to the saddle bow,
And shouted, "One more trial now!"
As if ashamed of the heedless fall,
He gathered his strength once more for all,
And, galloping down a hillside steep,
Gained on the troopers at every leap;
No more the high-bred steed did reel,
But ran his best for Jennie McNeal.

They were a furlong behind or more,
When the girl burst through the colonel's door,
Her poor arm helpless hanging with pain,
And she all drabbled and drenched with rain,
But her cheeks as red as firebrands are,
And her eyes as bright as a blazing star,
And shouted, "Quick, be quick, I say!
They come! they come! Away, away!"
Then sunk on the rude white floor of deal,
Poor, brave, exhausted Jennie McNeal.
The startled colonel sprung, and pressed

The wife and children to his breast,
And turned away from his fireside bright,
And glided into the stormy night;
Then soon and safely made his way
To where the patriot army lay,
But first he bent in the dim firelight,
And kissed the forehead broad and white,
And blessed the girl who had ridden so well
To keep him out of a prison cell.

The girl roused up at the martial din,
Just as the troopers came rushing in,
And laughed e'en in the midst of a moan,
Saying, "Good sirs, your bird has flown.
'Tis I who have scared him from his nest;
So deal with me now as you think best."
But the grand young captain bowed, and said,
"Never you hold a moment's dread.

Of womankind I must crown you queen;
So brave a girl I have never seen.
Wear this gold ring as your valor's due;
And when peace comes I will come for you."
But Jennie's face an arch smile wore,
As she said, "There's a lad in Putnam's corps,
Who told me the same, long time ago;
You two would never agree, I know.
I promised my love to be as true as steel,"
Said good, sure-hearted Jennie McNeal.

THE DREAM OF EUGENE ARAM.

[This awful tale of remorse calls for the utmost vehemence of expression. A careful study of the different illustrations will enable the reader to find gestures appropriate to the emotions and feelings depicted.]

'TWAS in the prime of summer-time,
An evening calm and cool,
And four-and-twenty happy boys

Came bounding out of school;
There were some that ran, and some that leapt
Like troutlets in a pool.

Away they sped, with gamesome minds,
And souls untouched by sin;
To a level mead they came, and there
They drove the wickets in;
Pleasantly shone the setting sun
Over the town of Lynn.

Like sportive deer they coursed about,
And shouted as they ran—
Turning to mirth all things of earth,
As only boyhood can.
But the usher sat remote from all,
A melancholy man!

His hat was off, his vest apart,
To catch Heaven's blessed breeze;
For a burning thought was in his brow,
And his bosom ill at ease;
So he leaned his head on his hands, and read
The book between his knees.

Leaf after leaf he turned it o'er,
Nor ever glanced aside,
For the peace of his soul he read that book
In the golden eventide;
Much study had made him very lean,
And pale and leaden-eyed.

At last he shut the ponderous tome;
With a fast and fervent grasp.
He strained the dusty covers close,
And fixed the brazen hasp;
"O God! could I so close my mind,
And clasp it with a clasp!"

Then leaping on his feet upright:
Some moody turns he took,—
Now up the mead, then down the mead,
And past a shady nook,—
And lo! he saw a little boy
That pored upon a book.

"My gentle lad, what is't you read,
Romance or fairy fable?
Or is it some historic page,
Of kings and crowns unstable?"
The young boy gave an upward glance,—
"It is 'The Death of Abel.'"

The usher took six hasty strides,
As smit with sudden pain,—
Six hasty strides beyond the place,
Then slowly back again;
And down he sat beside the lad,
And talked with him of Cain;

And, long since then, of bloody men
Whose deeds tradition saves;
Of lonely folk cut off unseen,
And hid in sudden graves;
Of horrid stabs, in groves forlorn,
And murders done in caves;

And how the sprites of injured men
Shriek upward from the sod,—
Ay, how the ghostly hand will point
To show the burial clod;
And unknown facts of guilty acts
Are seen in dreams from God;

He told how murderers walked the earth
Beneath the curse of Cain
With crimson clouds before their eyes,

And flames about their brain;
For blood has left upon their souls
Its everlasting stain.

"And well," quoth he, "I know, for truth,
Their pangs must be extreme,—
Woe, woe, unutterable woe,
Who spill life's sacred stream!
For why? Methought, last night, I wrought
A murder in a dream!

"One that had never done me wrong,
A feeble man, and old;
I led him to a lonely field,—
The moon shone clear and cold;
'Now here,' said I, 'this man shall die,
And I will have his gold!'

"Two sudden blows with ragged stick,
And with a heavy stone,
One hurried gash with a hasty knife,
And then the deed was done;
There was nothing lying at my foot
But lifeless flesh and bone.

"Nothing but lifeless flesh and bone,
That could not do me ill;
And yet I feared him all the more,
For lying there so still,
There was a manhood in his look,
That murder could not kill.

"And, lo! the universal air
Seemed lit with ghastly flame;
Ten thousand thousand dreadful eyes
Were looking down in blame;
I took the dead man by his hand,
And called upon his name.

"O God! it made me quake to see
Such sense within the slain;
But when I touched the lifefess clay,
The blood gushed out amain;
For every clot a burning spot
Was scorching in my brain.

"My head was like an ardent coal;
My heart as solid ice;
My wretched, wretched soul, I knew,
Was at the devil's price;
A dozen times I groaned; the dead
Had never groaned but twice.

"And now, from forth the frowning sky,
From the heaven's topmost height,
I heard a voice, the awful voice
Of the blood-avenging sprite:
'Thou guilty man, take up thy dead,
And hide it from my sight!'

"I took the dreary body up
And cast it in the stream,—
A sluggish water, black as ink,
The depth was so extreme.
My gentle boy, remember this
Is *nothing but a dream!*

"Down went the corpse with hollow plunge
And vanished in the pool;
Anon I cleansed my bloody hands
And washed my forehead cool,
And sat among the urchins young,
That evening in the school.

"O heaven! to think of their white souls,
And mine so black and grim!
I could not share in childish prayer,

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ADORATION.

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RESIGNATION.

Nor join in evening hymn;
Like a devil of the pit I seemed,
Mid holy cherubim.

"And peace went with them, one and all,
And each calm pillow spread;
But guilt was my grim chamberlain,
That lighted me to bed,
And drew my midnight curtains 'round,
With fingers bloody red.

"All night I lay in agony,
In anguish dark and deep;
My fevered eyes I dared not close,
But stared aghast at sleep;
For sin has rendered unto her
The keys of hell to keep.

"All night I lay in agony,
From weary chime to chime,
With one besetting, horrid hint,
That racked me all the time,—
A mighty yearning like the first
Fierce impulse unto crime.

"One stern, tyrannic thought that made
All other thoughts its slave;
Stronger and stronger every pulse
Did that temptation crave,
Still urging me to go and see
The dead man in his grave.

"Heavily I rose up, as soon
As light was in the sky,
And sought the black, accursed pool,
With a wild, misgiving eye;
And I saw the dead in the river bed,
For the faithless stream was dry.

"Merrily rose the lark, and shook
The dew-drop from its wing;
But I never marked its morning flight,
I never heard it sing;
For I was stooping once again
Under the horrid thing.

"With breathless speed, like a soul in chase,
I took him up, and ran;
There was no time to dig a grave
Before the day began:
In a lonesome wood, with heaps of leaves,
I *hid* the murdered man;

"And all that day I read in school,
But my thought was otherwhere;
As soon as the midday task was done,
In secret I was there;
And a mighty wind had swept the leaves,
And *still* the corpse was bare.

"Then down I cast me on my face,
And first began to weep,
For I knew my secret then was one
That earth refused to keep,—
Or land or sea, though he should be
Ten thousand fathoms deep.

"So wills the fierce avenging sprite,
Till blood for blood atones;
Ay, though he's buried in a cave,
And trodden down with stones,
And years have rotted off his flesh,
The world shall see his bones.

"O God! that horrid, *horrid* dream
Besets me now, *awake;*
Again, again, with dizzy brain,

The human life I take;
And my red right hand grows raging hot,
Like Cranmer's at the stake,

"And still no peace for the restless clay
Will wave or mold allow;
The horrid thing *pursues* my soul,—
It stands before me now!"
The fearful boy looked up, and saw
Huge drops upon his brow.

That very night, while gentle sleep
The urchin's eyelids kissed,
Two stern-faced men set out from Lynn,
Through the cold and heavy mist;
And Eugene Aram walked between,
With gyves upon his wrist.

MARC ANTONY'S ADDRESS TO THE ROMANS.

[The figures in this selection refer to the illustrations, which indicate the proper gestures to be used.]

FRIENDS,[29] Romans, countrymen! lend me your ears;
I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.[56]
The evil that men do lives after them;
The good is oft interred with their bones:
So let it be with Cæsar. The noble Brutus[237]
Hath told you, Cæsar was ambitious;
If it were so, it was a grievous fault,[185]
And grievously hath Cæsar answered it.
Here,[29] under leave of Brutus, and the rest,—
For Brutus is an honorable man,
So are they all, all honorable men,—
Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.

He was my friend,[81] faithful and just to me;
But Brutus[237] says he was ambitious,

And Brutus is an honorable man.
He hath[29] brought many captives home to Rome,
Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill:
Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious?
When that the poor have cried,[185] Cæsar hath wept;
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff:
Yet Brutus[237] says he was ambitious,
And Brutus is an honorable man.
You[29] all did see, that, at the Lupercal,
I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambition?
Yet Brutus[237] says he was ambitious,
And, sure, he is an honorable man.
I speak[290] not to disprove what Brutus spoke,
But here[29] I am to speak what I do know.
You all did love him once, not without cause:
What cause withholds you then to mourn for him?
O judgment,[185] thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason !—Bear with me;[56]
My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,
And I must pause till it come back to me.

But yesterday[237] the word of Cæsar might
Have stood against the world; [29] now lies he there,
And none so poor to do him reverence.
O masters! if I were disposed to stir[108]
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
I should do Brutus wrong and Cassius wrong,
Who, you all know, are honorable men.
I will[185] not do them wrong; I rather choose
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself and you,
Than I will wrong such honorable men.
But[29] here's a parchment, with the seal of Cæsar;
I found it in his closet; 'tis his will.
Let but the commons hear this testament,—
Which,[211] pardon me, I do not mean to read,—
And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds,

And dip their napkins in his sacred blood;
Yea,[133] beg a hair of him for memory,
And, dying, mention it within their wills,
Bequeathing it, as a rich legacy,
Unto their issue.

If you have tears,[29] prepare to shed them now.
You all do know this mantle;[56] I remember
The first time ever Cæsar put it on;
'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent;
That day he overcame the Nervii.—
Look![186] In this place ran Cassius' dagger through;
See what a rent the envious Casca made;
Through this,[29] the well-beloved Brutus stabbed,
And, as he plucked his cursed steel away,
Mark[55] how the blood of Cæsar followed it!
As rushing out of doors, to be resolved
If Brutus so unkindly knocked, or no;[81]
For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel;
Judge,[133] O ye Gods, how dearly Cæsar loved him!
This was the unkindest cut of all;
For when the noble Cæsar saw *him* stab,
Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,
Quite vanquished him. Then[185] burst his mighty heart;
And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
Even at the base of Pompey's statue,
Which all the while ran blood,[211] great Cæsar fell.
Oh, what a fall was there, my countrymen!
Then I, and you and all of us fell down,
Whilst bloody treason flourished over us.
Oh![29] now you weep; and I perceive you feel
The dint of pity;—these are gracious drops.
Kind souls! What,[237] weep you when you but behold
Our Cæsar's vesture wounded? Look[186] ye here!
Here is himself, marred, as you see, by traitors.

Good friends,[133] sweet friends, let me not stir you up
To such a sudden flood of mutiny.

They[29] that have done this deed are honorable!
What private griefs they have, alas! I know not,
That made them do it. They are wise and honorable,
And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.
I come[290] not, friends, to steal away your hearts;
I am no orator, as Brutus is;
But as you all do know, a plain, blunt man,
That loves my friend; and that they know full well
That gave me public leave to speak of him.
For I[29] have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,
To stir men's blood;—I only speak right on;
I tell you that which you yourselves do know;
Show you[133] sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor, poor, dumb mouths,
And bid them speak for me. But were[29] I Brutus,
And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
Would ruffle up your spirits, and put[212] a tongue
In every wound of Cæsar, that should move
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny!

A COURT LADY.

[A wealthy Italian lady visits the hospital to minister to the wounded and dying soldiers who have given their lives for the freedom of Italy.]

HER hair was tawny with gold, her eyes with purple were dark,
Her cheeks' pale opal burnt with a red and restless spark.

Never was lady of Milan nobler in name and in race,
Never was lady of Italy fairer to see in the face.

Never was lady on earth more true as woman and wife,
Larger in judgment and instinct, prouder in manners and life.

She stood in the early morning, and said to her maidens, "Bring
That silken robe made ready to wear at the court of the King.

"Bring me the clasps of diamond, lucid, clear of the mote,
Clasp me the large at the waist, and clasp me the small at the throat.

Diamonds to fasten the hair, and diamonds to fasten the sleeves,
Laces to drop from their rays, like a powder of snow from the eaves."

Gorgeous she entered the sunlight, which gathered her up in a flame,
While, straight in her open carriage, she to the hospital came.

In she went at the door, and gazing from end to end,
"Many and low are the pallets, but each is the place of a friend."

Up she passed through the wards, and stood at a young man's bed;
Bloody the band on his brow, and livid the droop of his head.
"Art thou a Lombard, my brother? Happy art thou," she cried,
And smiled like Italy on him; he dreamed in her face and died.

Pale with his passing soul, she went on still to a second;
He was a grave, hard man, whose years by dungeons were reckoned.

Wounds in his body were sore, wounds in his life were sorer,
"Art thou a Romagnole?" Her eyes drove the lightenings before her.
Austrian and priest had joined to double and tighten the cord,
Able to blind thee, oh! strong one — free by the stroke of a sword.

"Now be grave for the rest of us, using the life overcast
To ripen our wine of the present (too new) in glooms of the past."

Down she stepped to a pallet where lay a face like a girl's —
Young and pathetic with dying — a deep black hole in the curls.

"Art thou from Tuscany, brother? And seest thou, dreaming in pain,
Thy mother stand in the piazza, searching the list of the slain?"

Kind as a mother herself, she touched his cheeks with her hands;
"Blessed is she who has borne thee, although she should weep as she stands."

On she passed to a Frenchman, his arm carried off by a ball;
Kneeling—"Oh, more than my brother! How shall I thank thee for all?"

"Each of the heroes around us has fought for his land and line,
But thou hast fought for a stranger, in hate of a wrong not thine.

"Happy are all free people, too strong to be dispossessed,
But blessed are those among nations, who dare to be strong for the rest!"

Ever she passed on her way, and came to a couch where pined
One with a face from Venetia, white with a hope, out of mind.
Long she stood and gazed, and twice she tried at the name,
But two great crystal tears were all that faltered and came.
Only a tear for Venice?—she turned as in passion and loss,
And stooped to his forehead and kissed it, as if she were kissing the cross

Faint with that strain of heart she moved on then to another,
Stern and strong in his death. "And dost thou suffer, my brother?"

Holding his hands in hers:—"Out of the Piedmont lion
Cometh the sweetness of freedom! sweetest to live or to die on."

Holding his cold, rough hands—"Well, oh well have ye done
In noble, noble Piedmont, who would not be noble alone."

Back he fell while she spoke. She rose to her feet with a spring—
"That was a Piedmontese! and this is the Court of the King."

AN OLD MAN'S STORY.

[A vivid description of the evils of intemperance.]

'TIS only an old man's story,—a tale we have oft heard told,
In a thousand forms and fancies, by the young as well as old,
A tale of life dragged hellward, bound down by a demon's chain,
Till the friendly hand of temp'rance had rescued it back again!
Though only a child at the time, friends, I well remember the night
Of our first great temp'rance meeting—it came as an angel of light,
Midst the darkness of vile intemp'rance, its myriad crimes and sin;
A guiding light to the path of right, that all might enter in!
A hymn, a prayer, an address; then the chairman's voice was heard
To call on any one present just to say but a warning word.
Our pastor rose, midst cheering, but he strongly denounced the new cause
As "a movement which none but fanatics (hear, hear, and loud applause)
Would engage in, to injure the business of such respectable men,
And break up the time-honored usage of the country"—but just then
I saw, whilst a death-like silence reigned, an old man slowly rise
On the platform and fix on the speaker the glance of his piercing eyes!
That look held the audience spell-bound, and I noticed my father's cheek
Turn deadly pale as the stranger paused before he began to speak.
At last, with an effort, the old man said, in accents low but clear:

"You've heard, friends, that I'm a fanatic, that I have no business here;
As men and Christians listen to truth, hear me and be just;
My life-sands fast are running out, and speak to-night I must!
O'er a beaconless sea I've journeyed, life's dearest hopes I've wrecked—
God knows how my heart is aching, as I now o'er the past reflect.
I'm alone, without friends or kindred, but it was not always so;
For I see away o'er that ocean wild, dear forms pass to and fro.
I once knew a doting mother's love, but I crushed her fond old heart;
(He seemed to look at some vision, with his quivering lips apart.)
I once loved an angel creature with her laughing eyes so blue,
And the sweetest child that ever smiled, and a boy so brave and true!
Perhaps, friends, you will be startled, but these hands have dealt the blow
That severed the ties of kindred love, and laid those dear ones low.
Ah! yes, *I was once a fanatic;* yea, more—a fiend, for then
I sacrificed my home, my all, for the riots of a drink fiend's den.
One New Year's night I entered the hut, that charity gave, and found
My starving wife all helpless and shivering on the ground;
With a maddened cry I demanded food, then struck her a terrible blow;
Food, food,' I yelled, 'quick, give me food, or by heaven out you go!'
Just then our babe from its cradle sent up a famished wail;
My wife caught up the little form, with its face so thin and pale,
Saying 'James! my once kind husband, you know we've had no food
For near a week. Oh do not harm my Willie that's so good.'
With a wild 'Ha! ha!' I seized them, and lifted the latch of the door;

The storm burst in, but I hurled them out in the tempest's wildest roar;
A terrible impulse bore me on, so I turned to my little lad,
And snatched him from his slumbering rest—the thought near drives me mad.
To the door I fiercely dragged him, grasping his slender throat,
And thrust him out, but his hand had caught the pocket of my coat,
I could not wrench his frenzied hold, so I hit him with my fist,
Then shutting the door upon his arm, *it severed at the wrist.*
I awoke in the morn from a stupor and idly opened the door;
With a moan I started backward—two forms fell flat to the floor.
The blood like burning arrows shot right up to my dazed brain,
As I called my wife by the dearest words; but, alas! I called in vain.
The thought of my boy flashed on me, I imprinted one fervent kiss
On those frozen lips; then searched around, but from that black day to this
My injured boy I've never seen——" He paused awhile and wept,
And I saw the tears on my father's check as I closer to him crept.
Once more the old man faltered, "Ten long, long years I served;
With an aching heart in a felon's cell, the sentence I deserved;
But there's yet a gleam of sunshine in my life's beclouded sky,
And I long to meet my loved ones in the better land on high!"
The pledge book lay on the table, just where the old man stood,
He asked the men to sign it and several said they would.
"Aye, sign it—angels would sign it," he exclaimed with a look of joy;
"I'd sign it a thousand times in blood, if it would bring back my boy!"
My father wrote his name down whilst he trembled in every limb;

The old man scanned it o'er and o'er, then strangely glanced at him,
My father raised his left arm up—a cry, a convulsive start—
Then an old man and his injured boy were sobbing heart to to heart!
Ere the meeting closed that evening, each offered a fervent prayer.
And many that night, who saw the sight, rejoiced that they were there!

THE LITTLE HERO.

[To be recited as if the reader were relating a story, but with a certain rough eloquence natural to a sailor.]

NOW, lads, a short yarn I'll just spin you,
As happened on our very last run,—
'Bout a boy as a man's soul had in him,
Or else I'm a son of a gun.

From Liverpool port out three days, lads;
The good ship floating over the deep;
The skies bright with sunshine above us;
The waters beneath us, asleep.

Not a bad-tempered lubber among us.
A jollier crew never sailed,
'Cept the first mate, a bit of a savage,
But good seaman as ever was hailed.

Regulation, good order, his motto;
Strong as iron, steady as quick;
With a couple of bushy black eyebrows,
And eyes fierce as those of Old Nick.

One day he comes up from below,
A-grasping a lad by the arm,—
A poor little ragged young urchin
As had ought to bin home to his marm.

An' the mate asks the boy, pretty roughly,
How he dared for to be stowed away,
A-cheatin' the owners and captain,
Sailin', eatin', and all without pay.

The lad had a face bright and sunny,
An' a pair of blue eyes like a girl's,
An' looks up at the scowlin' first mate. lads,
An shakes back his long, shining curls.

An' says he, in a voice dear and pretty,
"My step-father brought me aboard,
And hid me away down the stairs there;
For to keep me he couldn't afford.

"And he told me the big ship would take me
To Halifax town,—oh, so far!
And he said, 'Now the Lord is your father,
Who lives where the good angels are."

"It's a lie," says the mate: "Not your father,
But some of these big skulkers aboard,
Some milk-hearted, soft-headed sailor.
Speak up, tell the truth, d'ye hear?"

"'Twarn't us," growled the tars as stood round 'em—
"What's your age?" says one of the brine.
"And your name?" says another old salt fish.
Says the small chap, "I'm Frank, just turned nine."

"Oh, my eyes!" says another bronzed seaman
To the mate, who seemed staggered hisself,
"Let him go free to old Novy Scoshy,
And I'll work out his passage myself."

"Belay," says the mate; "shut your mouth, man!
I'll sail this 'ere craft, bet your life,
An' I'll fit the lie on to you somehow,
As square as a fork fits a knife."

Then a-knitting his black brows with anger
He tumbled the poor slip below;
An' says he, "P'r'aps to-morrow'll change you,
If it don't, back to England you go."

I took him some dinner, be sure, mates,—
Just think, only nine years of age!
An' next day, just as six bells tolled,
The mate brings him up from his cage.

An' he plants him before us amidships,
His eyes like two coals all alight;
An' he says, through his teeth, mad with passion,
An' his hand lifted ready to smite.

"Tell the truth, lad, and then I'll forgive you;
But the truth I will have. Speak it out.
It wasn't your father as brought you,
But some of these men here about."

Then that pair o' blue eyes, bright and winning,
Clear and shining with innocent youth,
Looks up at the mate's bushy eyebrows,
An', says he, "Sir, I've told you the truth."

'Twarn't no use; the mate didn't believe him,
Though every man else did, aboard.
With rough hand, by the collar he seized him,
And cried, "You shall hang, by the Lord."

An' he snatched his watch out of his pocket,
Just as if he'd been drawin' a knife.
"If in ten minutes more you don't speak, lad,
There's the rope, and good-by to your life."

There! you never see such a sight, mates,
As that boy with his bright, pretty face,—
Proud, though, and steady with courage,
Never thinking of asking for grace.

Eight minutes went by all in silence.
  Says the mate then, "Speak, lad, say your say."
His eyes slowly filling with tear-drops,
  He faltering says, "May I pray?"

I'm a rough and hard old tarpa'lin
  As any "blue-jacket" afloat;
But the salt water springs to my eyes, lads,
  And I felt my heart rise in my throat.

The mate kind o' trembled an' shivered,
  And nodded his head in reply;
And his cheek went all white of a sudden,
  And the hot light was quenched in his eye;

Tho' he stood like a figure of marble,
  With his watch tightly grasped in his hand,
An' the passengers all still around him;
  Ne'er the like was on sea or on land.

An' the little chap kneels on the deck there,
  An' his hands he clasps over his breast,
As he must ha' done often at home, lads,
  At night-time, when going to rest.

And soft come the first words, "Our Father,"
  Low and soft from the dear baby-lip;
But, low as they were, heard like trumpet
  By each true man aboard of that ship.

Ev'ry bit of that prayer, mates, he goes through,
  To "Forever and ever. Amen."
And for all the bright gold of the Indies,
  I wouldn't ha' heard it again!

And, says he, when he finished, uprising
  An' lifting his blue eyes above,
"Dear Lord Jesus, oh, take me to heaven,
  Back again to my own mother's love!"

For a minute or two, like a magic,
We stood every man like the dead.
Then back to the mate's face comes running
The life blood again, warm and red.

Off his feet was that lad sudden lifted,
And clasped to the mate's rugged breast;
And his husky voice muttered "God bless you."
As his lips to his forehead he pressed.

If the ship hadn't been a good sailer,
And gone by herself right along,
All had gone to Old Davy; for all, lads,
Was gathered 'round in that throng.

Like a man, says the mate, "God forgive me,
That ever I used you so hard.
It's myself as had ought to be strung up,
Taut and sure, to that ugly old yard."

"You believe me then?" said the youngster.
"Believe you!" He kissed him once more.
"You'd have laid down your life for the truth, lad.
Believe you! From now, evermore!"

An' p'r'aps, mates, he wasn't thought much on,
All that day and the rest of the trip;
P'r'aps he paid after all for his passage;
P'r'aps he wasn't the pet of the ship.

An' if that little chap ain't a model,
For all, young or old, short or tall,
And if that ain't the stuff to make men of,
Old Ben, he knows naught, after all.

RIENZI'S ADDRESS.

[The following selection is a stirring appeal to the citizens of Rome to fling off the curse of slavery and fight for freedom. The figures indicate appropriate gestures.]

FRIENDS,[29]
I come not here to talk. You know too well
The story of our thraldom. We [211] are slaves!
The[134] bright sun rises to his course, and lights
A race of slaves! He sets[186], and his last beam
Falls on a slave; not such as,[29] swept along
By the full tide of power, the conqueror led
To crimson glory and undying fame,
But[237] base, ignoble slaves-slaves to a horde
Of petty tyrants, feudal despots! lords
Rich in some dozen paltry villages—
Strong in some hundred spearmen—only great
In that strange spell—a name.

Each hour,[108] dark fraud,
Or open rapine, or protected murder,
Cry out against them. But this very day,[29]
An honest man, my neighbor,[186] there he stands—
Was struck, struck like a dog, by one who wore
The badge of Ursini; because, forsooth,[159]
He tossed not high his ready cap in air,
Nor lifted up his voice in servile shouts,
At sight of that great ruffian. Be we men,[237]
And suffer such dishonor—men and wash not
The stain away in blood? Such shames are common:
I have known deeper wrongs.

I, that speak to ye,[29]
I had a brother once, a gracious boy,
Full of gentleness, of calmest hope,
Of sweet and quiet joy[81]—there was the look
Of heaven upon his face, which limners give
To "the beloved disciple." How I loved[185]

That gracious boy!—younger by fifteen years
Brother at once and son! He left my side;[29]
A summer bloom on his fair cheeks—a smile
Parting his innocent lips. In one short hour[55]
The pretty harmless boy was slain! I saw
The corse, the mangled corse, and then I cried
For vengeance!

Rouse[212] ye Romans!—Rouse ye, slaves!
Have ye brave sons?[186] Look in the next fierce brawl
To see them die. Have ye fair daughters?[211] Look
To see them live, torn from your arms, distained,
Dishonored; and if ye dare[133] call for justice,
Be answered by the lash. Yet this is Rome[237]
That sat on her seven hills, and, from her throne
Of beauty, ruled the world! Yet[29] we are Romans!
Why, in that elder day to be a Roman
Was greater than a king! And once again—[212]
Hear me, ye walls, that echoed to the tread
Of either Brutus!—once again, I swear
The eternal city shall be free.

CONVICT JOE.

[This tragic poem shows the evils of strong drink. It should be given with emphasis and intensity. A very appropriate reading for temperance societies.]

DID I know Convict Joe? Yes, I knew him,
And I ne'er knew an honester lad,
Till he took head and heart to the bottle,
And went with a rush to the bad.
Ah, Joe's was a pitiful case, sirs,
And shows, you'll allow it, I think,
That granting *his* part in the business,
Joe was less in the blame than the drink.

Was he married? He was; and the thought o't
Brings tears of distress to the eyes;

'Twas awful—the murderous sequel!
And to Joe a blood-curdling surprise;
For he didn't know what he was doing,
Held in thrall by a fierce, mocking curse;
One drink-maddened blow!—and the end o't—
Felon chains and eternal remorse!

But the story? Well, Joe was a shipwright,
And a powerful chap, you may depend;
Could throw any man in a wrestle,
But the drink worsted him in the end.
Taking "bouts" at the dram, he grew fond o't,
And his wife—just the best you could find—
Wept tears when the drink fit was on him,
As like to go out of her mind.

For Joe, once her love and her idol,
On whom she still doted with pride,
Was bringing disgrace on that dear wife,
And the sweet child that clung to her side.
The household that was once his pleasure
No longer commanded his heart;
Strong drink was the one god he worshiped,
Whose signboard is ruin's black chart,

Well, one night, as I said, he came home, sirs,
Just as bad with the drink as could be;
He'd been "off work" and "clubbing" with others;
Having out what is called a "rare spree."
It was late, and his poor wife sat lonely,
Awaiting his wished-for return;
But he scolded her out of his presence,
And bunked on the floor till the morn.

Till the morn did he sleep? No; the madness
That lurks the hot brandy within
Wrought hell in his brain, and thence doomed him,
Ere dawn, to a terrible sin!

He was mad! he was frenzied with horror!
Fiends stung him with venomous hiss!
He grappled with phantoms that dragged him
Toward suicide's gaping abyss!

They were clasping and clinging unto him,
They were tearing the flesh from his heart,
They were on him! around him! within him!
And would not for God's sake depart!
In his hot hands he buried his eyesight,
And held, horror-stricken, his breath,
But still the brain phantoms around him.
Were dragging him downward to death!

"Wife, wife!" in his horror he shouted
And toward his presence she flew;
"Joe, dearest! my husband!" "No, woman!
Back, horrible monster! *not you!*"
His brain hot with fury, he clutched at
A hatchet!—one terrible blow!
Next moment, death's presence stood by him
With a forefinger pointing at—*woe!*

He had killed her! but didn't know of it,
Had thought her no wife, but a fiend
Come to torture his soul in *her* semblance,
From which his eyes could not be screened,
So, full of wild rage, he had smote her,
And laughed o'er her corpse where it lay;
Then flung himself down alongside her,
And slept till the dawning day.

He slept? Aye, and dreamt of his dead wife!—
A peaceful and beautiful dream;
He saw her once more in her beauty,
Set about with love's heavenly beam;
On his breast, crowned with smiles she was leaning,

As his dear wife beloved and caressed;
For the bottle was broken forever,
And Joe was a *man* with the best.

But 'twas only a dream—yes, a dream, sirs;—
His poor wife lay dead by his side;
The warm blood still clammily oozing
From a wound on her head, gaping wide!
While *he* still lay there, all unconscious
Of the terrible crime he had wrought,
Till the dawn, looking in on that night's work,
Avenging discovery brought!

Was it only a nightmare? Ah, no, sirs;—
Rough hands on Joe's shoulders were laid,
And voices all harsh, took his hearing,
As he started, and stared, half afraid.
God! what could it mean—the crowd 'round him—
Thus to wake in the hands of the law?
Ah, that form stretched all stirless before him!
Surrounded by horror and awe!

A woman? Yes, only a woman!
No! surely it wasn't his wife?
She seemed dead! and he wrestled for freedom,
As a doomed man will struggle for life.
"It is she! gracious God! Is she dying?
Or dead, sirs?—say, tell if you can?
Unhand me! who murdered my poor wife?"
And a voice answered—"*Thou art the man!*"

There was silence and heart-thrilling horror!
Joe's breath went and came with a gasp;
The neighbors had entered and found him—
The hatchet blood-stained in his grasp!
"My poor wife! my poor wife! oh, heaven!
Who loved me, alas, sirs, too well—
'Twas the brandy that wrought all the mischief!"
And they dragged him away to the cell.

Why lengthen a heart-moving story?
The law took its just-handed course;
Joe, escaping the terrible gallows,
Was doomed to eternal remorse—
A lifetime of penal exactments,
Felon-chains, with their soul-searing chime.
But if tears are accepted in heaven,
Joe has wept out all trace of his crime.

JUSTICE IN LEADVILLE.

[One of the most thrilling poems in the language. The reader should endeavor to picture to the audience the tragic scenes so powerfully described. This selection ought to be given in a conversational tone, but with the voice full and strong and expressive of deep feeling.]

YES, law is a great thing, mister, but justice comes in ahead
When a lie makes a fiend not guilty, and the neighbor he shot is dead.
Leadville would follow the fashion, have regular courts of law;
I take no stock in lawyers, don't gamble upon their jaw.
But the judge, he said Gueldo undoubtedly did for Blake,
And he ought to give him a trial just for appearance' sake;
That Texas chap can't clear him, the lead's too rich to hide,
And the black neck of the Spaniard on the air-line's bound to ride.
So I tried to believe in the woman "with the bandage upon her eyes,"
Though one side's as likely as t'other to drop from the beam, or rise
If a nugget should tip the balance or a false tongue cry the weight;
But I thought I'd see if a trial was "the regular thing" for Kate;
So I went to her pretty cottage; the widow's a tidy thing,
Great mournful eyes, and a head of hair as brown as a heron's wing.
Her husband's murder was cruel; Antonio, fierce and sly,

Had sworn revenge for a trifle when some of the boys were nigh.
She had tripped to her bed of pansies, for Blake was going away;
While he bent to embrace their baby she gathered a love bouquet;
She heard a voice—Gueldo's—a shot—and she ran to Jim;
But the babe's white dress was scarlet, and the father's eyes were dim.
You've heard the cry of a bittern?—it was just that sort of a noise;
It brought us there in a hurry, the woman and half the boys.
She tried to tell us the story, her white lips only stirred;
She seemed to slip quite out of life, and couldn't utter a word.
She told us at last in writing, only a name,—and then
Six derringers found his level, his guard was a dozen men.
She didn't take on, seemed frozen,—but Lord! what a ghastly face!
With slow, sad steps, like the shade of joy, she crept round the woful place,
And when we lifted the coffin she knelt with her little child,
Just whispered to Jim and kissed him; we said, "She is going wild."
Ah, deep things yield no token, and she wa'n't surface gold;
'Twas a gloomy job prospecting 'round a claim Jim couldn't hold,
But I found her rocking the baby, her chin in the dainty palm,
White as the shaver's pillow, tearless and dreadful calm.
I told her about the trial; she shuddered, her great black eyes
Flashed out such a danger signal,—or may be it was surprise.
"They never can clear Gueldo; he cannot escape, for I
Can swear to his hissing Spanish,—that I saw him turn and fly!
"No, never," I said. "His ticket is good for the underground,
He's due this time to-morrow where he won't find Blake around."

The judge held court in the wood-house, and Bagget had stripped
his store

Of barrel and box; I never set eyes on such a crowd before.
I dropped on a keg of ciscos, the judge on a box of soap;
Gueldo and his attorney found seats on a coil of rope.
Then Kate came, with her baby like a rosebud in the snow,
Its pink cheek 'gainst the mother's, pallid and pinched with woe.
Jim's blue eyes, as I live, sir! there were his very curls;
They set us miners to sobbing like a corral of silly girls.
She looked so thankful on us, colored, and when she met
The snake eyes of Gueldo, the braids on her brow were wet;
And if the hell of the preachers had yawned on our gentle Kate,
She couldn't have glared such horror or woman's deadly hate.
So they went on with the trial; an alibi, it was claimed,
Would be urged for the wolf defendant; the judge—well, he
looked ashamed

When ten of the hardest rascals, the cruelest, meanest lot,
Swore, black and blue, Gueldo was four miles from the spot
With them a-hunting the grizzly; then the Texan plead his case,
Till the judge turned pale as ashes, couldn't look in an honest
face.

"Your verdict, my men of the jury, must be grounded, I suppose,
On the weight of the testimony; if you have any faith in those
Reliable fellows from Gouger; the prisoner wasn't thar."
And his honor growled upon him like a vexed and hungry b'ar.
I've noticed the newest convert prays loudest of all the camp,
And that mutton-headed jury declared for the cussed scamp.
For nothing Kate's truthful story; the evidence went, you see,
To disprove the facts; Gueldo by the law was acquitted free.
"You can go," said the judge, "but likely the climate won't suit
you here."

Antonio rose defiant, then Kate spoke low and clear
(Clasping her babe and rising): "Are you done with the pris-
oner, sir?"

As a marble statue might ask it. His honor bowed to her.

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SECRECY.

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HATRED.

'Heaven knows I am sorry; I am, child." "Because," she replied, "I'm not."
A flash from her eyes and pistol—the Mexican devil was shot.
The smoke made a little halo 'round the laughing baby's head,
Then I knew the terrible promise she whispered her husband, dead.

Gueldo staggered, falling, his swart face scared and grim,
Dead, gentlemen of the jury! Decision reversed for him!
"And justice?" we heard her murmur, though she wasn't the talking kind,

And she hadn't the least allusion to that female pictured blind.
Trembling she turned upon us the eyes of a wounded doe;
"Amen!" from the weeping neighbors; "God help you," the judge said; "go!"

THE PILOT'S STORY.

IT was the pilot's story:—"They both came aboard there at Cairo,
From a New Orleans boat, and took passage with us for St. Louis.
She was a beautiful woman, with just enough blood from her mother,
Darkening her eyes and her hair, to make her race known to a trader.
You would have thought she was white. The man that was with her—you see such—
Weakly good-natured and kind, and weakly good-natured and vicious,
Slender of body and soul, fit neither for loving nor hating;
I was a youngster then, and only learning the river,
Not over-fond of the wheel. I used to watch them at monte,
Down in the cabin at night, and learned to know all of the gamblers
So when I saw this weak one staking his money against them,
Betting upon the turn of the cards, I knew what was coming;
They never left their pigeons a single feather to fly with.

Next day I saw them together, the stranger and one of the gamblers;
Picturesque rascal he was, with long black hair and mustaches,
Black slouch hat drawn down to his eyes from his villainous forehead.
On together they moved, still earnestly talking in whispers,
On toward the forecastle, where sat the woman alone by the gangway.
Roused by the fall of feet, she turned, and beholding her master
Greeted him with a smile that was more like a wife's than another's;
Rose to meet him fondly, and then, with the dread apprehension
Always haunting the slave, fell her eye on the face of the gambler,
Dark and lustful and fierce and full of merciless cunning.
Something was spoken so low that I could not hear what the words were;
Only the woman started, and looked from one to the other,
With imploring eyes, bewildered hands and a tremor
All through her frame; I saw her from where I was standing, she shook so,
"Say, is it so?' she cried. On the weak white lips of her master
Died a sickly smile, and he said, 'Louise, I have sold you.'
God is my judge! May I never see such a look of despairing,
Desolate anguish, as that which the woman cast on her master,
Griping her breast with her little hands, as if he had stabbed her,
Standing in silence a space, as fixed as an Indian woman,
Carved out of wood, on the pilot-house of the old Pocahontas!
Then, with a gurgling moan, like the sound in the throat of the dying,
Came back her voice, that, rising, fluttered, through wild incoherence,
Into a terrible shriek that stopped my heart while she answered:
'Sold me? sold me? sold—And you promised to give me my freedom,
Promised me for the sake of our little boy in St. Louis?
What will you say to our God? Ah, you have been joking, I see it!
No? God! God! He shall hear it, and all of the angels in Heaven!

Even the devils in hell! And none will believe when they hear it!
Sold me!"—Fell her voice in a thrilling wail, and in silence
Down she sank on the deck, and covered her face with her fingers."

In his story a moment the pilot paused, while we listened
To the salute of a boat, that, rounding the point of an island,
Flamed toward us with fires that seemed to burn from the waters,
Stately and vast and swift, and borne on the heart of the current.
Then, with the mighty voice of a giant challenged to battle,
Rose the responsive whistle, and all the echoes of island,
Swamp-land, glade and brake replied with a myriad clamor,
Like wild birds that are suddenly startled from slumber at midnight;

Then were at peace once more, and we heard the harsh cries of the peacocks
Perched on a tree by a cabin door, where the white-headed settler's
White-headed children stood to look at the boat as it passed them,
Passed them so near that we heard their happy talk and their laughter.

Softly the sunset had faded, and now on the eastern horizon
Hung, like a tear in the sky, the beautiful star of the evening.
Still with his back to us standing, the pilot went on with his story:—

"Instantly all the people, with looks of reproach and compassion,
Flocked round the prostrate woman. The children cried, and their mothers
Hugged them tight to their breasts; but the gambler said to the captain:
'Put me off there at the town that lies around the bend of the river.

Here, you, rise at once, and be ready now to go with me.'
Roughly he seized the woman's arms and strove to uplift her.
She—she seemed not to heed him, but rose like one that is dreaming,

Slid from his grasp, and fleetly mounted the steps of the gangway,

Up to the hurricane deck, in silence, without lamentation.
Straight to the stern of the boat, where the wheel was, she ran, and the people
Followed her fast till she turned and stood at bay for a moment,
Looking them in the face and in the face of the gambler.
Not one to save her—not one of all the compassionate people!
Not one to save her of all the pitying angels in heaven!
Not one bolt of God to strike him dead there before her!
Wildly she waved him back; we waited in silence and horror.
Over the swarthy face of the gambler a pallor of passion
Passed, like a gleam of lightning over the west in the night time.
White, she stood, and mute, till he put forth his hand to secure her;
Then she turned and leaped—in mid-air fluttered a moment—
Down there, whirling, fell, like a broken-winged bird from a tree top,
Down on the cruel wheel, that caught her, and hurled her, and crushed her,
And in the foaming water plunged her, and hid her forever."

THE WOUNDED SOLDIER.

STEADY, boys, steady! Keep your arms ready,
God only knows whom we may meet here.
Don't let me be taken; I'd rather awaken,
To-morrow, in—no matter where,
Than to lie in that foul prison-hole, over there.
Step slowly! Speak lowly! The rocks may have life;
Lay me down in the hollow; we are out of the strife.
By heaven! the foeman may track me in blood,
For this hole in my breast is outpouring a flood.
No! No surgeon for me; he can give me no aid;
The surgeon I want is a pick-axe and spade.
What, Morris, a tear? Why, shame on you, man!
I thought you a hero; but since you began
To whimper and cry, like a girl in her teens,
By George! I don't know what the devil it means.

Well! well! I am rough, 'tis a very rough school,
This life of a trooper—but yet I'm no fool!
I know a brave man, and a friend from a foe;
And, boys, that you love me I certainly know,
But wasn't it grand,
When they came down the hill over sloughing and sand?
But we stood—did we not?—like immovable rock,
Unheeding their balls and repelling their shock.
Did you mind the loud cry, when, as turning to fly,
Our men sprang upon them, determined to die?
Oh, wasn't it grand?
God help the poor wretches who fell in the fight;
No time was there given for prayers or for flight.
They fell by the score, in the crash, hand to hand,
And they mingled their blood with the sloughing and sand.

Great heavens! This bullet-hole gapes like a grave;
A curse on the aim of the traitorous knave!
Is there never a one of you knows how to pray,
Or speak for a man as his life ebbs away?
Pray! Pray!
Our Father! Our Father!—why don't you proceed?
Can't you see I am dying? Great God, how I bleed!
Our Father in Heaven—boys, tell me the rest,
While I stanch the hot blood from the hole in my breast.
There's something about the forgiveness of sin;
Put that in! put that in!—and then
I'll follow your words and say an "Amen."

Here, Morris, old fellow, get hold of my hand,
And Wilson, my comrade—oh! wasn't it grand
When they came down the hill like a thunder-charged cloud,
And were scattered like mist by our brave little crowd?—
Where's Wilson, my comrade? Here, stoop down you head,
Can't you say a short prayer for the dying and dead?

"Christ-God, who died for sinners all,
Hear Thou this suppliant wanderer's cry;
Let not e'en this poor sparrow fall

Unheeded by Thy gracious eye;
Throw wide Thy gates to let him in,
And take him, pleading, to Thine arms;
Forgive, O Lord, his lifelong sin,
And quiet all his fierce alarms."

God bless you, my comrade, for singing that hymn,
It is light to my path, now my sight has grown dim.
I am dying! Bend down, till I touch you once more;
Don't forget me, old fellow,—God prosper this war!
Confusion to enemies!—keep hold of my hand—
And float our dear flag o'er a prosperous land!

THE BEACON LIGHT.

"GO seaward, son, and bear a light!"
Up spoke the sailor's wife;
"Thy father sails this stormy night
In peril of his life!

His ship that sailed to foreign lands
This hour may heave in sight.
O, should it wreck upon the sands!
Go, son, and bear a light!"

He lights a torch, and seaward goes;
Naught boots the deed, I doubt.
The rain it rains, the wind it blows;
And soon the light goes out.

The boy comes back: "O, mother dear,
Bid me not go again;
No torch can live, 'tis very clear,
Before the wind and rain!"

"No sailor's blood hast thou, I trow
To fear the stormy night.
Let rains descend, let tempests roar,
Go, son, and bear a light!"

Once more he lights the torch, and goes
Toward the foaming main.
The rain it rains, the wind it blows;
Out goes the torch again!

The boy comes back: "O, mother dear,
The storm puts out the light.
The night is drear, and much I fear
The woman dressed in white!"

"No sailor's blood hast thou, I trow,
To tremble thus before
A mermaid's face. Take heart of grace,
And seek again the shore!"

The boy comes back: "O, mother dear,
Go thou unto the strand;
My father's voice I sure did hear
In tones of stern command!"

And now, the mother lights the torch,
And, see! the kindling rays
Have caught the thatch! from roof to porch
The hut is all ablaze!

"What hast thou done?" the urchin cries,
"O piteous sight to see!
Cold is the night! O wretched plight!
Nor house nor home have we!"

"No sailor's blood hast thou, I wis
When torches fail to burn,
A blazing hovel—such as this—
May serve as good a turn!"

Joy to the sailor! see! he clears
The shoals on either hand,
Thanks to the light! and now he steers
In safety to the land!

INCIDENT OF THE FRENCH CAMP.

[Read rapidly and with animation, except the last verse, which should be delivered in low, subdued tones. A few gestures are indicated. In the first verse the customary attitude of Napoleon is described and should be imitated by the reader.]

YOU know[29] we French storm'd Ratisbon:
A mile or so away,
On a little mound, Napoleon
Stood on our storming day;
With neck out-thrust, you fancy how;
Legs wide, *arms lock'd behind*,
As if to balance the prone brow,
Oppressive with its mind.

Just as, perhaps, he mused,[56] "My plans,
That soar to earth may fall,
Let once my army leader, Lannes,
Waver at yonder wall."
Out 'twixt the battery smokes[186] there flew
A rider, bound on bound
Full galloping; nor bridle drew
Until he reach'd the mound.

Then off[29] there flung, in smiling joy,
And held himself erect
By just his horse's mane, a boy;
You hardly could suspect
(So tight he[237] kept his lips compress'd
Scarce any blood came through);
You look'd twice ere you saw his breast
Was all but shot in two.

"Well," cried he, "Emperor,[212] by God's grace,
We've got you Ratisbon!
The Marshal's in the market place,
And you'll be there anon
To see your[341] flag bird flap his vans

Where I, to heart's desire,
Perch'd him!" The chief's eye flash'd;[237] his plans
Soar'd up again like fire.

The chief's eye flash'd, but presently
Soften'd itself,[185] as sheathes
A film the mother eagle's eye
When her bruised eaglet breathes:[29]
"You're wounded!" "Nay," his soldier's pride
Touch'd to the quick, he said,[159]
"I'm kill'd, sire!" And, his chief beside,[211]
Smiling, the boy fell dead.

OTHELLO'S APOLOGY.

MOST potent, grave and reverend seigniors;
My very noble, and approved good masters:
That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter,
It is most true; true, I have married her:
The very head and front of my offending
Hath this extent, no more.

Rude am I in speech,
And little blessed with the set phrase of peace:
For since these arms of mine had seven years' pith,
Till now some nine moons wasted, they have used
Their dearest action in the tented field;
And little of this great world can I speak,
More than pertains to feats of broils and battle;
And therefore, little shall I grace my cause,
In speaking of myself.

Yet by your gracious patience,
I will, a round, unvarnished tale deliver,
Of my whole course of love; what drugs, what charms,
What conjuration, and what mighty magic—
For such proceedings I am charged withal—
I won his daughter with.

Her father loved me; oft invited me;
Still questioned me the story of my life
From year to year: the battles, sieges, fortunes,
That I had past.
I ran it through, e'en from my boyish days,
To the very moment that he bade me tell it.
Wherein I spake of most disastrous chances:
Of moving accidents by flood and field;

Of hairbreadth 'scapes, in the imminent deadly breach;
Of being taken by the insolent foe,
And sold to slavery; of my redemption thence,
And with it all my travel's history.
All these to hear,
Would Desdemona seriously incline;
But still the house affairs would draw her thence,
Which ever as she could with haste despatch,
She'd come again, and with a greedy ear,

Devour up my discourse. Which, I observing,
Took once a pliant hour, and found good means
To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart,
That I would all my pilgrimage dilate;
Whereof, by parcels, she had something heard,
But not distinctly.

I did consent;
And often did beguile her of her tears,
When I did speak of some distressful stroke,
That my youth suffered. My story being done,
She gave me for my pains a world of sighs.
She swore in faith, 'twas strange, 'twas passing strange;
'Twas pitiful; 'twas wondrous pitiful;
She wished she had not heard it; yet she wished
That heaven had made her such a man.

She thanked me,
And bade me, if I had a friend that loved her,
I should but teach him how to tell my story,

And that would woo her. On this hint I spake,
She loved me for the dangers I had passed;
And I loved her that she did pity them.
This is the only witchcraft which I've used.

A DESERTER.

"DESERTER!" Well, Captain, the word's about right,
And it's uncommon queer I should run from a fight,
Or the chance of a fight; I, raised in a land
Where boys, you may say, are born rifle in hand,
And who've fought all my life for the right of my ranch,
With the wily Apache and the cruel Comanche.

But it's true, and I'll own it, I did run away.
"Drunk?" No, sir; I'd not tasted a drop all day;
But—smile if you will—I'd a dream in the night,
And I woke in a fever of sorrow and fright
And went for my horse; 'twas up and away;
And I rode like the wind, till the break of the day.

"What was it I dreamt?" I dreamed of my wife—
The true little woman that's better than life—
I dreamt of my boys—I have three—one is ten,
The youngest is four—all brave little men—
Of my one baby girl, my pretty white dove,
The star of my home, the rose of its love.

I saw the log house on the clear San Antoine,
And I knew that around it the grass had been mown,
For I felt in my dream, the sweet breath of the hay,
I was there, for I lifted a jessamine spray;
And the dog that I loved heard my whispered command,
And whimpered and put his big head in my hand.

The place was so still; all the boys were at rest;
And the mother lay dreaming, the babe at her breast.
I saw the fair scene for a moment; then stood

In a circle of flame, amid shrieking and blood.
The Comanche had the place—Captain, spare me the rest;
You know what that means, for you come from the West.

I woke with a shout, and I had but one aim—
To save or revenge them—my head was aflame,
And my heart had stood still; I was mad, I dare say,
For my horse fell dead at the dawn of the day;
Then I knew what I'd done, and with heart-broken breath,
When the boys found me out I was praying for death,

"A pardon?" No, Captain, I did run away.
And the wrong to the flag it is right I should pay
With my life. It's not hard to be brave
When one's children and wife have gone to the grave.
Boys, take a good aim! When I turn to the west
Put a ball through my heart; it's kindest and best.

* * * * * * * * * * *

He lifted his hat to the flag—bent his head
And the prayer of his childhood solemnly said—
Shouted, "Comrades, adieu!"—spread his arms to the west—
And a rifle ball instantly granted him rest,
But o'er that sad grave by the Mexican sea,
Wives and mothers have planted a blossoming tree,
And maidens bring roses, and tenderly say:
"It was love—sweetest love—led the soldier away."

SEARCHING FOR THE SLAIN.

HOLD the lantern aside, and shudder not so;
There's more blood to see than this stain on the snow;
There are pools of it, lakes of it, just over there,
And fixed faces all streaked, and crimson-soaked hair.
Did you think when you came, you and I, out to-night
To search for our dead, you would see a fair sight?

You're his wife; you love him—you think so; and I
Am only his mother; my boy shall not lie
In a ditch with the rest, while my arms can bear
His form to a grave that mine own may soon share.
So, if your strength fails, best go sit by the hearth,
While his mother alone seeks his bed on the earth.

You will go! Then no faintings! Give me the light,
And follow my footsteps,—my heart will lead right.
Ah, God! what is here? a great heap of the slain,
All mangled and gory!—what horrible pain
These beings have died in! Dear mothers, ye weep,
Ye weep, oh, ye weep o'er this terrible sleep.

More! more! Ahl I thought I could never more know
Grief, horror or pity for aught here below,
Since I stood in the porch and heard his chief tell
How brave was my son, how he gallantly fell.
Did they think I cared then to see officers stand
Before my great sorrow, each hat in each hand?

Why, girl, do you feel neither reverence nor fright,
That your red hands turn over toward this dim light
These dead men that stare so? Ah, if you had kept
Your senses this morning ere his comrades had left,
You had heard that his place was worst of them all,—
Not 'mid the stragglers,—where he fought he would fall!

There's the moon thro' the clouds: O, Christ, what a scene!
Dost Thou from Thy heaven o'er such visions lean,
And still call this cursed world a footstool of Thine?
Hark, a groan! there another,— here in this line
Piled close on each other! Ah! here is the flag,
Torn, dripping with gore;—bah! they died for this rag.

Here's the voice that we seek: poor soul do not start;
We're women, not ghosts. What a gash o'er the heart!
Is there aught we can do? A message to give

To any beloved one? I swear, if I live,
To take it for sake of the words my boy said,
"Home," "mother," "wife," ere he reeled down 'mong the dead.

But, first, can you tell where his regiment stood?
Speak, speak, man, or point; 'twas the Ninth. Oh, the blood
Is choking his voice! What a look of despair!
There, lean on my knee, while I put back the hair
From eyes so fast glazing. Oh, my darling, my own,
My hands were both idle when you died alone.

He's dying—he's dead! Close his lids, let us go.
God's peace on his soul! If we only could know
Where our own dear ones lie!—my soul has turned sick;
Must we crawl o'er these bodies that lie here so thick?
I cannot! I cannot! How eager you are!
One might think you were nursed on red lap of War.

He's not here,—and not here. What wild hopes flash through
My thoughts, as foot-deep I stand in this dread dew,
And cast up a prayer to the blue, quiet sky!
Was it you, girl, that shrieked? Ah! what face doth lie
Upturned toward me there, so rigid and white?
O, God, my brain reels! 'Tis a dream. My old sight

Is dimmed with these horrors. My son! oh, my son!
Would I had died for thee, my own, only one!
There lift off you arms; let him come to the breast
Where first he was lulled, with my soul's hymn, to rest.
Your heart never thrilled to your lover's fond kiss
As mine to his baby-touch; was it for this?

He was yours, too; he loved you? Yes, yes, you are right.
Forgive me, my daughter, I'm maddened to-night.
Don't moan so, dear child; you're young, and your years
May still hold fair hopes; but the old die of tears.
Yes, take him again;—ah! don't lay your face there;
See, the blood from his wound has stained your loose hair.

How quiet you are! Has she fainted?—her cheek
Is cold as his own. Say a word to me,—speak!
Am I crazed? Is she dead? Has *her* heart broke first?
Her trouble was bitter, but sure mine is worst.
I'm afraid, I'm afraid, all alone with these dead;
Those corpses are stirring; God help my poor head!

I'll sit by my children until the men come
To bury the others, and then we'll go home.
Why, the slain are all dancing! Dearest, don't move.
Keep away from my boy; he's guarded by love.
Lullaby, lullaby; sleep, sweet darling, sleep!
God and thy mother will watch o'er thee keep.

LEADVILLE JIM.

HE came to town one winter day;
He had walked from Leadville all the way:
He went to work in a lumber yard,
And wrote a letter that ran: "Dear Pard,
Stick to the claim, whatever you do,
And remember that Jim will see you through."
For to quote his partner, "they owned a lead
Mit der sphlendidest brospects, und nodings to ead."

When Sunday came he brushed his coat,
And tied a handkerchief round his throat,
Though his feet in hob-nailed shoes were shod
He ventured to enter the house of God.
When, sharply scanning his ill-clad feet,
The usher gave him the rearmost seat.
By chance the loveliest girl in town
Came late to the house of God that day,
And, scorning to make a vain display
Of her brand new, beautiful Sunday gown,
Beside the threadbare man sat down.
When the organ pealed she turned to Jim,

And kindly offered her book to him,
Held half herself, and showed him the place,
And then, with genuine Christian grace,
She sang soprano, and he sang bass,
While up in the choir the basso growled,
The tenor, soprano and alto howled,
And the banker's son looked back and scowled.
The preacher closed his sermon grand
With an invitation to "join the band."
Then quietly from his seat uprose
The miner, dressed in his threadbare clothes,
And over the carpeted floor walked down,
The aisle of the richest church in town.
In spite of the general shudder and frown,
He joined the church and went his way;
But he did not know how he had walked that day
O'er the sensitive corns of pride, rough-shod;
For the miner was thinking just then of God.
A little lonely it seemed to him
In the rearmost pew when Sunday came;
One deacon had dubbed him "Leadville Jim,"
But the rest had quite forgotten his name.

And yet was never more strange than true
God sat with the man in the rearmost pew,
Strengthened his arm in the lumber yard,
And away in the mountains helped his "Pard."

But after a while a letter came
Which ran: "Dear Yim—I haf sell our claim,
Und I send you a jeck for half der same.
A million, I dought, was a pooty good brice,
Und my *heart* said to sell, so I took its advice—
You know what I mean if you lofe a fraulein—
Good-by. I am going to marry Katrine."

The hob-nailed shoes and rusty coat
Were laid aside, and another note
Came rippling out of the public throat,

The miner was now no longer "Jim,"
But the deacons "Brothered" and "Mistered" him:
Took their buggies and showed him round.
And, more than the fact of his wealth, they found
Through the papers which told the wondrous tale
That the fellow had led his class at Yale.
Ah! the maidens admired his splendid shape,
Which the tailor had matched with careful tape;
But he married the loveliest girl in town,
The one who once by his side sat down,
When up in the choir the basso growled,
Then tenor, soprano and alto howled,
And the banker's son looked back and scowled.

HOW HE SAVED ST. MICHAEL'S.

SO you beg for a story, my darling, my brown-eyed Leopold.
And you, Alice, with face like morning, and curling locks of gold;
Then come, if you will and listen—stand close beside my knee—
To a tale of the southern city, proud Charleston by the sea.

It was long ago, my children, ere ever the signal gun
That blazed above Fort Sumter had awakened the North as one;
Long ere the wondrous pillar of battle cloud and fire
Had marked where the unchained millions marched on to their heart's desire.

On the roofs and glittering turrets that night, as the sun went down,
The mellow glow of the twilight shone like a jeweled crown;
And, bathed in the living glory, as the people lifted their eyes,
They saw the pride of the city, the spire of St. Michael's rise.

The gently gathering shadows shut out the waning light;
The children prayed at their bedsides as you will pray to-night;
The noise of buyer and seller from the busy mart was gone;
And in dreams of a peaceful morrow the city slumbered on.

But another light than sunrise aroused the sleeping street;
For a cry was heard at midnight, and the rush of trampling feet;
And the fire king's wild battalions scaled wall and capstone high,
And planted their flaring banners against an inky sky.

From the death that raged behind them, and the crash of ruin loud,
To the great square of the city were driven the surging crowd;
Where yet firm in all the tumult, unscathed by the fiery flood,
With its heavenward-pointing finger, the church of St. Michael stood.

But e'en as they gazed upon it there rose a sudden wail—
A cry of horror blended with the roaring of the gale,
On whose scorching wings up-driven, a single flaming brand,
Aloft on the towering steeple clung like a bloody hand.

"Will it fade?" The whisper trembled from a thousand whitening lips;
Far out on the lurid harbor they watched it from the ships—
A baleful gleam that brighter and ever brighter shown,
Like a flickering, trembling will-o-wisp, to a steady beacon grown.

"Uncounted gold shall be given to the man whose brave right hand,
For the love of the periled city, plucks down yon burning brand!"
So cried the mayor of Charleston, that all the people heard;
But they looked each one at his fellow, and no man spoke a word.

Who is it leans from the belfry, with face upturned to the sky,
Clings to a column, and measures the dizzy spire with his eye?
Ah! see! he has stepped on the railing; he climbs with his feet and his hands;
And firm on a narrow projection, with the belfry beneath him, he stands.

Slow, steadily mounting, unheeding aught save the goal of the fire;

Still higher and higher, an atom, he moves on the face of the spire.
He stops! Will he fail? Lo! for answer, a gleam like a meteor track,
And, hurled on the stones of the pavement, the red brand lies shattered and black.

Now, loud, the shouts of the people have rent the quivering air;
At the church-door mayor and council wait with their feet on on the stair;
And the eager throng behind them press for a touch of his hand,—
The unknown saviour, whose daring could compass a deed so grand.

But why does a sudden tremor seize on them while they gaze?
And what meaneth that stifled murmur of wonder and amaze?
He stood in the gate of the temple he had periled his life to save;
And the face of the hero, my children, was the sable face of a slave!

With folded arms he was speaking, in tones that were clear, not loud,
And his eyes ablaze in their sockets, burnt into the eyes of the crowd:—
"You may keep your gold: I scorn it! but answer me, ye who can,
If the deed I have done before you be not the deed of—a man?"

He stepped but a short space backward; and from all the women and men
There were only sobs for an answer; and the mayor called for a pen,
And the great seal of the city, that he might read who ran:
And the slave who saved St. Michael's went out from its door—a man.

THE PRIDE OF BATTERY B.

SOUTH Mountain towered upon our right, far off the river lay,
And over on the wooded height we held their lines at bay.
At last the muttering guns were still, the day died slow and wan;
At last the gunners' pipes did fill, the sergeant's yarns began;
When, as the wind a moment blew aside the fragrant flood
Our brierwoods raised, within our view a little maiden stood,
A tiny tot of six or seven, from fireside fresh she seemed
(Of such a little one in heaven one soldier often dreamed),
And as we stared, one little hand went to her curly head
In grave salute. "And who are you?" at length the sergeant said.
"And where's your home?" he growled again. She lisped out, "Who is me?
Why, don't you know? I'm little Jane, the pride of Battery B.
My home? Why that was burned away, and pa and ma are dead,
And so I ride the guns all day along with Sergeant Ned.
And I've a drum that's not a toy, a cap with feathers too,
And I march beside the drummer boy on Sundays at review.
But now our 'bacca's all give out, the men can't have their smoke,
And so they're cross; why even Ned won't play with me and joke.
And the big colonel said to day—I hate to hear him swear—
He'd give a leg for a good pipe like the Yanks had over there.
And so I thought when beat the drum, and the big guns were still,
I'd creep beneath the tent and come out here across the hill,
And beg, good Mister Yankee men, you'd give me some Lone Jack;
Please do! When we get some again I'll surely bring it back.
Indeed I will, for Ned, says he, if I do what I say,
I'll be a general yet, maybe, and ride a prancing bay."

We brimmed her tiny apron o'er. You should have heard her laugh,
As each man from his scanty store shook out a generous half.
To kiss the little mouth stooped down a score of grimy men,
Until the sergeant's husky voice said. "'Tention, squad!" and then
We gave her escort, till good-night the pretty waif we bid,
And watched her toddle out of sight,—Or else 'twas tears that hid
Her tiny form,—nor turned about a man, nor spoke a word,
Till after awhile, a far hoarse shout upon the wind we heard.
We sent it back, and cast sad eyes upon the scene around,
A baby's hand had touched the tie that brothers once had bound.
That's all; save when the dawn awoke again the work of hell,
And through the sullen clouds of smoke the screaming missiles fell,
Our general often rubbed his glass and marveled much to see
Not a single shell that whole day fell in the camp of Battery B.

THE LEGEND OF THE ORGAN-BUILDER.

DAY by day the Organ-builder in his lonely chamber wrought;
Day by day the soft air trembled to the music of his thought:

Till at last the work was ended, and no organ voice so grand
Ever yet had soared responsive to the master's magic hand.

Ay, so rarely was it builded that whenever groom and bride
Who in God's sight were well pleasing in the church stood side by side,

Without touch or breath the organ of itself began to play,
And the very airs of heaven through the soft gloom seemed to stray.

He was young, the Organ-builder, and all o'er the land his fame
Ran with fleet and eager footsteps, like a swiftly rushing flame,

All the maidens heard the story; all the maidens blushed and smiled,
By his youth and wondrous beauty and his great renown beguiled.

So he sought and won the fairest, and the wedding day was set;
Happy day—the brightest jewel in the glad year's coronet!

But when they the portal entered, he forgot his lovely bride—
Forgot his love, forgot his God, and his heart swelled high with pride.

"Ah!" thought he, "how great a master am I! When the organ plays,
How the vast cathedral arches will re-echo with my praise!"

Up the isle the gay procession moved. The altar shone afar,
With its every candle gleaming through soft shadows, like a star.

But he listened, listened, listened, with no thought of love or prayer,
For the swelling notes of triumph from his organ standing there.

All was silent. Nothing heard he save the priest's low monotone,
And the bride's robe trailing softly o'er the floor of fretted stone.
Then his lips grew white with anger. Surely God was pleased with him
Who had built the wondrous organ for His temple vast and dim?

Whose the fault, then? Hers—the maiden standing meekly at his side!
Flamed his jealous rage, maintaining she was false to him—his bride.
Vain were all her protestations, vain her innocence and truth;
On that very night he left her to her anguish and her ruth.

Far he wandered to a country wherein no man knew his name,
For ten weary years he dwelt there, nursing still his wrath and shame

Then his haughty heart grew softer, and he thought by night and day

Of the bride he had deserted, till he hardly dared to pray—
Thought of her, a spotless maiden, fair and beautiful and good;
Thought of his relentless anger that had cursed her womanhood;
Till his yearning grief and penitence at last were all complete,
And he longed with bitter longing, just to fall down at her feet.

Ah! how throbbed his heart when, after many a weary day and night,
Rose his native towers before him, with the sunset glow alight!
Through the gates into the city on he pressed with eager tread;
There he met a long procession—mourners following the dead.

"Now why weep ye so, good people? and whom bury ye to-day?
Why do yonder sorrowing maidens scatter flowers along the way?
"Has some saint gone up to heaven?" "Yes," they answered, weeping sore;
"For the Organ-builder's saintly wife our eyes shall see no more;

"And because her days were given to the service of God's poor,
From His church we mean to bury her. See! yonder is the door."

No one knew him; no one wondered when he cried out, white with pain;
No one questioned when with pallid lips, he poured his tears like rain.

"'Tis some one whom she has comforted who mourns with us," they said,
As he made his way unchallenged, and bore the coffin's head.

Bore it through the open portal, bore it up the echoing aisle,
Let it down before the altar, where the lights burned clear the while.
When, oh, hark! the wondrous organ of itself began to play
Strains of rare, unearthly sweetness, never heard until that day.

All the vaulted arches rang with music, sweet and clear;
All the air was filled with glory, as of angels hovering near;
And ere yet the strain was ended, he who bore the coffin's head,
With the smile of one forgiven, gently sank beside it—dead.

They who raised the body knew him, and they laid him by his bride;
Down the aisle and o'er the threshold they were carried, side by side;

While the organ played a dirge that no man ever heard before,
And then softly sank to silence—silence kept for evermore.

THE BRIDGE KEEPER'S STORY.

DO we have many accidents here, sir?
Well, no! but of one I could tell,
If you wouldn't mind hearing the story;
I have cause to remember it well!

You see how the drawbridge swings open
When the vessels come in from the bay;
When the lightning express comes along, sir,
That bridge must be shut right away!

You see how it's worked by the windlass,
A child, sir, could manage it well;
My brave little chap used to do it;
But that's part of the tale I must tell.

It is two years ago come the autumn,
I shall never forget it, I'm sure;
I was sitting at work in the house here,
And the boy played just outside the door.

You must know that the wages I'm getting
For the work on the line are not great,
So I picked up a little shoemaking,
And I manage to live at that rate.

I was pounding away on my lapstone,
And singing as blithe as could be!
Keeping time with the tap of my hammer
On the work that I held at my knee.

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SUPPLICATION.

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DESIGNATION.

And Willie, my golden-haired darling,
Was tying a tail on his kite;
His cheeks all aglow with excitement,
And his blue eyes lit up with delight.

When the telegraph bell at the station
Rang out the express on his way;
"All right, father!" shouted my Willie,
"Remember, I'm pointsman today!"

I heard the wheel turn at the windlass,
I heard the bridge swing on its way,
And then came a cry from my darling
That filled my poor heart with dismay.

"Help, father! oh, help me!" he shouted,
I sprang through the door with a scream;
His clothes had caught in the windlass;
There he hung o'er the swift-rushing stream.

And there, like a speck in the distance,
I saw the fleet, on-coming train;
And the bridge that I thought safely fastened,
Unclosed and swung backward again.

I rushed to my boy; ere I reached him
He fell in the river below.
I saw his bright curls on the water,
Borne away by the current's swift flow.

I sprang to the edge of the river,
But there was the on-rushing train;
And hundreds of lives were in peril,
Till that bridge was refastened again.

I heard a loud shriek just behind me,
I turned, and his mother stood there,
Looking just like a statue of marble,
With her hands clasped in agonized prayer.

Should I leap in the swift-flowing torrent
While the train went headlong to its fate,
Or stop to refasten the drawbridge,
And go to his rescue too late?

I looked at my wife, and she whispered,
With choking sobs stopping her breath,
"Do your duty, and Heaven will help you
To save our own darling from death!"

Quick as thought, then, I flew to the windlass,
And fastened the bridge with a crash,
Then, just as the train rushed across it,
I leaped in the stream with a splash.

How I fought with the swift-rushing water!
How I battled till hope almost fled,
But just as I thought I had lost him,
Up floated his bright, golden head.

How I eagerly seized on his girdle,
As a miser would clutch at his gold,
But the snap of his belt came unfastened,
And the swift stream unloosened my hold.

He sank once again, but I followed,
And caught at his bright, clust'ring hair,
And, biting my lip till the blood came,
I swam with the strength of despair!

We had got to the bend of the river,
Where the water leaps down with a dash;
I held my boy tighter than ever,
And steeled all my nerves for the crash.

The foaming and thundering whirlpool
Engulfed us; I struggled for breath,
Then caught on a crag in the current,
Just saved, for a moment, from death!

And there, on the bank, stood his mother,
And some sailors were flinging a rope;

It reached us at last, and I caught it,
For I knew 'twas our very last hope!

And right up the steep rock they dragged us;
I cannot forget to this day
How I clung to the rope, while my darling
In my arms like a dead baby lay.

And down on the greensward I laid him
Till the color came back to his face;
And, oh! how my heart beat with rapture
As I felt his warm, loving embrace.

There, sir! that's my story, a true one,
Though it's far more exciting than some,
It has taught me a lesson, and that is,
"Do your duty, whatever may come!"

JOHN BURNS, OF GETTYSBURG.

HAVE you heard the story that gossips tell
Of Burns, of Gettsburg? No? Ah, well:—
Brief is the glory a hero earns,
Briefer the story of poor John Burns:
He was the fellow who won renown,
The only man, who didn't back down
When the Rebels rode through his native town;
But he held his own in the fight next day,
When all his townfolk ran away.
That was in July, sixty-three,
The very day that General Lee,
Flower of Southern chivalry,
Baffled and beaten, backward reeled
From a stubborn Meade and a barren field.

I might tell how, but the day before,
John Burns stood at his cottage door,
Looking down the village street,
Where, in the shade of his peaceful vine,

He heard the low of his gathered kine,
And felt their breath with incense sweet;
Or, I might say, when the sunset burned
The old farm gable, he thought it turned
The milk, that fell in a babbling flood
Into the milk-pail, red as blood!
Or how he fancied the hum of bees
Were bullets whizzing among the trees.

But all such fanciful thoughts as these
Were strange to a practical man like Burns,
Who minded only his own concerns,
Troubled no more by fancies fine
Than one of his calm-eyed, long-tailed kine—
Quite old-fashioned, and matter-of-fact,
Slow to argue, but quick to act,
That was the reason, as some folks say
He fought so well on that terrible day.
And it was terrible. On the right
Raged for hours the heavy fight,
Thundered the battery's double bass—
Difficult music for men to face;
While on the left—where now the graves
Undulate like the living waves
That all the day unceasing swept
Up to the pits the Rebels kept—
Round shot plowed the upland glades,
Some with bullets reaped with blades;
Shattered fences here and there
Tossed their splinters in the air;
The very trees were stripped and bare;
The barns that once held yellow grain
Were heaped with harvests of the slain.
The cattle bellowed on the plain,
The turkeys screamed with might and main,
And brooding barn-fowls left their rest
With strange shells bursting in each nest.

Just where the tide of battle turns,
Erect and lonely, stood old John Burns.

How do you think the man was dressed?
He wore an ancient, long, buff vest,
Yellow as saffron—but his best;
And buttoned over his manly breast
Was a bright blue coat with a rolling collar,
And large gilt buttons size of a dollar—
And tails the country folk called "swaller."

He wore a broad-brimmed, bell-crowned hat
White as the locks on which it sat.
Never had such a sight been seen
For forty years on the village green
Since John Burns was a country beau,
And went to the "quilting" long ago.

Close at his elbow all that day
Veterans of the Peninsula,
Sunburnt and bearded, charged away;
And striplings, downy of lip and chin—
Clerks that the home-guards mustered in—
Glanced as they passed at the hat he wore,
Then at the rifle his right hand bore;
And hailed him from out their youthful lore,
With scraps of a slangy repertoire:
"How are you, White Hat?" "Put her through!"
"Your head's level!" and, "Bully for you!"
Called him "Daddy"—and begged he'd disclose
The name of the tailor who made his clothes,
And what was the value he set on those;
While Burns, unmindful of jeers and scoff,
Stood there picking the rebels off--
With his long, brown rifle and bell-crowned hat,
And the swallow-tails they were laughing at.

'Twas but a moment, for that respect
Which clothes all courage their voices checked;

And something the wildest could understand
Spake in the old man's strong right hand,
And his corded throat, and the lurking frown
Of his eyebrows, under his old bell-crown;
Until, as they gazed, there crept an awe
Through the ranks in whispers, and some men saw
In the antique vestments and long, white hair
The Past of a Nation in battle there.

And some of the soldiers since declare
That the gleam of his old, white hat afar,
Like the crested plume of the brave Navarre,
That day was their oriflamme of war.
Thus raged the battle. You know the rest;
How the rebels, beaten, and backward pressed,
Broke at the final charge and ran.
At which John Burns—a practical man—
Shouldered his rifle, unbent his brows,
And then went back to his bees and cows.

This is the story of old John Burns;
And this is the moral the reader learns:
In fighting the battle the question's whether
You'll show a hat that's white or a feather.

THE DUKITE SNAKE.

WELL, mate, you've asked me about a fellow
You met to-day in a black and yellow
Chain-gang suit, with a pedler's pack
Or with some such burden strapped to his back,
Did you meet him square? No, passed you by?
Well, if you had, and had looked in his eye,
You'd have felt for your irons then and there;
For the light of his eye is a madman's glare.
Some eight years back, in the spring of the year,
He came from Scotland and settled here.
A splendid young fellow he was just then,

And one of the bravest and truest of men.
In a year his wife came, and he showed her round
His sandalwood and his crops in the ground,
And spoke of the future; they cried for joy,
The husband's arm clasping his wife and boy.

Well, friend, if a little of heaven's best bliss
Ever comes from the upper world to this,
It came into that manly bushman's life,
And circled him round with the arms of his wife.
God bless that bright memory! Even to me,
A rough, lonely man, did she seem to be,
While living, an angel of God's pure love,
And now I could pray to her face above.
And David—he loved her as only a man
With a heart as large as was his heart, can.
I wondered how they could have lived apart,
For he was her idol, and she was his heart.

Friend, there isn't much more of the tale to tell;
I was talking of angels awhile since. Well,
Now I'll change to a devil—ay, to a devil!
You needn't start; if a spirit of evil
Ever came to this world its hate to slake
On mankind, it came as a dukite snake.
Now, mark you, these dukites don't go alone;
There's another near when you see but one;
And beware you of killing that one you see
Without finding the other; for you may be
More than twenty miles from the spot that night,
When camped, but you're tracked by the lone dukite,
That will follow your trail like death or fate,
And kill you as sure as you killed its mate.

Well, poor Dave Sloane had his young wife here
Three months; 'twas just this time of the year.
He had teamed some sandalwood to the Vasse,
And was homeward bound, when he saw on the grass

A long red snake; he had never been told
Of the dukite's ways; he jumped to the road,
And smashed its flat head with the bullock goad.
He was proud of the red skin, so he tied
Its tail to the cart, and the snake's blood dyed
The bush on the path he followed that night.
He was early home, and the dead dukite
Was flung at the door to be skinned next day.
At sunrise next morning he started away
To hunt up his cattle. A three hours' ride
Brought him back; he gazed on his home with pride
And joy in his heart; he jumped from his horse
And entered—to look on his young wife's corse,
And his dead child clutching its mother's clothes
As in fright; and there, as he gazed, arose,
From her breast, where 'twas resting, the gleaming head
Of the terrible dukite, as if it said,
"I've had vengeance, my foe! you took all I had!"
And so had the snake; David Sloane was mad!

I rode to his hut just by chance that night,
And there on the threshold the clear moonlight
Showed the two snakes dead. I pushed in the door;
The dead were stretched on the moonlit floor;
The man held the hand of his wife, his pride,
His poor life's treasure, and crouched by her side.
I touched and called him; he heeded me not;
So I dug her grave in a quiet spot,
And lifted them both, her boy on her breast,
And laid them down in the shade to rest.
Then I tried to take my poor friend away,
But he cried so woefully, "Let me stay
Till she comes again!" that I had no heart
To try to persuade him then to part
From all that was left to him here—her grave.
So I staid by his side that night, and save
One heart-cutting cry, he uttered no sound—

O, God! that wail—like the wail of a hound!
'Tis six long years since I heard that cry,
But 'twill ring in my ears till the day I die.
Since that fearful night no one has heard
Poor David Sloane utter sound or word.
You have seen to-day how he always goes;
He's been given that suit of convict's clothes
By some prison officer. On his back
You noticed a load like a pedler's pack?
Well, that's what he lives for; when reason went,
Still memory lived, for his days are spent
In searching for dukites; year by year
That bundle of skins is growing. 'Tis clear
That the Lord out of evil some good still takes;
For he's clearing this bush of the dukite snakes.

O CAPTAIN! MY CAPTAIN!

[This famous poem was written soon after the death of President Lincoln and commemorates that awful event.]

O CAPTAIN! my captain! our fearful trip is done,
The ship has weathered every rock, the prize we sought is won.
The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exulting,
While follow eyes the steady reel, the vessel grim and daring:
But O heart! heart! heart!
O the bleeding drops of red,
Where on the deck my captain lies
Fallen cold and dead.

O captain! my captain! rise up and hear the bells.
Rise up—for you the flag is flung—for you the bugle trills,
For you bouquets and ribboned wreaths—for you the shores a-crowding,
For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces turning;
Here, captain! dear father!
This arm beneath your head!

It is some dream that on the deck
You've fallen cold and dead.

My captain does not answer, his lips are pale and still.
My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor will.
The ship is anchored safe and sound, its voyage closed and done,
From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with object won;
Exult, O shores, and ring, O bells!
But I, with mournful tread,
Walk the deck, my captain lies
Fallen cold and dead.

LEXINGTON.

SLOWLY the mist o'er the meadow was creeping,
Bright on the dewy buds glistened the sun,
When from his couch, while his children were sleeping,
Rose the bold rebel and shouldered his gun.
Waving her golden veil
Over the silent dale,
Blithe looked the morning on cottage and spire,
Hushed was his parting sigh,
While from his noble eye
Flashed the last sparkle of Liberty's fire.

On the smooth green where the fresh leaf is springing
Calmly the first-born of glory have met;
Hush! the death-volley around them is ringing!
Look! with their life-blood the young grass is wet!
Faint is the feeble breath,
Murmuring low in death,
"Tell to our sons how their fathers have died;"
Nerveless the iron hand,
Raised for its native land,
Lies by the weapon that gleams at its side.

Over the hillsides the wild knell is tolling,
From their fair hamlets the yeomanry come;

As through the storm-clouds the thunder-burst rolling,
Circles the beat of the mustering drum.
Fast on the soldier's path
Darkens the waves of wrath,
Long have they gathered, and loud shall they fall,
Red glares the musket's flash,
Sharp rings the rifle's crash,
Blazing and clanging from thicket and wall.

Snow-girdled crags where the hoarse wind is raving,
Rocks where the weary floods murmur and wail,
Wilds where the fern by the furrow is waving,
Reeled with the echoes that rode on the gale;
Far as the tempest thrills,
Over the darkened hills,
Far as the sunshine streams over the plain,
Roused by the tyrant band,
Woke all the mighty land,
Girded for battle from mountain to main.

Green be the graves where her martyrs are lying!
Shroudless and tombless they sank to their rest,
While o'er their ashes the starry fold flying,
Wraps the proud eagle they roused from his nest.
Borne on her Northern pine,
Long o'er the foamy brine,
Spread her broad banner to storm and to sun!
Heaven keep her ever free,
Wide as o'er land and sea
Floats the fair emblem her heroes have won!

THE SWORD OF BUNKER HILL.

HE lay upon his dying bed,
His eyes were growing dim,
When with a feeble voice he called
His weeping son to him.

"Weep not, my boy," the veteran said.
"I bow to heaven's high will,
But quickly from yon antlers bring
The Sword of Bunker Hill."

The sword was brought; the soldier's eyes
Lit with a sudden flame,
And as he grasped the ancient blade,
He murmered Warren's name.
Then said: "My boy, I leave you gold,
But what is better still,
I leave you, mark me, mark me now,
The Sword of Bunker Hill.

"'Twas on that dread immortal day
We dared the British band,
A captain raised this sword on me,
I tore it from his hand.
And as the awful battle raged,
It lighted freedom's will;
For, boy, the God of freedom blessed
The Sword of Bunker Hill.

"O keep the sword; you know what's in
The handle's hollow there;
It shrines, will always shrine, that lock
Of Washington's own hair.
The terror of oppression's here;
Despots! your own graves fill,
O'er Vernon's gift God's seal is on
The Sword of Bunker Hill.

"O keep the sword"—his accents broke;
A smile, and he was dead—
But his wrinkled hands still grasped the blade
Upon that dying bed.
The son remains, the sword remains,

Its glory growing still,
And fifty millions bless the sire
And Sword of Bunker Hill.

A hundred years have smiled o'er us
Since for the priceless gem
Of might with right that moveless make
Our nation's diadem.
Putnam, Starke, Prescott, Warren fought
So centuries might thrill
To see the whole world made free by
The Sword of Bunker Hill,

PAUL REVERE'S RIDE.

[Read with animation and spirit. The figures throughout this selection indicate a few appropriate gestures.]

LISTEN,[290] my children, and you shall hear
Of the midnight ride af Paul Revere,
On the eighteenth of April in seventy-five;
Hardly a man is now alive
Who remembers that famous day and year.

He said to his friend,[29] "If the British march
By land or sea from the town to-night,
Hang[134] a lantern aloft in the belfry arch
Of the North Church tower, as a signal light.
One, if by land, and two, if by sea;
And I on the opposite shore will be,
Ready to ride[212] and spread the alarm
Through every Middlesex village and farm,
For the country folk to be up and to arm."

Then he said, "Good-night;" and with muffled oar
Silently rowed to the Charleston shore,
Just as the[341] moon rose over the bay,
Where, swinging wide, at her moorings, lay[186]

The Somerset, British man-of-war,
A phantom ship, with each mast and spar
Across the moon like a prison bar,
And a huge black hulk, that was magnified
By its own reflection in the tide.

Meanwhile, his friend through alley and street
Wanders and watches with eager ears,[107]
Till, in the silence around him, he hears
The muster of men at the barrack door,
The sound of arms and the tramp of feet,
And the measured tread of the grenadiers
Marching down to their boats on the shore.

Then he climbed[134] to the tower of the old North Church,
By the wooden stairs, with the stealthy tread,
To the belfry chamber overhead,
And startled the pigeons from their perch
On the somber rafters,[29] that round him made
Masses and moving shapes of shade;
By the trembling ladder, steep and tall,[341]
To the highest window in the wall,
Where he[316] paused to listen, and look down
A moment on the roofs of the town,
And the moonlight flowing over all.

Beneath,[56] in the churchyard, lay the dead,
In their night encampment on the hill,
Wrapped in silence so deep and still
That he could hear,[263] like a sentinel's tread,
The watchful night wind, as it went,
Creeping along from tent to tent,
And seeming to whisper,[107] "All is well!"
A moment only he feels the spell
Of the place and hour,[160] and the secret dread
Of the lonely belfry and the dead,
For suddenly all his thoughts are bent
On a shadowy something[186] far away,

Where the river widens to meet the bay,
A line of black, that bends and floats
On the rising tide, like a bridge of boats.

Meanwhile,[29] impatient to mount and ride,
Booted and spurred, with a heavy stride
On the opposite shore walked Paul Revere.
Now he patted his horse's side,
Now[186] gazed on the landscape far and near,
Then impetuous[237] stamped the earth,
And turned and tightened his saddle girth;
But mostly he[316] watched with eager search
The belfry tower of the old North Church,
As it rose[341] above the graves on the hill,
Lonely and spectral, and somber and still.

And lo![134] as he looks on the belfry's height,
A glimmer, and then a gleam of light!
He springs to the saddle, the bridle he turns,
But lingers and gazes,[316] till full on his sight
A second lamp in the belfry burns.

A hurry[160] of hoofs in a village street,
A shape in the moonlight, a bulk in the dark,
And beneath from the pebbles, in passing, a spark[237]
Struck out by a steed flying fearless and fleet;
That was all! And yet, through[186] the gloom and the light,
The fate of a nation was riding that night;
And the spark struck out by that steed in his flight,[212]
Kindled the land into flame with its heat.

* * * * * *

It was twelve[29] by the village clock
When he crossed the bridge into Medford town.
He[107] heard the crowing of the cock,
And the barking of the farmer's dog,
And felt the[160] damp of the river fog,
That rises after the sun goes down.

It was one by the village clock
When he[186] galloped into Lexington.
He saw the gilded weathercock
Swim[341] in the moonlight as he passed,

And the meeting house windows, blank and bare,[316]
Gaze at him with a spectral glare
As if they already[55] stood aghast
At the bloody work they would look upon.

It was two by the village clock
When he[29] came to the bridge in Concord town.
He heard the bleating of the flock,
And the twittering[341] of birds among the trees,
And felt the breath of the morning breeze[29]
Blowing over the meadows brown.
And one was safe and asleep in his bed
Who at the bridge would be first to fall[30]
Who that day would be lying dead
Pierced by a British musket ball.

You know the rest.[29] In the books you have read
How the[160] British regulars fired and fled—
How the farmers gave them ball for ball,[237]
From behind each fence and farmyard wall,
Chasing[108] the red coats down the lane,
Then crossing the fields to emerge again,
Under the trees at the turn of the road,
And only pausing[29] to fire and load.

So through[186] the night rode Paul Revere;
And so through the night went his cry of alarm
To every Middlesex village and farm—
A cry[212] of defiance, and not of fear—
A voice in the darkness,[237] a knock at the door,
And a word that shall echo forevermore;
For,[29] borne on the night wind of the past,
Through all our history to the last,

In the hour of darkness and peril and need,
The people will[263] waken and listen to hear
The hurrying hoof beats of that steed,
And the midnight message of Paul Revere.

CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE.

HALF a league, half a league,
Half a league onward,
All in the valley of death
Rode the six hundred.

"Forward, the Light Brigade!
Charge for the guns!" he said.
Into the valley of death
Rode the six hundred.

"Forward, the Light Brigade!"
Was there a man dismayed?
Not though the soldiers knew
Some one had blundered:
Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and die:
Into the valley of death
Rode the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them,
Volleyed and thundered.
Stormed at with shot and shell,
Boldly they rode and well:
Into the jaws of death,
Into the mouth of hell,
Rode the six hundred.

Flashed all their sabers bare,
Flashed as they turned in air,
Sab'ring the gunners there,
Charging an army, while
All the world wondered.
Plunged in the battery smoke,
Right through the line they broke:
Cossack and Russian
Reeled from the saber-stroke,
Shattered and sundered.
Then they rode back—but not,
Not the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon behind them,
Volleyed and thundered:
Stormed at with shot and shell,
While horse and hero fell,
They that had fought so well,
Came through the jaws of death,
Back from the mouth of hell,
All that was left of them
Left of six hundred.

When can their glory fade?
Oh, the wild charge they made!
All the world wondered.
Honor the charge they made!
Honor the Light Brigade,
Noble six hundred!

THE BELLS.

I.

HEAR the sledges with the bells—
Silver bells—
What a world of merriment their melody foretells!
How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,

In the icy air of night!
While the stars that oversprinkle
All the heavens seem to twinkle
With a crystalline delight—
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the tintinnabulation that so musically swells
From the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—
From the jingling and the tinkling of the bells.

II.

Hear the mellow wedding bells—
Golden bells!
What a world of happiness their harmony foretells!
Through the balmy air of night
How they ring out their delight!
From the molten-golden notes,
And all in tune,
What a liquid ditty floats
To the turtledove that listens, while she gloats
On the moon!
Oh, from out the sounding cells,
What a gush of euphony voluminously wells!
How it swells!
How it dwells
On the Future! how it tells
Of the rapture that impels
To the swinging and the ringing
Of the bells, bells, bells,
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—
To the rhyming and the chiming of the bells.

III.

Hear the loud alarum bells—
Brazen bells!
What a tale of terror, now, their turbulency tells!

In the startled ear of night
How they scream out their affright
Too much horrified to speak,
They can only shriek, shriek,
Out of tune,
In a clamorous appealing to the mercy of the fire,
In a mad expostulation with the deaf and frantic fire
Leaping higher, higher, higher,
With a desperate desire,
And a resolute endeavor,
Now—now to sit or never,
By the side of the palefaced moon.
Oh, the bells, bells, bells,
What tale their terror tells
Of despair

How they clang, and clash, and roar!
What a horror they outpour
On the bosom of the palpitating air!
Yet the ear it fully knows,
By the twanging
And the clanging
How the danger ebbs and flows!
Yet the ear distinctly tells,
In the jangling
And the wrangling
How the danger sinks and swells,
By the sinking or the swelling in the anger of the bells—
Of the bells—
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—
In the clamor and the clangor of the bells!

IV.

Hear the tolling of the bells—
Iron bells!
What a world of solemn thought their monody compels
In the silence of the night,

How we shiver with affright
At the melancholy menace of their tone!
For every sound that floats
From the rust within their throats
Is a groan.
And the people—ah, the people—
They that dwell up in the steeple,
All alone,
And who tolling, tolling, tolling,
In that muffled monotone,
Feel a glory in so rolling
On the human heart a stone.
They are neither man nor woman—
They are neither brute nor human—
They are ghouls:
And their king it is who tolls;
And he rolls, rolls, rolls,
Rolls
A pæan from the bells!
And his merry bosom swells
With the pæan of the bells!
And he dances and he yells;
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the pæan of the bells—
Of the bells:
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the throbbing of the bells—
Of the bells, bells, bells—
To the sobbing of the bells;
Keeping time, time, time,
As he knells, knells, knells,
In a happy Runic rhyme,
To the rolling of the bells—
Of the bells, bells, bells—
To the tolling of the bells,

Of the bells, bells, bells, bells—
Bells, bells, bells—
To the moaning and the groaning of the bells.

MONEY MUSK.

IN shirts of check and tallowed hair
The fiddler sits in the bulrush chair,
Like Moses' basket stranded there
On the brink of Father Nile.

He feels the fiddle's slender neck,
Picks out the notes with thrum and check,
And times the tune with nod and beck.
And thinks it a weary while.

All ready! Now he gives the call,
Cries, "Honor to the ladies all!"
The jolly tides of laughter fall
And ebb in a happy smile.

D-O-W-N comes the bow on every string,
"First couple join right hands and swing!"
And light as any bluebird's wing
"Swing once and a half time round!"

Whirls Mary Martin all in blue—
Calico gown and stockings new,
And tinted eyes that tell you true,
Dance all to the dancing sound.

She flits about big Moses Brown,
Who holds her hand to keep her down,
And thinks her hair a golden crown,
And his heart turns over once!

His cheek with Mary's breath is wet,
It gives a second somerset!

He means to win the maiden yet,
Alas for the awkward dunce!

"Your stoga boot has crushed my toe!
I'd rather dance with one-legged Joe,
You clumsy fellow!" "Pass below!"
And the first pair dance apart.

Then "Forward six," advance, retreat,
Like midges gay in sunbeam street;
'Tis Money Musk by merry feet
And the Money Musk by heart!

"Three-quarters round your partner swing
Across the set!" The rafters ring
The girls and boys have taken wing,
And have brought their roses out!

'Tis "Forward six!" With rustic grace,
Ah, rarer far than—"Swing to place!"
Than golden clouds of old point lace,
They bring the dance about

Then clasping hands all—"Right and left,"
And swiftly weave the measure deft
Across the woof in living weft,
And the Money Musk is done!

O, dancers of the rustling husk,
Good-night, sweethearts, 'tis growing dusk,
Good-night, for aye to Money Musk,
For the heavy march begun.

THE DOOM OF CLAUDIUS AND CYNTHIA.

IT was in the mid-splendor of the reign of the Emperor Commodus. The emperor was quite easily flattered, and more easily insulted. Especially desirous of being accounted the best swordsman and the most fearless gladiator in Rome, he still better enjoyed the reputation of being the incomparable archer.

With a view to this, he had assiduously trained himself so as to be able, in various public places, to give startling exhibitions of his skill with the bow and arrows. Often in the Circus he had shot off an ostrich's head while the bird was running at full speed across the arena in view of the astonished multitudes. No archer had ever been able to compete with him. This success had rendered him a monomaniac on the subject of archery, affecting him so deeply, indeed, that he cared more for his fame as a consummate bowman than for the dignity and honor of his name and responsibility as emperor of Rome. This being true, it can well be understood how Claudius, by publicly boasting that he was a better archer than Commodus, had brought upon himself the calamity of a public execution. But not even Nero would have thought of bringing the girl to death for the fault of her lover. Commodus was the master tyrant and fiend. Claudius and his bride had been arrested together at their nuptial feast and dragged to separate dungeons to await the emperor's will.

The rumor was abroad in Rome that on a certain night a most startling scene would be enacted in the Circus. That the sight would be blood-curdling in the last degree was taken by every one for granted. Emissaries of Commodus had industriously sown about the streets hints too vague to take definite form, calculated to arouse great interest. The result was that on the night in question, the vast building was crowded at an early hour.

All the seats were filled with people eager to witness some harrowing scene of death. Commodus himself, surrounded by a great number of his favorites, sat on a high, richly cushioned throne prepared for him about midway one side of the vast enclosure. All was still, as if the multitude were breathless with expectancy. Presently, out from one of the openings a young man and a young woman—a mere girl—their hands bound behind them, were led forth upon the sand of the arena and forced to walk around the entire circumference of the place.

The youth was tall and nobly beautiful, a very Hercules in form, an Apollo in grace and charm of movement. The girl was *petite* and lovely beyond compare. His hair was blue-black and

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DISDAIN.

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TERROR.

crisp, and a young, soft beard curled over his cheek and lips. Her hair was pure gold, falling to her feet and trailing behind her as she walked. His eyes were dark and proud; hers gray and deep as those of a goddess. Both were nude, excepting a short kirtle reaching to near the knee. They seemed to move half unconscious of their surroundings, all bewildered and dazzled by the situation.

At length the giant circuit was completed and the two were left standing on the sand, distant about one hundred and twenty feet from the emperor, who now arose and in a loud voice said:

"Behold the condemned Claudius and Cynthia, whom he lately took for his wife. This youth and this girl have not yet pressed the nuptial couch. They never will. They are condemned to death for the great folly of Claudius, that the Roman people may know that Commodus reigns supreme. The crime for which they are to die is a great one. Claudius has publicly proclaimed that he is a better archer than I, Commodus, am. I am the emperor and the imcomparable archer of Rome. Whoever disputes it dies and his wife dies with him. It is decreed."

This strange speech was repeated, sentence after sentence, by criers placed at intervals around the wall, so that every person in that vast crowd heard every word. No one, however, was astonished at the infamous deed in contemplation. Too often had Commodus, for the most trivial offense, or for no offense at all, hurried Roman citizens to bloody death. And, indeed, why should a multitude schooled to take keen delight in gladiatorial combats ever shudder at anything?

But it was enough to touch the heart of even a Roman to see the tender innocence of that fair girl's face as she turned it up in speechless, tearless, appealing grief and anguish to her husband's. Her pure bosom heaved and quivered with the awful terror suddenly generated within. The youth, erect and powerful, set his thin lips firmly and kept his eyes looking straight out before him. Among the on-lookers many knew him as a trained athlete, and especially as an almost unerring archer. They knew him, too, as a brave soldier, a true friend, an honorable citizen. Little time remained for such reflections as naturally might have

arisen, for immediately a large cage, containing two fiery-eyed and famished tigers, was brought into the Circus and placed before the victims. The hungry beasts were excited to madness by the smell of fresh blood smeared on the bars of the cage for that purpose. They growled and howled, lapping their fiery tongues and plunging against the door.

The poor girl leaned her head against the naked breast of her lover and uttered a thin, short wail. His eyes did not change their firm stare, but the mighty muscles of his arms rolled up and quivered as he strained at the thongs in an effort to burst them, and his lips writhed into each other. He was beginning to realize that death was near him—and ah, near her! If only his hands were free and his good sword within reach, how joyfully he would battle for her against all the tigers in the world! But this certain death, how could he bear it? These beasts to munch her tender body and delicate limbs!—her true heart to quiver in their fangs! How supremely bitter a thing to helplessly contemplate! And she,—the trembling lily by his side,—she thought only of him, as the man who kept the beasts began from his safe place on the high cage, to unfasten the door and thus to let loose Death. Four long bounds of those agile monsters would bear them to the victims. Slowly the iron bolts were withdrawn and the door swung round. Nothing but thin air lay between the hungry red mouths and the nude, defenseless bodies. For some moments the tigers did not move, excepting that they seemed rather to writhe crouchingly backward instead of advancing, as if shrinking from the devilish deed they were appointed to accomplish. There was no shrinking in their bloodshot eyes, however, and their slight recoil was but to gather themselves for the rush to the feast.

A murmur ran all round that vast ellipse—a murmur of remonstrance and disgust; for now every one saw that the spectacle was to be a foul murder without even the show of a struggle. The alert eyes of Commodus were bent upon the crouching beasts. At the same time he noted well the restlessness and disappointment of the people. He understood his subjects and knew how to excite them. He was preparing to do a deed by

which he hoped to elicit great applause. His triumph came like a thunderbolt and in a twinkling all was changed.

The limbs of the poor girl had begun to give way under her and she was slowly sinking to the ground. This seemed greatly to affect the man, who, without lowering his fixed eyes, tried to support her with his body. Despite his efforts she slid down and lay in a helpless heap at his feet. The lines on his manly face deepened and a slight ashy pallor flickered on brow and eyelids. But he did not tremble. He stood like a statue of Hercules.

Then a sound came from the cage which no words can ever describe—the hungry howl, the clashing teeth, the hissing breath of the tigers along with a sharp clang of the iron bars spurned by their rushing feet. The circus fairly shook with the plunge of Death toward its victims.

Suddenly, in this last moment, the maiden, by a great effort, writhed to her feet and covered the youth's body with her own. Such love! It should have sweetened death for that young man. How white his face grows! How his eyes flame, immovably fixed upon the coming demons! Those who have often turned up their thumbs in this place for men to die now hold their breath in utter disgust and sympathy.

Look for a brief time upon the picture; fifty thousand faces or more thrust forward gazing; the helpless couple, lost to everything but the black horrors of death, quivering from foot to crown. Note the spotless beauty and the unselfish love of the girl. Mark well the stern power of the young man's face. Think of the marriage vows just taken—of the golden bowl of bliss a moment ago at their young lips. Think how sweet life must be to them on the threshold of their honeymoon. And now, oh! now, look at the bounding, flaming-eyed tigers! See how one leads the other in the awful race to the feast! The girl is nearer than the man. She will feel the claws and fangs first. How wide those red, frothy mouths gape! How the red tongues loll! The sand flies up in a cloud from the armed feet of the leaping brutes.

There came from the place where Commodus stood a clear musical note such as might have come from the gravest cord of a lyre if powerfully stricken, closely followed by a keen, far-reaching hiss, like the whisper of fate, ending in a heavy blow. The multitude caught breath and stared. The foremost tiger, while yet in mid-air, curled itself up with a gurgling cry of utter pain, and, with the blood gushing from its eyes, ears and mouth, fell heavily down, dying. Again the sweet, insinuating twang, the hiss and the stroke. The second beast fell dead or dying upon the first. This explained all. The emperor had demonstrated his right to be called the Royal Bowman of the World.

Had the tyrant been content to rest here all would have been well. While yet the beasts were faintly struggling with death he gave orders for a shifting of the scene. He was insatiable.

For the first time during the ordeal the youth's eyes moved. The girl, whose back was turned toward the beasts, was still waiting for the crushing horror of their assault.

A soldier, as directed, now approached the twain, and, seizing an arm of each, led them some paces farther away from the emperor, where he stationed them facing each other and with their sides to Commodus, who was preparing to shoot again. Before drawing his bow, however, he cried aloud:

"Behold! Commodus will pierce the center of the ear of each!"

As before, the cry was caught up by other voices and echoed around the vast place.

The lovers were gazing into each other's eyes, still as statues, as if frozen by the cold fascination of death. In the few next following moments they must have lived a long life of horror. Some of the most observant onlookers saw a pink flush tinge the small, delicately turned ear of the maiden, as if the blood were gathering there to be ready to gush from the hideous wound of the arrow. The youth saw this, too, and his eyes glittered with an agony fiercer than any death-throe. No doubt he was waiting to see her die, knowing full well that Commodus would not be likely to forego the refined pleasure of killing her first.

The excitement of the spectators reached the last degree when the great horn bow was again raised.

A very halo of beauty seemed to quiver and shine around the girl's head. A nameless, frigid fear was at last mastering the noble youth. His eyes were beginning to waver, his lips to twitch convulsively. O Death! here is thy victory! Thou canst make cowards of us all by attacking our loved ones! It is all well enough for men to court thee in the roar and rushing of the floods of battle, and call it heroism,—it is well enough for a Socrates to meet thee grimly as he did,—for a Nero, even, to accept thee in his own way,—but love, love only, can flash into thine awful eyes the immitigable torment, the unbearable terror!

What a consummate mastery of the subject of revenge was evinced by Commodus through the whole of this spectacle!

And now the end was near. All around that vast space, tier above tier, the pallid faces of the spectators rose to a dizzy height, seeming by their ghastly glow to blend a strange light with the fierce glare of the flambeaux, so intense was their excitement. Every soul in the multitude was for the time suspended above the abyss of destruction, realizing the feebleness of Life, the potency of Death.

Commodus drew his bow with tremendous power, fetching the cord back to his breast, where for a moment it was held without the faintest quiver of a muscle. His eyes were fixed, and cold as steel. The polished, broad head of the arrow shone like a diamond. One would have thought that the breathing of a breath could have been heard across the Circus.

While yet the pink flush burned on the delicate ear of the girl, and while the hush of the Circus deepened infinitely, out rang the low note of the great weapon's recoil. The arrow fairly shrieked through the air, so swift was its flight.

What words can ever suggest an idea of the torture crowded into that point of time betwixt the ringing of the bow-cord and the striking of the arrow?

The youth, particularly, was shaken with a sudden wild ecstasy of horror. As when a whirlwind, leaping from a balmy summer calm, stirs a sleeping pool into a white-foamed spiral flood, so death had at last torn up the fountain of his soul. It was more than death when the arrow had done its work with her.

The girl, thrilled with ineffable pain, flung up her white arms above her head, the rent thongs flying away in the paroxysm of her final struggle. Hers was a slight body, and the arrow, not perceptibly impeded by the mark, struck in the sand beyond, and glancing thence whirled far away and rang on the bricks of the spina. Something like a divine smile flashed across her face along with a startling pallor.

Again the bow-string rang, and the arrow leaped away to its thrilling work. What a surge the youth made! It was as if Death had charged him with omnipotence for the second. The cord leaped from his wrists—he clasped the falling girl in his embrace. All eyes saw the arrow hurtling along the sand, after its mission was done. A suppressed moan from a multitude of lips filled the calm air of the Circus.

Locked for one brief moment in each other's arms, the quivering victims wavered on their feet, then sank down upon the ground. Commodus stood like Fate, leaning forward to note the perfectness of his execution. His eyes blazed with the eager, heartless fire of triumph.

Now, here is the *denoument.* Even the most exacting modern critic could find nothing further to desire in the catastrophe of a tragedy. The fated lovers lay in awful agony, locked in the strong embrace of a deathless passion. No hand dared separate them; no lip dared whisper them a last farewell. The place might have been a vast tomb, for all the sign of life it contained. The circles of countless faces were like those of the dead.

The two tigers lay in their blood where they had fallen, each with a broad headed arrow through the spinal cord, at the point of its juncture with the brain. The emperor's aim had been absolutely accurate. Instant paralysis and quick death had followed his shots.

But the crowning event of the occasion was revealed at the last.

Pale and wild-eyed, their faces pinched and shriveled, the youth and the maid started, with painful totterings and weak clutchings at the air, and writhed to their feet, where they stood staring at each other in a way to chill the blood of any observer.

Then, as if attracted by some irresistible fascination, they turned their mute, sunken faces toward Commodus. What a look! Why did it not freeze him dead where he stood?

"Lead them out and set them free!" cried the emperor, in a loud, heartless voice. "Lead them out, and tell it everywhere that Commodus is the Incomparable Bowman!"

And then, when all at once it was discovered that he had not hurt the lovers, but had merely cut in two with his arrows the cords that bound their wrists, a great stir began, and out from a myriad overjoyed and admiring hearts leaped a storm of thanks, while with clash and bray of musical instruments, and with voices like the voices of winds and seas, and with a clapping of hands like the rending roar of tempests, the vast audience arose as one person and applauded the emperor!

THE FALL OF BABYLON.

THE stars are forth o'er Babylon; within her massy walls
The sounds of mirth and revelry ring through her marble halls;
And all is one gay festival, as if her inmates now
Bore hearts as free from aught of care as childhood's stainless brow.

And yet a fierce, unsparing foe, as ever pressed the ground,
Now girdle in their serpent folds the fated city round,
And flashes upward, from that band of mailed chivalry;
The sun burst as from storm-dashed waves of some wide, restless sea.

Belshazzar cast his purple robe and gemm'd tiara by,
And mingled with his reckless court in wild festivity;
And deeply, with his haughty ones, the jeweled wine cup drained,
And with polluting lips the gold of Sion's house profaned.

The viol on the quivering air sent forth its sweetest strain;
The roof rang back the bugle's notes rejoicingly again;
Exhilaration's veil was thrown o'er every spirit there,
While bounded by with quickened pulse, the valiant and the fair.

And there—hark! an unearthly cry of horror and dismay!
'Tis silent in that columned place where all but now was gay.
Why stands that gallant company in this their blithest hour,
As if their very life-blood felt some chilling demon's power?

A shadowy hand is tracing there, in characters of flame,
The death-scroll of that nation's power—the mildew of their fame—
And withering fell, ay, writhing up their very souls with fear,
The sureness that their last dread hour of agony was near.

The hand departed—lingered yet with lurid, fiery gleam,
Those strange appalling characters—as from a hideous dream.
The sleeper waketh, startingly, so burst they from their spell,
That awestruck crowd, when on their ears their monarch's accents fell.

"Come now, ye wise, who know the arts of magic's wondrous power;
And ye, whose steps have trodden long in learning's varied bower.
The man whose tongue can now unfold this dread, dark mystery,
That man within my realm, the third in power and wealth shall be."

They came—but powerless was their skill, their vaunted learning vain,
An idiot full as able were that secret to explain.
"A curse upon your bootless zeal," broke forth the furious king;
"Haste guards, and to my presence quick the Hebrew Prophet bring."

They brought him from his lonely roof, beneath the star-gemm'd sky.

Where, knelt in prayer he communed with the Majesty on high.

He stood before them—groans and sighs alone the silence broke,
When thus, with woe-denouncing voice the fearless Prophet spoke:

"Thy gifts unto thyself, proud king, back to their blood-stained hand;
Hark to the doom that even now impends upon thy land.
* * * * * * * * *
"Thy days are numbered; in the scales of justice thou art weighed,

And thou are wanting; of thy land division hath been made;
The Persian and the Median host thy kingdom shall divide;
Up king! and arm thee! even now their spears are at thy side!"

While yet he spoke, upon the floor a wounded warrior sprang.
"To arms! to arms! the Mede!" throughout the vaulted palace rang;
The Persian war-cry and the groans of death, heard at the door,
Declared that Babylon's long day of pride and guilt was o'er.

The king resumed his diadem and grasped his battle-brand,
And, like a warrior chieftain, met his foemen hand to hand:
He perished—when his last bold chief had fallen at his feet—
The clash of swords his funeral knell, the blood his winding-sheet.

THE EASTER ALTAR-CLOTH.

SOLEMN days of Lent are closing, and in soft ethereal light
Earth and sky delay, transfigured, at the sepulchre of night,
While reluctant steal the shadows o'er the smoothly-burnished sea,
Loath to gloom the shining pageant with their purple mystery.

Yonder, where the misty sunlight on that distant city falls,
Stands a convent, dark and stately, rearing high its ancient walls.
Long ago—so runs the story—at this very day and hour,
Wan and pale a nun was sitting in that topmost gloomy tower.

On her lap were folds of beauty, broidered with the finest art,
Gleaming with the sacred symbols she had wrought so long apart;
And the fabric's dazzling whiteness, marvelous in leaf and line,
Seemed a snowdrift frosted over with each emblematic sign.
Ah, how many years in secret she had labored, day by day,
That some happy Easter morning she might on the altar lay
There at last her precious treasure, as an offering to her Lord,
With each thread a prayer inwoven answering to His holy Word.

Now her task is almost ended; all but finished there it lies!
In and out the needle glances—fast, and faster still it flies—
While the last rich beams of sunset o'er the dusky gloaming come
Flinging bars of golden glory in the narrow, somber room.

In those wondrous lights and shadows Rembrandt loved to paint so well
Like a patron saint of labor there she sits—but list! a bell
Strikes upon the breathless silence, and she starts up cold and white,
"Yet again and must I leave thee? Oh, I cannot go to-night!

"I must stay my dream to finish; some one else can do, I know,
Just as well my every duty if for once I do not go.
Peace! begone, temptations evil! longer here I must not stay"—
And she crossed herself and sadly laid the glistening cloth away.

Clad in mournful sable habit, through the doorway see her glide,
Through the corridors, so silent, through the arching portals wide;
Out across the court deserted, till at length she gains the street,
Mingles with the throng, nor pauses till her tired, aching feet

Reach the hospital that rises just outside the city's wall,
Where its dark, funereal shadow on the landscape throws a pall.
Safe at last within its shelter from the tempter's dreaded claim,
Dying eyes are watching for her, dying murmurs speak her name.

Here she sits beside a pallet, reading words of cheer, and there
Kneels and wafts a soul to heaven on the faithful wings of prayer,
Thus employed with ceaseless missions night anon has worn away,
And the starry hosts have vanished through the glowing arch of day.

Like another fleeting shadow does the gentle sister seem,
As she steals back to the convent in the morning's early gleam;
And a thousand silver voices ring out on the Easter air
As she enters through the doorway, climbs again the winding stair.

She has reached the cell so dreary where she sees with saddest heart

Snowy cloth outspread before her—but what means that sudden start?
Lo! in perfect beauty, finished there each vine, each symbol lies—
Who has guessed her guarded secret? Who prepared this strange surprise?

While she stands, perplexed with wonder, see, a brightness floods the rooms,
Greater than the noontide's splendor, rarer than the dawning's bloom.
Prostrate low before the vision, thrilled with love, she knows full well
Only pitying hands of angels could have wrought that miracle.

A NIGHT PICTURE.

A GROAN from a dim-lit upper room,
A stealthy step on the stair in the gloom,
A hurried glance to left, to right,
In the court below—then out in the night
There crept a man through an alley dim,
Till lost in the crowd. Let us follow him.

The night was black as he hurried along,
The streets were filled with a jostling throng,
The sidewalks soaked in the drizzling rain.
He dared not look behind again,
And every stranger's eye he caught
Was sure to know his inmost thought.

And as he passed the gas-lamps tall,
He saw his lengthening shadow fall
Before his feet till it grew and grew
To a giant self of a darker hue;
But turning down some lampless street
He left behind the trampling feet.

Then on, still on, through the starless night,
Shrinking from every distant light;
Starting at every roadside bush
Or swollen stream in its turbid rush;
On, still on, till he gained the wood
In whose rank depths his dwelling stood.
There over his head the billows of wind
Rocked and roared before and behind.

And under the gloom he reached at last
His door—crept in, and locked it fast;
Then struck a match and lighted a lamp,
And drew from his pocket, heavy and damp,
A wallet of leather thick and brown.
Then at a table sitting down

To count the—hark, what noise was that?
A rattling shutter? A rasping rat
Under the floor? He turned to the door
And saw that his windows were all secure.
But down the chimney loud and fast,
Like distant cannon, roared the blast.
And on the wind came cries and calls,
And voices of awful waterfalls,
And ringing bells. Sometimes it seemed
He had not done the deed—but dreamed.
Ah, would it were a dream, this wild
Wet night, and he once more a child!

* * * * * *

On a flying train in the dawning day,
And the fragrant morn he was far away.
But secret eyes had pierced the night.
And lightning words outstripped his flight,
And far in the North where none could know,
The Law's long arm had reached its foe.

RETURN OF THE HILLSIDE LEGION.

WHAT telegraphed word
The village hath stirred?
Why eagerly gather the people;
And why do they wait
At crossing and gate—
Why flutters yon flag on the steeple?

Wall, stranger, do tell—
It's now a smart spell
Since our sogers went marchin' away,
And we calculate now,
To show the boys how
We can welcome the Legion to-day.

Bill Allendale's drum
Will sound when they come,
And there's watchers above on the hill,
To let us all know,
When the big bugles blow,
To hurrah with a hearty good will.

All the women folks wait
By the 'Cademy gate,
With posies all drippin' with dew;
The Legion shan't say
We helped them away,
And forgot them when service was through.

My Jack's comin', too,
He's served the war through;
Hark! the rattle and roar of the train!
There's the bugle and drum,
Our sogers have come,
Hurrah! for the boys home again.

"Stand aside! stand aside!
Leave a space far and wide
Till the regiment forms on the track."—
Two soldiers in blue—
Two men—only two
Stepped off, and the Legion was back.

The hurrah softly died,
In the space far and wide,
As they welcomed the worn, weary men;
The drum on the hill
Grew suddenly still,
And the bugle was silent again.

I asked Farmer Shore
A question no more,
For a sick soldier lay on his breast!
While his hand, hard and brown,
Stroked tenderly down,
The locks of the weary at rest.

ART THOU LIVING YET?

Is there no grand, immortal sphere
  Beyond this realm of broken ties,
To fill the wants that mock us here,
  And dry the tears from weeping eyes;
Where Winter melts in endless Spring,
  And June stands near with deathless flowers;
Where we may hear the dear ones sing
  Who loved us in this world of ours?
I ask, and lo! my cheeks are wet
  With tears for one I cannot see;
Oh, mother, art thou living yet,
  And dost thou still remember me?

I feel thy kisses o'er me thrill,
  Thou unseen angel of my life;
I hear thy hymns around me trill
  An undertone to care and strife;
Thy tender eyes upon me shine,
  As from a being glorified,
Till I am thine and thou art mine,
  And I forget that thou hast died
I almost lose each vain regret
  In visions of a life to be;
But, mother, art thou living yet
  And dost thou still remember me?

The Springtimes bloom; the Summers fade,
  The Winters blow along my way;
But over every light or shade
  Thy memory lives by night and day;
It soothes to sleep my wildest pain,
  Like some sweet song that cannot die,
And, like the murmur of the main,
  Grows deeper when the storm is nigh,
I know the brighest stars that set

Return to bless the yearning sea;
But, mother, art thou living yet,
And dost thou still remember me?

I sometimes think thy soul comes back
From o'er the dark and silent stream,
Where last we watched thy shining track,
To those green hills of which we dream;
Thy loving arms around me twine,
My cheeks bloom younger in thy breath,
Till thou art mine and I am thine?
Without a thought of pain or death
And yet, at times, my eyes are wet
With tears for her I cannot see—
Oh! mother, art thou living yet,
And dost thou still remember me?

THE MAN WITH THE MUSKET.

SOLDIERS pass on from this rage of renown,
This ant-hill, commotion and strife,
Pass by where the marbles and bronzes look down
With their fast frozen gestures of life,
On, out to the nameless who lie 'neath the gloom
Of the pitying cypress and pine;
Your man is the man of the sword and the plume,
But the man of the musket is mine.

I knew him! By all that is noble, I knew
This commonplace hero I name!
I've camped with him, marched with him, fought with him, too,
In the swirl of the fierce battle-flame!
Laughed with him, cried with him, taken a part
Of his canteen and blanket, and known
That the throb of his chivalrous prairie boy's heart
Was an answering stroke of my own.

I knew him, I tell you! And, also, I knew
When he fell on the battle-swept ridge,
That poor battered body that lay there in blue
Was only a plank in the bridge
Over which some should pass to a fame
That shall shine while the high stars shall shine!
Your hero is known by an echoing name,
But the man with the musket is mine.
I knew him! All through him the good and the bad
Ran together and equally free;
But I judge as I trust Christ will judge the brave lad,
For death made him noble to me!

In the cyclone of war, in the battle's eclipse,
Life shook off its lingering sands,
And he died with the names that he loved on his lips,
His musket still grasped in his hands!
Up close to the flag my soldier went down,
In the salient front of the line;
You may take for your heroes the men of renown,
But the man of the musket is mine.

BATTLE OF BEAL' AN' DUINE.

THE Minstrel came once more to view
The eastern ridge of Benvenue,
For ere he parted, he would say
Farewell to lovely Loch Achray.
Where shall he find, in foreign land,
So lone a lake, so sweet a strand?
There is no breeze upon the fern,
No ripple on the lake,
Upon her aerie nods the erne,
The deer has sought the brake;

The small birds will not sing aloud,
The springing trout lies still,
So darkly glooms yon thunder-cloud,
That swathes, as with a purple shroud,
Benledi's distant hill.

Is it the thunder's solemn sound
That mutters deep and dread,
Or echoes from the groaning ground
The warrior's measured tread?
Is it the lightning's quivering glance
That on the thicket streams,
Or do they flash on spear and lance
The sun's retiring beams?
I see the dagger-crest of Mar,
I see the Moray's silver star,
Wave o'er the cloud of Saxon war,
That up the lake comes winding far!
To hero, bound for battle strife,
Or bard of martial lay.
'Twere worth ten years of peaceful life,
One glance at their array!

Their light-armed archers far and near,
Surveyed the tangled ground,
Their center ranks, with pike and spear,
A twilight forest frowned,
Their barbed horsemen, in the rear,
The stern battalia crowned.
No cymbal clashed, no clarion rang,
Still were the pipe and drum;
Save heavy tread, and armor's clang,
The sullen march was dumb.

There breathed no wind their crests to shake,
Or wave their flags abroad;
Scarce the frail aspen seemed to quake,
That shadowed o'er their road;

Their vanward scouts no tidings bring,
  Can rouse no lurking foe,
Nor spy a trace of living thing,
  Save when they stirred the roe;
The host moves like a deep sea-wave,
Where ride no rocks, its pride to brave,
  High-swelling, dark and slow.
The lake is passed, and now they gain
A narrow and a broken plain,
Before the Trosach's rugged jaws:
And here, the horse and spearmen pause,
While to explore a dangerous glen,
Dive through the pass the archer-men.

At once there rose so wild a yell
Within that dark and narrow dell,
As all the fiends, from heaven that fell,
Had pealed the banner-cry of hell!
Forth from the pass in tumult driven,
Like chaff before the wind of heaven,
  The archery appear;
For life! for life! their flight they ply;
While shriek and shout and battle-cry,
And plaids and bonnets waving high,
And broadswords flashing to the sky,
  Are maddening in the rear.
Onward they drive, in dreadful race,
  Pursuers and pursued;
Before that tide of flight and chase,
How shall it keep its rooted place,
  The spearmen's twilight wood?
"Down! down!" cried Mar, "your lances down!
  Bear back both friend and foe!"
Like reeds before the tempest's frown,
That serried grove of lances brown
  At once lay leveled low;

And closely shouldering side to side,
The bristling ranks the onset bide,
"We'll quell the savage mountaineer
As their Tinchell cows the game!
They come as fleet as mountain deer,
"We'll drive them back as tame,"
Bearing before them in their course
The relics of the archer force,
Like wave with crest of sparkling foam,
Right onward did Clan Alpine come.
Above their tide, each broadsword bright
Was brandishing like gleam of light,
Each targe was dark below;
And with the ocean's mighty swing,
When heaving to the tempest's wing,
They hurled them on the foe.
I heard the lance's shivering crash,
As when the whirlwind rends the ash;
I heard the broadsword's deadly clang,
As if a hundred anvils rang;
But Moray wheeled his rearward rank
Of horsemen on Clan Alpine's flank,
"My banner-man, advance!
I see," he cried, "their column shake;
Now, gallants! for your ladies' sake,
Upon them with your lance!"

The horsemen dashed among the rout
As deer break through the broom;
Their steeds are stout, their swords are out,
They soon make lightsome room.
Clan Alpine's best are backward borne;
Where, where was Roderick then?
One blast upon his bugle horn
Were worth a thousand men.
And refluent through the pass of fear

The battle's tide was poured;
Vanished the Saxon's struggling spear,
Vanished the mountain's sword
As Bracklin's chasm, so black and steep
Receives her roaring linn,
As the dark caverns of the deep
Suck the wild whirlpool in,
So did the deep and darksome pass
Devour the battle's mingled mass;
None linger now upon the plain,
Save those who ne'er shall fight again.

PASSING AWAY.

WAS it the chime of a tiny bell,
That came so sweet to my dreaming ear,
Like the silvery tones of a fairy's shell,
That he winds on the beach, so mellow and clear,
When the winds and the waves lie together asleep,
And the moon and the fairy are watching the deep,
She dispensing her silvery light,
And he his notes as silvery quite,
While the boatman listens and ships his oar,
To catch the music that comes from the shore?
Hark! the notes on my ear that play
Are set to words; as they float they say,
"Passing away! passing away!"

But no; it was not a fairy's shell,
Blown on the beach so mellow and clear;
Nor was it the tongue of a silver bell,
Striking the hour, that fill'd my ear,
As I lay in my dream; yet was it a chime
That told of the flow of the stream of Time.

For a beautiful clock from the ceiling hung,
And a plump little girl, for a pendulum, swung
(As you've sometimes seen, in a little ring,
That hangs in his cage, a canary bird swing);
And she held to her bosom a budding bouquet,
And, as she enjoyed it, she seemed to say,
"Passing away! passing away!"

Oh, how bright were the wheels that told
Of the lapse of time as they moved round slow!
And the hands, as they swept o'er the dial of gold,
Seemed to point to the girl below.
And lo! she had chang'd; in a few short hours
Her bouquet had become a garland of flowers,
That she held in her outstretch'd hands, and flung
This way and that, as she, dancing, swung,
In the fullness of grace and womanly pride,
That told me she soon was to be a bride;
Yet then, when expecting her happiest day,
In the same sweet voice I heard her say,
"Passing away! passing away!"

While I gazed at that fair one's cheek, a shade
Of thought, or care, stole softly over,
Like that by a cloud on a summer's day made,
Looking down on a field of blossoming clover.
The rose yet lay on her cheek, but its flush
Had something lost of its brilliant blush;
And the light in her eye, and the light on the wheels,
That marched so calmly round above her,
Was a little dimmed, as when evening steals
Upon noon's hot face; yet one couldn't but love her
For she looked like a mother whose first babe lay,
Rock'd on her breast, as she swung all day;
And she seem'd in the same silver tone to say,
"Passing away! passing away!"

While yet I looked, what a change there came!
Her eye was quench'd, and her cheek was wan;
Stooping and staffed was her wither'd frame,
Yet just as busily swung she on;
The garland beneath her had fallen to dust;
The wheels above her were eaten with rust;
The hands that over the dial swept
Grew crooked and tarnish'd, but on they kept;
And still there came that silver tone
From the shriveled lips of the toothless crone—
Let me never forget to my dying day
The tone or the burden of her lay—
"Passing away! passing away!"

THE SILENT TOWER OF BOTTREAUX.

[The church at Bottreaux, in Cornwall, has no bells, while the neighboring tower of Tintagel contains a fine peal of six. It is said that a peal of bells for Bottreaux was once cast at a foundry on the Continent, and that the vessel which was bringing them went down within sight of the church-tower.]

TINTAGEL bells ring o'er the tide,
The boy leans on his vessel's side,
He hears that sound, while dreams of home
Soothe the wild orphan of the foam.
"Come to thy God in time,"
Thus said their pealing chime;
"Youth, manhood, old age past,
Come to thy God at last."

But why are Bottreaux's echoes still?
Her tower stands proudly on the hill,
Yet the strange chough that home hath found,
The lamb lies sleeping on the ground.
"Come to thy God in time,"
Should be her answering chime;
"Come to thy God at last,"
Should echo on the blast.

The ship rode down with courses free,
The daughter of a distant sea,
Her sheet was loose, her anchor stored,
The merry Bottreaux bells on board,
"Come to thy God in time,"
Rung out Tintagel chime;
"Youth, manhood, old age past
Come to thy God at last."

The pilot heard his native bells
Hang on the breeze in fitful spells.
"Thank God," with reverent brow, he cried,
"We make the shore with evening's tide."
"Come to thy God in time,"
It was his marriage chime;
"Youth, manhood, old age past,
Come to thy God at last."

"Thank God, thou whining knave, on land,
But thank at sea the steerman's hand;"
The captain's voice rose o'er the gale,
"Thank the good ship and ready sail,"
"Come to thy God in time,"
Sad grew the boding chime;
"Come to thy God at last,"
Boomed heavy on the blast.

Uprose that sea as if it heard
The mighty Master's signal word,
What thrills the captain's whitening lip?
The death groans of his sinking ship.
"Come to thy God in time,"
Swung deep the funeral chime;
"Grace, mercy, kindness past,
Come to thy God at last."

Long did the rescued pilot tell,
When gray hairs o'er his forehead fell,
While those around would hear and weep,

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REPROACH.

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ACCUSATION.

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That fearful judgment of the deep.
"Come to thy God in time,"
He read his native chime;
"Youth, manhood, old age past,
Come to thy God at last."

Still, when the storm of Bottreaux's waves
Is waking in his weedy caves,
Those bells, that sullen surges hide,
Peal their deep tones beneath the tide.
"Come to thy God in time,"
Thus saith the ocean chime;
"Storm, whirlwind; billows past,
Come to thy God at last."

DRAFTED.

MY son! What! Drafted? My Harry!
Why, man, 'tis a boy at his books;
No taller I'm sure, than your Annie,
As delicate, too, in his looks,
Why, it seems but a day since he helped me,
Girl like, in my kitchen at tasks!
He drafted! Great God! Can it be that
Our President knows what he asks?

He never could wrestle, this boy, though
In spirit as brave as the best,
Narrow-chested, a little, you notice,
Like him who has long been at rest.
Too slender for over much study—
Why, his master has made him to-day
Go out with his ball on the common—
And you've drafted a child at his play!

'Not a patriot?" Fie! Did I whimper
When Robert stood up with his gun,
And the hero blood chafed in his forehead,
The evening we read of Bull Run?
Pointing his finger at Harry,
But turning his eyes to the wall,
"There's a staff growing up for your age mother,"
Said Robert, "if I am to fall."

"Eighteen?" Oh, I know! An' yet narrowly,
Just a wee babe on the day
When his father got up from a sick-bed
An' cast his last ballot for Clay;
Proud of his boy and his ticket,
Said he, "A new morsel of fame,
We'll lay on the candidate's altar,"
And christened the child with his name.

Oh, what have I done, a weak woman,
In what have I meddled with harm,
Troubling only my God for the sunshine
And the rain on my rough little farm,
That my plowshares are beaten to swords
And whetted before my eyes,
That my tears must cleanse a foul nation
My lamb be a sacrifice?

Oh! 'Tis true there's a country to save man,
And 'tis true there is no appeal,
But did God see my boy's name lying
The uppermost one on the wheel?
Five stalwart sons has my neighbor,
And never the lot upon one;
Are these things fortune's caprices,
Or is it God's will that is done?"

Are the others too precious for resting
Where Robert is taking his rest,
With the pictured face of young Annie

Lying over the rent in his breast?
Too tender for parting with sweethearts?
Too fair to be crippled or scarred?
My boy! Thank God for these tears,
I was growing so bitter and hard?

* * * * * *

Now read me a page in the book, Harry,
That goes in your knapsack to-night,
Of the eye that sees when the sparrow
Grows weary and falters in flight;
Talk of something that's nobler than living,
Of a love that is higher than mine,
And faith which has planted its banner
Where the heavenly camp-fires shine.

Talk of something that watches us softly
As the shadows glide down in the yard,
That shall go with my soldier to battle,
And stand with my picket on guard,
Spirits of loving and lost ones—watch
Softly with Harry to-night,
For to-morrow he goes forth to battle—
To arm him for freedom and right!

THE WATER THAT HAS PASSED.

LISTEN to the water-mill,
Through the live long day,
How the clanking of the wheels
Wears the hours away!
Languidly the autumn wind
Stirs the greenwood leaves;
From the fields the reapers sing,
Binding up the sheaves,

And a proverb haunts my mind,
As a spell is cast;
"The mill will never grind
With the water that has passed."

Take the lesson to thyself,
Loving heart and true;
Golden years are fleeting by,
Youth is passing too;
Learn to make the most of life,
Lose no happy day;
Time will never bring thee back
Chances swept away.
Leave no tender word unsaid;
Love while life shall last—
"The mill will never grind
With the water that has passed."

Work while yet the daylight shines,
Man of strength and will;
Never does the streamlet glide
Useless by the mill.
Wait not till to-morrow's sun
Beams upon the way;
All that thou canst call thine own
Lies in thy to-day.
Power, intellect and health
May not, can not last;
"The mill will never grind
With the water that has passed."

Oh, the wasted hours of life
That have drifted by;
Oh, the good we might have done,
Lost without a sigh,
Love that we might once have saved
By a single word;
Thoughts conceived, but never penned,

Perishing unheard.
Take the proverb to thine heart,
Take! oh, hold it fast!—
"The mill will never grind
With the water that has passed."

BATTLE OF LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN.

I.

"GIVE me but two brigades," said Hooker, frowning at fortified Lookout,
"And I'll engage to sweep yon mountain clear of that mocking rebel rout,"
At early morning came an order that set the general's face aglow:
"Now," said he to his staff, "draw out my soldiers, Grant says that I may go!"

Hither and thither dashed each eager colonel to join the regiment,
Whi'e a low murmur of the daring purpose ran on from tent to tent;
For the long roll was sounding in the valley, and the keen trumpets' bray,
And the wild laughter of the swarthy veterans who cried, "We fight to-day!"

The solid tramp of infantry, the mumble of the great jolting gun,
The sharp, clear order, and the fierce steeds neighing, "Why's not the fight begun?"
All these plain harbingers of sudden conflict broke on the startled ear;
And last arose a sound that made your blood leap—the ringing battle cheer,

The lower works were carried at one onset. Like a vast warring sea

Of steel and fire, our soldiers from the trenches swept out the enemy;
And we could see the gray coats swarming up from the mountain's leafy base,
To join their comrades in the higher fastness—for life or death the race!

II.

Then our long line went winding round the mountain in a huge serpent track,
And the slant sun upon it flashed and glimmer'd as on a dragon's back.
Higher and higher the column's head pushed onward ere the rear moved a man;
And soon the skirmish lines their straggling volleys and single shots began.

Then the bald head of Lookout flamed and bellow'd, and all its batteries woke,
And down the mountain pour'd the bomb-shells, puffing into our eyes their smoke;
And balls and grape-shot rain'd upon our column, that bore the angry shower
As if it were no more than that soft dropping which scarcely stirs the flower.

Oh, glorious courage that inspires the hero, and runs through all his men!
The heart that fail'd beside the Rappahannock, it was itself again!
The star that circumstance and jealous faction shrouded in envious night,
Here shone with all the splendor of its nature, and with a freer flight!

Hark! hark! there go the well-known crashing volleys, the long continued roar,
That swells and falls but never ceases wholly until the fight is o'er

Up toward the crystal gates of heaven ascending, the mortal
tempests beat,
As if they sought to try their cause together before God's very
feet!

III.

We saw our troops had gain'd a footing almost beneath the top-
most ledge,
And back and forth the rival lines went surging upon the dizzy
edge.
Sometimes we saw our men fall backward slowly, and groaned in
our despair;
Or cheered when now and then a stricken rebel plunged out in
open air.

Down, down, a thousand empty fathoms dropping, his God alone
knows where!
At eve thick haze upon the mountain gather'd with rising smoke-
stain'd black,
And not a glimpse of the contending armies shone through the
swirling rack,
Night fell o'er all; but still they flash'd their lightnings and roll'd
their thunders loud,

Though no man knew upon what side was going that battle in
the cloud.
Night! what a night!—of anxious thought and wonder; but still
no tidings came
From the bare summit of the trembling mountain, still wrapped
in mist and flame!
But toward the sleepless dawn, stillness, more dreadful than the
fierce sound of war,

Settled o'er Nature as if she stood breathless before the morning
star.
As the sun rose, dense clouds of smoky vapor boil'd from the
valley's deeps,
Dragging their torn and raged edges slowly up through the tree-
clad steeps,

And rose and rose, till Lookout, like a vision, above us grandly stood,
And over his black crags and storm-blanch'd headlands burst the warm golden flood.

IV.

Thousands of eyes were fixed upon the mountain, and thousands held their breath,
And the vast army in the valley watching, seem'd touched with sudden death.
High o'er us sor'd great Lookout, robed in purple a glory on his face,
A human meaning in his hard, calm features, beneath that heavenly grace.

Out on a crag walk'd something. What! an eagle that treads yon giddy height?
Surely no man! But still he clamber'd forward into the full, rich light;
Then up he started with a sudden motion, and from the blazing crag
Flung to the morning breeze and sunny radiance *the dear old starry flag!*

Ah! then what followed? Scarr'd and war-worn soldiers, like girls, flush'd through their tan,
And down the thousand wrinkles of the battles a thousand tear drops ran;
Men seized each other in return'd embraces, and sobbed for very love;
A spirit which made all that moment brothers seem'd falling from above.

And as we gazed, around the mountain's summit our glittering files appear'd;
Into the rebel works we saw them marching; and we—we cheered, we cheered!
And they above waved all their flags before us, and joined our frantic shout,
Standing, like demigods in light and triumph, upon our own Lookout.

BIRTHDAY GIFTS.

PAPA, don't you know it is my birthday?
Don't you know I am five years old to-day?
My poor wooden horse has lost his head,
My dear little kitten is all gone dead;
My marbles are lost; and my top won't hum;
And, darling papa, please give me a drum!
The soldier boys want me to come out and play;
And I want a drum, for I'm five to-day.

Papa, do you know it is my birthday?
Do you know I am ten years old to-day?
And I've got my Latin, and done my sums;
And I'm tired of marbles and tops and drums,
And at school I never got in a row,
And grandma declares I make a nice bow;
And so, altogether, to go with my mates,
I should like, dear papa, a nice pair of skates.

Come father, do not forget, I pray,
I'm just fifteen this blessed day;
I'm a pretty tall fellow for that you see,
And in less than a year in college I'll be,—
Unless all my digging should drive me to bed,—
For I'm studying the eyes almost out of my head,
When I'd rather be popping away at a duck,
With very great skill and very poor luck!
So I'll come to the point, for under the sun
There's nothing I want like a handsome new gun.

Twenty years old, and a fine mustache,
A part at commencement,—a glorious dash!
And father, you heard what a clapping I got;
I knew where you sat, and I looked at that spot,
And thanked you, my father, for loving me so,
With your eyes full of tears and cheeks in a glow,
The gift for my birthday? If truth must be told,
My watch is of silver, and *might* be of gold.

My father, to-day I am just twenty-five,
Ready and glad to struggle and strive;
But the world, my father, to me looks bright,
For the gentle promise I won last night;
And the birthday gift that would gladden me
Is your tender blessing on Clara and me.

Thirty years old this blessed day!
The clouds may come, but they never stay;
For sunshine chases the clouds in turn:
That, from my smiling babe I learn,
From the cradle where once we leaned and wept,
While with waxen cheek our first-born slept.
But now in my wife's fair hand, I see
The robe so stealthily wrought for me.

Am I thirty-five? Is it even so?
Does my saucy wife pretend to know?
But the brief ten years of my wedded joy
Shine out in the eyes of my laughing boy,
And Minnie's small fingers have hemmed for me
The kerchiefs my birthday gift to be.

Forty years old; and my father lies
Where o'er his grave the fir tree sighs!
His smile and his blessing dwelt with me,
The blessing I feel, the smile I see,
As when in my motherless, boyhood days
He warmed my heart with his meeds of praise.
Now my holy gift from my sister Ann
Is the pictured face of the dear old man.

Forty-five! and with blushing face
My Minnie looks down with a modest grace
While her lover pleads; and I think of the day
So well I remember! I cannot say nay:
She looks like her mother, the pretty young thing;

I see it must end in a wedding ring,
And my birthday gift this year must be
A son that shall steal my daughter from me.

I am fifty, dear! 'tis the prime of life!
No wrinkles as yet, you can count, my wife!
For the busy world is so full of joy
That I sometimes think I am still a boy,
Ah! here is my gift which I just have found—
From my children—a volume superbly bound;
You villains! How shall I stifle my rage!
An elegant classical treatise on age.

Sixty years old! and thy silver hair,
My Clara to me looks wondrous fair;
But hark! what a trampling of feet below;
My clerks, a smiling and goodly row,—
A cane with a head of gold they bear;
They speak of my kind and watchful care,
They call me father! words are so weak,
Do you wonder, my wife, that I could not speak?

Threescore and ten sounds rather old;
Withered but fair is the hand I hold.
Clara, my loving, long-tried wife,
Lo! in thine eyes I read my life—
Peaceful, whate'er the world might bring,
Ready the father's praise to sing.
See! the grandchildren's thoughtful care;
I sit in my stately birthday chair.

Eighty! the world is changed below;
Progress it is, I think I know!
They are building a home for aged men;
I must send a check—just hand me my pen—
It shakes—no matter—a few days more;
The pleasant journey is almost o'er.

Give me your grandmother's silver curl,
My birthday gift, the last, dear girl.
My blessing—good night! The old man's home!
Yes, it is time, I am glad to come.

A GREYPORT LEGEND.

THEY ran through the streets of the seaport town,
They peered from the decks of the ships where they lay;
The cold sea fog that came whitening down
Was never as cold or as white as they.
"Ho, Starbuck and Pinckney and Tenterden!
Run for your shallops, gather your men,
Scatter your boots on the lower bay."

Good cause for fear! In the thick mid-day
The hulk that lay by the rotten pier,
Filled with children in happy play,
Parted its moorings and drifted clear.
Drifted clear beyond reach or call,—
Thirteen children there were in all,—
All adrift in the lower bay!

Said a hard-faced skipper, "God help us all!
She will not float till the turning tide!"
Said his wife, "My darling will hear *my* call,
Whether in sea or heaven she bide."
And she lifted a quavering voice and high,
Wild and strange as a sea-bird's cry,
Till they shuddered and wondered at her side.

The fog drove down on each laboring crew,
Veiled each from each and the sky and shore;
There was not a sound but the breath they drew,
And the lap of water and creak of oar;

And they felt the breath of the downs, fresh blown
O'er leagues of clover and cold gray stone,
But not from the lips that had gone before.

They come no more. But they tell the tale
That, when fogs are thick on the harbor reef,
The mackerel-fishers shorten sail,
For the signal they know will bring relief—
For the voices of children, still at play
In phantom hulk that drifts alway
Through channels whose waters never fail.

It is but a foolish shipman's tale,
A theme for a poet's idle page,
But still when the mists of doubt prevail,
And we lie becalmed by the shores of Age,
We hear from the misty, troubled shore
The voice of the children gone before,
Drawing the soul to its anchorage.

THE REVOLUTIONARY RISING.

OUT of the North the wild news came,
Far flashing on its wings of flame,
Swift as the boreal light which flies
At midnight through the startled skies.
And there was tumult in the air,
The fife's shrill note, the drum's loud beat,
And through the wide land everywhere
The answering tread of hurrying feet;
While the first oath of Freedom's gun
Came on the blast from Lexington;
And Concord roused, no longer tame,
Forgot her old baptismal name,
Made bare her patriot arm of power,
And swelled the discord of the hour.

Within its shade of elm and oak
The church of Berkeley Manor stood;
There Sunday found the rural folk,
And some esteemed of gentle blood,
In vain their feet with loitering tread
Passed mid the graves where rank is naught,
All could not read the lesson taught
In that republic of the dead.

How sweet the hour of Sabbath talk,
The vale with peace and sunshine full,
Where all the happy people walk,
Decked in their homespun flax and wool;
Where youths' gay hats with blossoms bloom;
And every maid, with simple art
Wears on her breast, like her own heart,
A bud whose depths are all perfume;
While every garments gentle stir
Is breathing rose and lavender.

The pastor came; his snowy locks
Hallowed his brow of thought and care;
And calmly, as shepherds lead their flocks,
He led into the house of prayer.
Then soon he rose; the prayer was strong;
The Psalm was warrior David's song;
The text, a few short words of might—
"*The Lord of Hosts shall arm the right!*"
He spoke of wrongs too long endured,
Of sacred rights to be secured;
Then from his patriot tongue of flame
The startling words for Freedom came.
The stirring sentences he spake
Compelled the heart to glow or quake
And, rising on the theme's broad wing,
And grasping in his nervous hand
The imaginary battle-brand,
In face of death he dared to fling
Defiance to a tyrant king.

Even as he spoke, his frame, renewed
In eloquence of attitude
Rose, as it seemed, a shoulder higher;
Then swept his kindling glance of fire
From startled pew to breathless choir;
When suddenly his mantle wide
His hands impatient flung aside,
And, lo! he met their wondering eyes
Complete in all a warrior's guise.

A moment there was awful pause—
When Berkeley cried, "Cease, traitor! cease!
God's temple is the house of peace!"
The other shouted, "Nay, not so,
When God is with our righteous cause;
His holiest places then are ours,
His temples are our forts and towers
That frown upon the tyrant foe;
In this, the dawn of Freedom's day,
There is a time to fight and pray.

And now before the open door—
The warrior priest has ordered so—
The enlisting trumpet's sudden roar
Rang through the chapel, o'er and o'er,
It's long reverberating blow,
So loud and clear, it seemed the ear
Of dusty death must wake and hear.
And there the startling drum and fife
Fired the living with fiercer life;
While overhead, with wild increase,
Forgetting its ancient toll of peace,
The great bell swung as ne'er before.
It seemed as it would never cease;
And every word its ardor flung
From off its jubilant iron tongue
Was, "War! WAR! WAR!"

"Who dares!"—this was the patriot's cry,
As striding from the desk he came—
"Come out with me, in Freedom's name,
For her to live, for her to die?"
A hundred hands flung up reply,
A hundred voices answered, "I!"

ARCHIE DEAN.

WOULD you laugh, or would you cry?
Would you break your heart and die?
If you had a dashing lover
Like my handsome Archie Dean,
And he should forget his wooing
By the moon, the stars, the sun,
To love me evermore,
And should go to Kitty Carrol,
Who has money, so they say—
And with eyes love-filled as ever,
Win her heart, that's a feather,
Vowing all he had before?
Praythee, tell me, would you cry,
And grow very sad and die?
Say, would you, if you were me?

True, I do love Archie Dean,
Love him, love him, oh! how true!
But see my eyes are bright,
And my lips and cheeks are red;
(Archie Dean himself put that into my head!)
But I don't know what to do,
Whether to lie down and weep
Till the red is faded out,
And my eyes are dull and dim,
Maybe blind, and all for him;

(I could do it I've no doubt,)
Or loop up my pretty hair
With the brightest knots of ribbon,
And the very sweetest roses,
And go to the village fair,
Where he'll be with Kitty Carrol,
And see me dance the wildest
With some bonnie lad that's there,
Just to show how much I care.

Archie Dean! Archie Dean!
'Tis the sweetest name I know,
It is writ on my heart, but o'er it now
Is drifting the cold snow.
Archie Dean! Archie Dean!
There's a pain in my heart while I speak;
I wonder if always the thought of your name
Will make me so saddened and weak.
Archie Dean! Archie Dean!
I remember that you said
Your name should be mine, and I should be
The happiest bride e'er wed.
I little thought of a day like this,
When I could wish that I were dead—
But there goes the clock, the hour is near
When I must be off to the fair;
I'll go, and dance and dance and dance
With the bonny lads who are there,
In my white dress with the pretty pink sash,
Which *he* always liked to see.
I'll whirl before him as fast as I can,
I'll laugh and chatter, yes, that is my plan,
And I know that before the morn
He'll wish that Kitty Carol had never been born,
And that he could be sitting once more
Close by my side, down in the green meadow lane,
Vowing his love in a tender strain.

But when I see him coming
I'll turn my eyes with softest glance
On somebody else, then off in the dance.
And if he should happen to get a chance
For saying how heartily sorry he is for
Having proved false to me he loves true,
I won't hear a word that he says, would you?

What'd you better do, Jennie Marsh,
Break your heart for Archie Dean?
Not a bit.
'Tis the very thing he's after.
He would say to Kitty Carrol,
With careless mocking laughter,
Here's a pretty little chick,
Who has died for love of me,
'Tis a pity,
But what is a man to do
When the girls beset him so?
If he gives a nosegay here,
If he calls another dear,
If he warbles to a third
A little love song,
Why the darling little innocents
Take it all to heart.
Alac-a-day.
Ah! she was a pretty maiden,
A little too fond-hearted,
Eyes, a little too love-laden,
But really, when we parted—
Well, she died for love of me,
Kitty Carroll. Don't you see,
You are giving him to Kittie
Just as sure as sure can be.
'Tis the way he takes to woo her,
By slyly showing to her
What a dashing, slashing beau is at her feet.

Now if I were a man,
Jennie Marsh! Jennie Marsh!
If I were only a man for a day—
It's a pity that a maid can't
Always say just what she wants,
But if I *were* a man I'd say,
Archie Dean, *Go to Thunder!*
What's the use of sighs, I wonder,
Your oaths and vows and mutterings
  Are equally profane.
Hie away to Kittie Carrol,
  Your loss is but a gain.
Aren't there fishes still a-swimming,
  Just as luscious every way
As those that hissed and sputtered
  In the sauce-pan yesterday?

But Jennie, charming Jennie,
  You're a tender little woman,
And I expect you'll say that is
So shockingly inhuman.
  And besides you'll never dare,
You little witch, to swear!
But when you're at the fair,
Don't flirt too far with bonny lads,
  Because, perhaps, you'll rue it;
And do not dance too merrily,
  Because he may see through it;
And don't put on an air as if
  You're mortally offended;
You'll be a feather in his cap,
  And then your game is ended,
And if, with Kitty on his arm,
  You meet him on the green,
Don't agonize your pretty mouth
  With *Mr. Arthur Dean;*
But every throb of pride or love

Be sure to stifle,
As if your meeting there with him
Were but the merest trifle;
And make believe with all your might
You'd not care a feather
For all the Carrols in the world,
And Archie Dean together.
Take this advice, and get him back,
My darling, if you can;
But if you can't, why, right about,
And take another man.

III.

Well, I went to the fair with Charlie—
With handsome Charlie Green,
Who has loved me many a year,
And vowed his loving with a tear—
A tear of the heart, I mean.
But I never gave a smile to him
Until to-night,
When full in sight
Of Kitty Carrol and Archie Dean.
Now Archie knows that Charlie has
A deal of money, and has lands,
And all his wealth is little to him
Without my heart and hand.
So I smiled on Charlie,
And I danced with Charlie,
When I knew that Archie's eyes
Were fixed on me as in a trance.
I once caught them in the dance,
And I could have fallen at his feet;
Dear Archie Dean!
But there were Kitty Carrol and Charlie Green,
And when Archie came to me,
As I was sure he would—
And with softest tone and glance—
Do you think I dropped my eyes

With a glad surprise?
No, no, indeed!
That wouldn't do.
Straight I looked into his face
With no broken-hearted grace.
Oh! he could not see my pain—
And I told him he must wait
A little while,
Till I had a dance with Charlie Green;
Then I cast a smile
On Harry Hill and Walter Brown.
Oh! the look he cast on me
As his eyes fell sadly down!
He said he something had to say,
But I laughed and turned away,
For my sight was growing dim,
Saying I would not forget
That I was to dance with him.
He did not go to Kitty Carrol,
Who was sitting there alone,
Watching us with flashing eyes,
But he slowly turned away
To a corner in the dark.
There he waited patiently,
And he said most wearily,
For the dancing to be done;
And although my heart was aching,
And very nigh to the breaking,
It was quite a bit of fun
Just to see him standing there
Watching me. Oh, Archie Dean,
What a picture of despair;
Why not hie away to Kittie Carrol!
She has money, so they say,
And has held it out to lovers
Many and many a weary day,
She is rather plain I know—

Crooked nose and reddish hair,
And her years are more than yours.
Archie Dean! Archie Dean!
(He's not rich, like Charlie Green.)
What does love for riches care?
Hie away to Kittie Carrol.
  Ask her out to dance with you,
Or she'll think that you are fickle
  And your vows of love untrue,
And maybe you'll get the mitten,
  Then, ah, then, what will you do?

Well, he sighed at me and I laughed at him
  As we danced away together.
He pressed my hand, but I heeded not
  And whirled off like a feather.
He whispered something about the past,
  But I did not heed at all,
For my heart was throbbing loud and fast,
  And my tears began to fall.
He led me out beneath the stars,
  I told him it was vain
For him to vow. I had no faith
  To pledge with him again.
His voice was sad and thrilling and deep,
And my pride flew away
And left me to weep,
And when he said he loved me most true,
And ever should love me.
"Yes, love only you," he said,
I could not help trusting Archie—
Say, could you?

DEATH OF PAUL DOMBEY.

LITTLE Dombey had never risen from his little bed. He lay there, listening to the noises in the street, quite tranquilly, not caring much how the time went, but watching it and watching everything.

When the sunbeams struck into his room through the rustling blinds and quivered on the opposite wall like golden water, he knew that evening was coming on, and that the sky was red and beautiful. As the reflection died away, and a gloom went creeping up the wall, he watched it deepen, deepen, deepen into night. Then he thought how the long, unseen streets were dotted with lamps, and how the peaceful stars were shining overhead. His fancy had a strange tendency to wander to the river, which he knew was flowing through the great city; and now he thought how black it was, and how deep it would look reflecting the hosts of stars; and, more than all, how steadily it rolled away to meet the sea.

"Floy! what is that?"

"Where, dearest?"

"There, at the bottom of the bed!"

"There's nothing there, except papa."

The figure lifted up its head and rose, and, coming to the bedside, said:

"My own boy, don't you know me?"

Paul looked it in the face. Before he could reach out both his hands to take it between them and draw it toward him the figure turned away quickly from the little bed, and went out at the door.

The next time he observed the figure sitting at the bottom of the bed, he called to it.

"Don't be so sorry for me, dear papa. Indeed, I'm quite happy."

His father coming and bending down to him, he held him round the neck, and repeated these words to him several times, and very earnestly; and he never saw his father in his room again at any time, whether it were day or night, but he called out, "Don't be so sorry for me. Indeed, I'm quite happy."

How many times the golden water danced upon the wall, how many nights the dark river rolled toward the sea in spite of him, Paul never sought to know.

One night he had been thinking of his mother and her picture in the drawing-room down stairs. The train of thoughts suggested to him to inquire if he had ever seen his mother. For he could not remember whether they had told him yes or no—the river running very fast, and confusing his mind.

"Floy, did I ever see mamma?"

"No, darling, why?"

"Did I never see any kind face like a mamma's looking at me when I was a baby, Floy?"

"Oh, yes, dear."

"Whose, Floy?"

"Your old nurse's, often."

"And where is my old nurse? Show me that old nurse, Floy, if you please."

"She is not here, darling. She shall come to-morrow."

"Thank you, Floy!"

Little Dombey closed his eyes with these words, and fell asleep. When he awoke, the sun was high, and the broad day was clear and warm. Then he awoke—woke mind and body—and sat upright in his bed. He saw them now about him. There was no gray mist before them, as there had been sometimes in the night. He knew them every one, and called them by their names.

"And who is this? Is this my old nurse?" asked the child, regarding, with a radiant smile, a figure coming in.

Yes, yes. No other stranger would have shed those tears at sight of him, and called him her dear boy, her pretty boy, her own poor blighted child. No other woman would have stooped down by his bed, and taken up his wasted hand, and put it to her lips and breast, as one who had some right to fondle it. No other woman would have so forgotten everybody then and there but him and Floy, and been so full of tenderness and pity.

"Floy! this is a kind good face! I am glad to see it again. Don't go away, old nurse. Stay here! Good-by!"

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REPULSION.

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DEFIANCE.

"Good-by, my child?" cried Mrs. Pipchin, hurrying to his bed's head. "Not good-by?"

"Ah, yes! Good by!—Where is papa?"

His father's breath was on his cheek before the words had parted from his lips. The feeble hand waved in the air, as if it cried "Good-by!" again.

"Now lay me down; and Floy, come close to me, and let me see you."

Sister and brother wound their arms around each other, and the golden light came streaming in, and fell upon them, locked together.

"How fast the river runs, between its green banks and the rushes, Floy! But, it's very near the sea now. I hear the waves! They always said so!"

Presently he told them that the motion of the boat upon the stream was lulling him to rest. Now the boat was out at sea. And now there was a shore before him. Who stood on the bank!

"Mamma is like you, Floy. I know her by the face!"

The golden ripple on the wall came back again, and nothing else stirred in the room. The old, old fashion. The fashion that came in with our first garments, and will last unchanged until our race has run its course, and the wide firmament is rolled up like a scroll. The old, old fashion—Death!

Oh, thank God, all who see it, for that older fashion yet, of Immortality! And look upon us, Angels of young children, with regards not quite estranged, when the swift river bears us to the ocean!

SISTER AND I.

WE were hunting for wintergreen berries,
One May day long gone by,
Out on the rocky cliff's edge,
Little sister and I.
Sister had hair like the sunbeams;

Black as a crow's wing, mine;
Sister had blue, dove's eyes;
Wicked, black eyes are mine.
Why, see how my eyes are faded—
And my hair it is white as snow!
And thin, too! don't you see it is?
I tear it sometimes; so!
There, don't hold my hands, Maggie,
I don't feel like tearing it now;
But—where was I in my story?
Oh, I was telling you how
We were looking for wintergreen berries;
'Twas one bright morning in May,
And the moss-grown rocks were slippery
With the rains of yesterday.
But I was cross that morning,
Though the sun shone ever so bright,
And when sister found the most berries,
I was angry enough to fight!
And when she laughed at my pouting—
We were little things you know—
I clinched my little fist up tight,
And struck her the biggest blow!
I struck her—I tell you—I struck her,
And she fell right over below—
There, there, Maggie, I won't rave now;
You needn't hold me so—
She went right over, I tell you,
Down, down, to the depths below!
'Tis deep and dark and horrid
There, where the waters flow!
She fell right over, moaning,
"Bessie, oh, Bessie!" so sad,
That when I looked down affrighted
It drove me *mad—mad!*
Only her golden hair streaming
Out on the rippling wave.
Only her little hand reaching

Up, for some one to save.
And she sank down in the darkness,
I never can see her again,
And this world has been a chaos of blackness,
And darkness and grief since then,
No more playing together
Down on the pebbly strand;
Nor building our doll's stone castles
With halls and parlors grand.
No more fishing with bent pins,
In the little brook's clear waves;
No more holding funerals
O'er dead canaries' graves;
No more feeding of white lambs
With milk from the foaming pail;
No more playing "see-saw"
Over the fence of rail.
No more telling of stories
After we've gone to bed;
Nor talking of ghosts and goblins
Till we fairly shiver with dread;
No more whispering fearfully
And hugging each other tight,
When the shutters shake and the dogs howl
In the middle of the night.
No more saying "Our Father,"
Kneeling at mother's knee—
For, Maggie, I *struck* sister!
And mother is dead, you see.
Maggie, sister's an angel.
Isn't she? Isn't it true?
For angels have golden tresses
And eyes like sister's, blue?
Now, *my* hair isn't golden,
My eyes aren't blue, you see—
Now tell me, Maggie, if I were to die,
Could they make an angel of me?

You say, "Oh, yes;" you think so?
Well then, when I come to die,
We'll play up there, in God's garden—
We'll play there, sister and I.
Now, Maggie, you needn't eye me,
Because I'm talking so queer;
Because I'm talking so strangely;
You needn't have the least fear.
Somehow I'm feeling to-night, Maggie,
As I never felt before—
I'm sure, I'm sure of it, Maggie,
I never shall rave any more.
Maggie, you know how these long years
I've heard her calling, so sad,
"Bessie, oh, Bessie!" so mournful?
It always drives me *mad!*
How the winter wind shrieks down the chimney,
"Bessie, oh, Bessie, oh! oh!"
How the south wind wails at the casement,
"Bessie, oh, Bessie!" so low.
But most of all when the May days
Come back, with the flowers and the sun,
How the night-bird, singing, all lonely,
"Bessie, oh, Bessie!" doth moan.
You know how it sets me raving—
For *she* moaned, "Oh, Bessie!" just so,
That time I *struck* little sister
On the May-day long ago!
Now, Maggie, I've something to tell you—
You know May-day is here—
Well, this very morning at sunrise,
The robins chirped "Bessie!" so clear.
All day long the wee birds, singing,
Perched on the old stone wall,
Called "Bessie, oh, Bessie!" so sweetly,
I couldn't feel sorry at all.
Now, Maggie, I've something to tell you—

Let me lean up to you close—
Do you see how the sunset has flooded
The heavens with yellow and rose?
Do you see o'er the gilded cloud mountains
Sister's golden hair streaming out?
Do you see her little hand beckoning?
Do you hear her little voice calling out

"Bessie, oh, Bessie!" so gladly,
"Bessie, oh, Bessie! Come, haste?"

Yes, sister, I'm coming, I'm coming,
To play in God's garden at last!

THE WHITE MAN'S FOOT.

IN his lodge beside a river,
Close beside a frozen river,
Sat an old man, sad and lonely.
White his hair was as a snow-drift;
Dull and low his fire was burning,
And the old man shook and trembled,
Folded in his Wabewyon,
In his tattered white-skin wrapper,
Hearing nothing but the tempest
As it roared along the forest,
Seeing nothing but the snow-storm,
As it whirled and hissed and drifted,
All the coals were white with ashes,
And the fire was slowly dying,
As a young man, walking lightly,
At the open doorway entered.
Red with blood of youth his cheeks were,
Soft his eyes, as stars in springtime,
Bound his forehead was with grasses,
Bound and plumed with scented grasses;

On his lips a smile of beauty,
Filling all the lodge with sunshine,
In his hand a bunch of blossoms,
Filling all the lodge with sweetness.
"Ah, my son," exclaimed the old man,
"Happy are my eyes to see you.
Sit here on the mat beside me,
Sit here by the dying embers,
Let us pass the night together.
Tell me of your strange adventures,
Of the lands where you have traveled;
I will tell you of my prowess,
Of my many deeds of wonder."
From his pouch he drew his peace-pipe,
Very old and strangely fashioned;
Made of red-stone was the pipe-head,
And the stem a reed with feathers;
Filled the pipe with bark of willow,
Placed a burning coal upon it,
Gave it to his guest, the stranger,
And began to speak in this wise:
"When I blow my breath about me,
When I breathe upon the landscape,
Motionless are all the rivers,
Hard as stone upon the water!"
And the young man answered, smiling:
"When I blow my breath about me,
When I breathe upon the landscape,
Flowers spring up o'er all the meadows,
Singing, onward rush the rivers!"
"When I shake my hoary tresses,"
Said the old man darkly frowning,
"All the land with snow is covered;
All the leaves from all the branches
Fall and fade and die and wither,
For I breathe, and lo! they are not.
From the waters and the marshes

Rise the wild goose and the heron,
Fly away to distant regions,
For I speak, and lo! they are not.
And where'er my footsteps wander,
All the wild beasts of the forest
Hide themselves in holes and caverns,
And the earth becomes as flintstone!"
"When I shake my flowing ringlets,"
Said the young man, softly laughing,
"Showers of rain fall warm and welcome,
Plants lift up their heads rejoicing,
Back unto their lakes and marshes
Come the wild goose and the heron,
Homeward shoots the arrowy swallow,
Sing the bluebird and the robin,
And where'er my footsteps wander,
All the meadows wave with blossoms,
All the woodlands ring with music,
All the trees are dark with foliage!"
While they spake, the night departed
From the distant realms of Wabun.
From his shining lodge of silver,
Like a warrior robed and painted,
Came the sun and said, "Behold me!
Gheezis, the great sun, behold me!"
Then the old man's tongue was speechless,
And the air grew warm and pleasant,
And upon the wigwam sweetly
Sang the bluebird and the robin,
And the stream began to murmur,
And a scent of growing grasses
Through the lodge was gently wafted.
And Segwun, the youthful stranger,
More distinctly in the daylight
Saw the icy face before him;
It was Peboan, the Winter!
From his eyes the tears were flowing,

As from melting lakes their streamlets,
And his body shrunk and dwindled
As the shouting sun ascended,
Till into the air it faded,
Till into the ground it vanished,
And the young man saw before him,
On the hearthstone of the wigwam,
Where the fire had smoked and smoldered,
Saw the earliest flower of springtime,
Saw the beauty of the springtime,

Saw the Miskodeed in blossom.
Thus it was that in the Northland
After that unheard-of coldness,
That intolerable winter,
Came the spring with all its splendor,
All its birds and all its blossoms,

All its flowers and leaves and grasses
Sailing on the wind to northward,
Flying in great flocks, like arrows,
Like huge arrows shot through heaven,
Passed the swan, the Mahnahbezee,
Speaking almost as a man speaks;
And in long lines waving, bending
Like a bow-string snapped asunder,
Came the white goose, Waw-be-Wawa;
And in pairs, or singly flying,
Mahng the loon, with clangorous pinions,
The blue heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah,
And the grouse, the Mushkodasa,
In the thickets and the meadows
Piped the bluebird, the Owaisa,
On the summit of the lodges
Sang the robin, the Opechee,
In the covert of the pine-trees
Cooed the pigeon, the Omemee.
And the sorrowing Hiawatha,

Speechless in his infinite sorrow,
Heard their voices calling to him,
Went forth from his gloomy doorway,
Stood and gazed into the heaven,
Gazed upon the earth and waters,
From his wanderings far to eastward,
From the regions of the morning,
From the shining land of Wabun,
Homeward now returned Iagoo,
The great traveler, the great boaster,
Full of new and strange adventures,
Marvels many and many wonders,
And the people of the village
Listened to him as he told them
Of his marvelous adventures,
Laughing, answered him in this wise:
"Ugh! it is indeed Iagoo!
No one else beholds such wonders!"
He had seen, he said, a water,
Bigger than the Big-Sea-Water,
Broader than the Gitche Gumee,
Bitter so that none could drink it!
At each other looked the warriors,
Looked the women at each other,
Smiled, and said, "It can not be so!
Kaw!" they said, "it can not be so!"
O'er it, said he, o'er this water,
Came a great canoe with pinions,
Bigger than a grove of pine-trees,
Taller than the tallest tree-tops!
And the old men and women
Looked and tittered at each other;
"Kaw!" they said, "we don't believe it!"
From its mouth he said, to greet him,
Came Waywassimo, the lightning,
Came the thunder, Annemeekee!
And the warriors and the women

Laughed aloud at poor Iagoo;
"Kaw!" they said, "what tales you tell us!"
In it, said he, came a people,
In the great canoe with pinions
Came, he said, a hundred warriors;
Painted white were all their faces,
And with hair their chins were covered.
And the warriors and the women
Laughed and shouted in derision,
Like the ravens on the tree-tops,
Like the crows upon the hemlock,
"Kaw!" they said, "what lies you tells us!
Do not think that we believe them!"
Only Hiawatha laughed not,
But he gravely spake and answered
To their jeering and their jesting:
"True is all Iagoo tells us;

I have seen it in a vision,
Seen the great canoe with pinions,
Seen the people with white faces,
Seen the coming of this bearded
People of the wooden vessel
From the regions of the morning,
From the shining land of Wabun.
"Gitche Manito, the Mighty,
The Great Spirit, the Creator,
Sends them hither on his errand,
Sends them to us with his message.
Wheresoe'er they move, before them
Swarms the stinging fly, the Ahmo,
Swarms the bee, the honey-maker;
Wheresoe'er they tread, beneath them
Springs a flower unknown among us,
Springs the White-man's Foot in blossom.
"Let us welcome, then, the strangers,
Hail them as our friends and brothers,

And the heart's right hand of friendship
Give them when they come to see us.
Gitche, Manito, the Mighty,

Said this to me in my vision.
"I beheld, too, in that vision
All the secrets of the future,
Of the distant days that shall be.
I beheld the westward marches
Of the unknown crowded nations.
All the land was full of people,
Restless, struggling, toiling, striving,
Speaking many tongues, yet feeling
But one heart-beat in their bosoms.
In the woodlands rang their axes,
Smoked their towns in all the valleys,
Over all the lakes and rivers
Rushed their great canoes of thunder.
"Then a darker, drearier vision
Passed before me, vague and cloud-like;
I beheld our nation scattered,
All forgetful of my counsels,
Weakened, warring with each other;
Saw the remnants of our people
Sweeping westward, wild and woful,
Like the cloud-rack of a tempest,
Like the withered leaves of Autumn!"

THE ELEVENTH HOUR.

Whist, sir! Would ye plaze to spake aisy,
An' sit ye down then by the dure?
She sleeps, sir, so light an' so restless.
She hears every step on the flure.
What ails her? God knows! She's been weakly

For months, an' the heat shivers her wild;
The summer has wasted and worn her
Till she's only the ghost of a child.

All I have?. Yes, she is, and God help me!
I'd three little darlints beside,
As purty as ever ye see, sir,
But wan by wan they dhrooped like an' died.
What was it that took them, ye're asking?
Why, poverty, sure, an' no doubt,
They perished for food an' fresh air, sir,
Like flowers dhried up in a drought.

'Twas dreadful to lose them? Ah, was it!
It seemed like my heartstrings would break,
But these days when wid want an' wid sorrow,
I'm thankful they're gone, for their sake.
Their father? Well, sir, saints forgive me!
It's a foul tongue that lowers its own,
But what wid the strikes an' the liquor,
I'd better be strugglin' alone.

Do I want to kape this wan? The darlint!
The last an' dearest of all!
Shure you're niver a father yourself, sir,
Or you wouldn't be askin' at all.
What is that? Milk an' food for the baby!
A dochtor an' medicine free!
You're huntin' out all the sick children,
An' poor, toilin' mothers like me!

God bless you an' them that have sent you!
A new life you've given me so,
Shure, sir, won't you look in the cradle
At the colleen you've saved, 'fore you go?
O mother o' mercies! have pity!
O darlint, why couldn't you wait!
Dead! dead! an' the help in the doorway!
Too late! Oh my baby! Too late!

EVENING AT THE FARM.

OVER the hill the farm-boy goes,
His shadow lengthens along the land,
A giant staff in a giant hand;
In the poplar tree above the spring
The katy-did begins to sing;
The early dews are falling.
Into the stone heap darts the mink,
The swallows skim the river's brink,
And home to the woodland fly the crows,
When over the hill the farm-boy goes,
Cheerily calling—
Farther, farther over the hill,
Faintly calling, calling still,
"Co, boss! co, boss! co! co!"

Into the yard the farmer goes,
With grateful heart at the close of day,
Harness and chain are hung away,
In wagon-shed stand yoke and plow;
The straws in the stack, the hay in the mow;
The cooling dews are falling.
The friendly sheep his welcome bleat,
The pigs come grunting at his feet,
The whinnying mare her master knows
When into the yard the farmer goes,
His cattle calling—
"Co, boss! co, boss! co! co! co!"
While still the cow-boy, far away,
Goes seeking those that have gone astray—
"Co, boss! co, boss! co! co!"

Now to her task the milkmaid goes;
The cattle come crowding through the gate,
Lowing, pushing, little and great;
About the trough, by the farm-yard pump,

The frolicsome yearlings frisk and jump.
While the pleasant dews are falling.
The new milch heifer is quick and shy,
But the old cow waits with a tranquil eye,
And the white stream into the bright pail flows,
When to her task the milk-maid goes,
Soothingly calling—
"So, boss! so, boss! so! so! so!"
The cheerful milkmaid takes her stool,
And sits and milks in the twilight cool,
Saying, "So, so, boss! so! so!"

To supper at last the farmer goes,
The apples are pared, the paper read,
The stories told, then all to bed;
Without, the cricket's ceaseless song
Makes shrill the silence all night long;
The heavy dews are falling.
The housewife's hand has turned the lock,
Drowsily ticks the kitchen clock;
The household sinks to deep repose,
But still in sleep the farm-boy goes
Singing, calling—
"Co, boss! (*snore*) co, boss! (*snore*) co! co! co!"
And oft the milkmaid, in her dreams,
Draws in the pail with the flashing streams,
Murmuring, "So, boss! so!"

JANE CONQUEST.

ABOUT the time of Christmas,
(Not many months ago)
When the sky was black
With wrath and rack,
And the earth was white with snow,
When loudly rang the tumult

Of winds and waves of strife,
In her home by the sea,
With her babe on her knee,
Sat Harry Conquest's wife.

And he was on the ocean,
Although she knew not where,
For never a lip
Could tell of the ship,
To lighten her heart's despair.
And her babe was fading and dying;
The pulse in the tiny wrist
Was all but still,
And the brow was chill
And pale as the white sea mist.

Jane Conquest's heart was hopeless;
She could only weep and pray
That the Shepherd mild
Would take her child
Without a pain away.
The night was dark and darker,
And the storm grew stronger still,
And buried deep
In dreamless sleep
Lay the hamlet under the hill.

The fire was dead on the hearthstone
Within Jane Conquest's room,
And still sat she,
With her babe on her knee,
At prayer amid the gloom.

When, borne above the tempest,
A sound fell on her ear,
Thrilling her through
For well she knew
'Twas the voice of mortal fear.

And a light leaped in at the lattice,
Sudden and swift and red;
Crimsoning all
The whited wall,
And the floor and the roof o'erhead.
For one brief moment, heedless
Of the babe upon her knee,
With the frantic start
Of a frenzied heart,
Upon her feet rose she.
And through the quaint old casement
She looks upon the sea.
Thank God that the sight
She saw that night
So rare a sight should be!
Hemmed in by many a billow
With mad and foaming lip,
A mile from shore,
Or hardly more.
She saw a gallant ship,

Aflame from deck to topmast,
Aflame from stem to stern;
For there seemed no speck
On all that wreck
Where the fierce fire did not burn;
Till the night was like a sunset,
And the sea like a sea of blood,
And the rocks and shore
Were bathed all o'er
And drenched with the gory flood.

Once more that cry of anguish
Thrilled through the tempest's strife,
And it stirred again
In heart and brain
The active thinking life;
And the light of an inspiration

Leaped to her brightened eye,
And on lip and brow
Was written now
A purpose pure and high.

Swiftly she turns, and softly
She crosses the chamber floor,
And, faltering not,
In his tiny cot
She laid the babe she bore.
And there, with a holy impulse,
She sank to her knees, and made
A lowly prayer,
In the silence there,
And this was the prayer she prayed:

"O, Christ, who didst the scourging bear,
And who now dost wear the crown,
I, at Thy feet,
O True and Sweet,
Would lay my burden down.
Thou badst me love and cherish
The babe Thou gavest me
And I have kept
Thy word, nor stept
Aside from following Thee.

"And lo! my boy is dying!
And vain is all my care;
And my burden's weight
Is very great,
Yea greater than I can bear!
O Lord, Thou knowest what peril
Doth threat these poor men's lives,
And I, a woman,
Most weak and human,
Do plead for their waiting wives.

"Thou canst not let them perish;
Up, Lord, in Thy strength, and save
From the scorching breath
Of this terrible death
On this cruel winter wave.
Take Thou my babe and watch it,
No ear is like to Thine;
And let the power
In this perilous hour,
Supply what lack is mine."

And so her prayer she ended,
And, rising to her feet,
Gave one long look
At the cradle nook
Where the child's faint pulses beat.
And then with softest footsteps
Retrod the chamber floor,
And noiselessly groped
For the latch, and oped
And crossed the cottage door.

And through the tempest bravely
Jane Conquest fought her way
By snowy deep
And slippery steep
To where her duty lay
Solemn, and weird, and lonely,
Amid its countless graves,
Stood the old gray church
On its tall rock perch,
Secure from the sea and its waves;

And beneath its sacred shadow
Lay the hamlet safe and still;
For however the sea
And the wind might be,
There was quiet under the hill.

Jane Conquest reached the church-yard,
And stood by the old church door,
But the oak was tough
And had bolts enough,
And her strength was frail and poor.

So she crept through a narrow window,
And climbed the belfry stair,
And grasped the rope,
Sole cord of hope,
For the mariners in despair.
And the wild wind helped her bravely,
And she wrought with an earnest will;
And the clamorous bell
Spoke out right well
To the hamlet under the hill.

And it roused the slumbering fishers,
Nor its warning task gave o'er,
Till a hundred fleet
And eager feet
Were hurrying to the shore.
And then it ceased its ringing,
For the woman's work was done,
And many a boat
That was afloat
Showed man's work had begun.

But the ringer in the belfry
Lay motionless and cold,
With the cord of hope,
The church bell-rope,
Still in her frozen hold.
How long she lay it boots not,
But she woke from her swoon at last,
In her own bright room,
To find the gloom,
And the grief, and the peril past,

With the sense of joy within her,
And the Christ's sweet presence near;
And the friends around,
And the cooing sound
Of her babe's voice in her ear.
And they told her all the story,
How a brave and gallant few
O'ercame each check,
And reached the wreck,
And saved the hopeless crew.

And how the curious sexton
Had climbed the belfry stair,
And of his fright
When, cold and white
He found her lying there;
And how, when they had borne her
Back to her home again,
The child she left,
With a heart bereft
Of hope, and weary with pain,

Was found within its cradle,
In a quiet slumber laid,
With a peaceful smile
On its lips the while,
And the wasting sickness stayed.
And she said, "'Twas the Christ who watched it
And brought it safely through."
And she praised His truth,
And his tender ruth,
Who had saved her darling too.

THE WEDDING FEE.

ONE morning, fifty years ago—
When apple-trees were white with snow
Of fragrant blossoms, and the air
Was spellbound with the perfume rare—
Upon a farm horse, large and lean,
And lazy with its double load,
A sun-brown youth and maid were seen
Jogging along the winding road.

Blue were the arches of the skies,
But bluer were that maiden's eyes!
The dewdrops on the grass were bright,
But brighter was the loving light
That sparkled 'neath each long-fringed lid,
Where those bright eyes of blue were hid;
Adown the shoulders, brown and bare,
Rolled the soft waves of golden hair.

It was the fairest sight, I ween,
That the young man had ever seen;
And with his features all aglow,
The happy fellow told her so.
And she, without the least surprise,
Looked on him with those heavenly eyes—
And drew the dear face to her own,
And with a joy but rarely known,
Beneath the bridal bonnet hid—
I can not tell you what she did.

So on they ride, until among
The new-born leaves with dewdrops hung
The parsonage, arrayed in white,
Peers out—a more than welcome sight.
Then with a cloud upon his face,

"What shall we do?" he turned to say,
"Should he refuse to take his pay
From what is in the pillow case?"

And glancing down his eyes surveyed
The pillow case before him laid,
Whose contents, reaching to its hem,
Might purchase endless joys for them.
The maiden answers: "Let us wait;
To borrow trouble where's the need?"
Then at the parson's squeaking gate
Halted the more than willing steed.

Down from his horse the bridegroom sprung;
The latchless gate behind him swung.
The knocker of that startled door,
Struck as it never was before,
Brought the whole household, pale with fright,
And there with blushes on his cheek,
So bashful he could hardly speak,
The parson met their wondering sight.

The groom goes in, his errand tells,
And as the parson nods, he leans
Far out across the window-sill and yells—
"Come in. He says he'll take the beans!"
Oh! how she jumped! With one glad bound
She and the bean-bag reached the ground.

Then, clasping with each dimpled arm
The precious products of the farm,
She bears it through the open door,
And down upon the parlor floor
Dumps the best beans vines ever bore.

Ah! happy were their songs that day,
When man and wife they rode away;
But happier this chorus still

Which echoed through those woodland scenes:
"God bless the priest of Whittensville!
God bless the man who took the beans."

THE BRIDGE.

I STOOD on the bridge at midnight,
As the clocks were striking the hour,
And the moon rose o'er the city,
Behind the dark church tower.

I saw her bright reflection
In the waters under me,
Like a golden goblet falling
And sinking into the sea.

And far in the hazy distance
Of that lovely night in June
The blaze of the flaming furnace
Gleamed redder than the moon.

Among the long, black rafters
The wavering shadows lay,
And the current that came from the ocean
Seemed to lift and bear them away;

As, sweeping and eddying through them,
Rose the belated tide,
And streaming into the moonlight,
The seaweed floated wide.

And, like those waters rushing
Among the wooden piers,
A flood of thoughts came o'er me
That filled my heart with tears.

How often, oh, how often,
In the days that had gone by,
I had stood on that bridge at midnight
And gazed on that wave and sky!

How often, oh, how often,
I had wished that the ebbing tide
Would bear me away on its bosom,
O'er the ocean wild and wide!

For my heart was hot and restless,
And my life was full of care,
And the burden laid upon me
Seemed greater than I could bear.

But now it has fallen from me,
It is buried in the sea,
And only the sorrow of others
Throws its shadow over me.

Yet whenever I cross the river
On its bridge with broken piers,
Like the odor of brine from the ocean
Comes the thought of other years.

And I think how many thousands
Of care encumbered men,
Each bearing his burden of sorrow
Have crossed the bridge since then.

I see the long procession
Still passing to and fro,
The young heart hot and restless,
The old subdued and slow.

And forever and forever,
As long as the river flows,
As long as the heart has passions,
As long as life has woes,

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SCORN.

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REVERY.

The moon and its broken reflection
And its shadows shall appear
As a symbol of love in heaven,
And its wavering image here.

FOREST HYMN.

The groves were God's first temples. Ere man learned
To hew the shaft, and lay the architrave,
And spread the roof above them,—ere he framed
The lofty vault, to gather and roll back
The sound of anthems,—in the darkling wood,
Amid the cool and silence, he knelt down
And offered to the Mightiest solemn thanks
And supplication. Let me, then, at least,
Here, in the shadow of this aged wood,
Offer one hymn—thrice happy, if it find
Acceptance in His ear.

Father, Thy hand
Hath reared these venerable columns; Thou
Didst weave this verdant roof. Thou didst look down
Upon the naked earth, and, forthwith, rose
All these fair ranks of trees. They in Thy sun
Budded, and shook their green leaves in Thy breeze,
And shot toward heaven. The century-living crow
Whose birth was in the tops, grew old and died
Among their branches,—till, at last, they stood,
As now they stand, massy, and tall, and dark,
Fit shrine for humble worshipper to hold
Communion with his Maker. These dim vaults,
These winding aisles, of human pomp or pride
Report not. No fantastic carvings show
The boast of our vain race to change the form
Of Thy fair works. But Thou art there; Thou fill'st
The solitude; Thou art in the soft winds
That run along the summit of these trees
In music; Thou art in the cooler breath,
That, from the inmost darkness of the place,
Comes scarcely felt; the barky trunks, the ground,
The fresh, moist ground, are all instinct with Thee.

THE REALMS OF POESY.

I dream of old sun-kissed Provence,
The land of lute and sweet romance;
Where troubadours and minstrels sing
To love-lorn queen and amorous king
Their lays of love and chivalry.
I sigh for fields of Arcady,
Where Corydon pipes a roundelay
To Chloe mid the new mown hay,
And where, in flower-scented dell,
The moon is wooed by Philomel.

PART V.

Pathetic and Sentimental Selections.

HE AND SHE.

[This beautiful selection is to be recited with suppressed feeling in low and modulated tones. The figures refer to the illustrations of typical gestures.]

"SHE is dead!"[29] they said to him. "Come away;
Kiss her and leave her—thy love is clay!"
With a tender touch[107] they closed up well
The sweet thin lips that had secrets to tell;
And over her bosom[82] they crossed her hands,—
"Come away," they said, "God understands!'
And there[29] was silence, and nothing there
But silence, and scents of eglanteare
And jasmine and roses and rosemary,
And they said, "As a lady should be, lies she,"
And they held their breath[160] as they left the room
With a shudder, to glance at its stillness and gloom.

But he who loved[81] her too well to dread
The sweet, the stately and beautiful dead—
He lit his lamp and took his key
And turned it. Alone again[29]—he and she.
He and she: yet she would not smile,
Though he called[133] her the name she loved erewhile.
He and she: still she did not move
To any passionate whisper of love.
Then he said:[56] "Cold lips and breast without breath,
Is there no voice? No language of death?
Dumb to the ear and still to the sense,

But to heart and soul distinct, intense?
See now:[29] I will listen with soul, not ear;
What was the secret of dying, dear?
Was it the infinite wonder of all
That you ever could let life's flower fall?
Or was it the greater[185] marvel to feel
The perfect calm o'er the agony steal?
Was the miracle greater to find how deep
Beyond all dreams sank downward that sleep?
Did life[316] roll back its record, dear?
And show, as they say it does, past things clear?
And was it the innermost heart of bliss
To find out so what a wisdom love is?
O, perfect dead![133] O dead most dear!
I hold the breath of my soul to hear!
I listen as deep as to horrible hell,
As high as heaven, and, you do not tell!
There must be pleasure[29] in dying, sweet,
To make you so placid from head to feet.
I would tell you, darling,[185] if I were dead,
And 'twere your hot tears on my brow shed—
I would say, though the angel of death had laid
His sword[107] on my lips to keep it unsaid.
You should not ask vainly,[133] with staring eyes,
Which of all deaths was the chiefest surprise;
The very strangest and suddenest thing
Of all surprises dying must bring."

Ah, foolish world![29] O, most kind dead!
Though he told me, who will believe it was said?
Who will believe that he heard her say,[81]
With the sweet, soft voice, in the dear old way?
"The utmost wonder is this: I hear
And see you, and love you and kiss you, dear;
And am your angel, who was your bride,
And know that though dead I have never died."

A CHILD'S DREAM OF A STAR.

[The figures refer to the illustrations and show the proper gestures to be used.]

THERE was once a child,[290] and he strolled about a good deal and thought of a number of things. He had a sister, who was a child, too, and his constant companion. They wondered[316] at the beauty of flowers; they wondered[341] at the height and blueness of the sky; they wondered at the depth of the water; they wondered[81] at the goodness and power of God, who made them so lovely.

They used to say to one another sometimes: [185]"Supposing all the children upon earth were to die, would the flowers, would the water, and the sky be sorry?" They believed they would be sorry. For, said they,[29] the buds are the children of the flowers, and the little playful streams that gambol down the hillsides are the children of the water, and the smallest bright specks playing at hide and seek in the sky all night must surely be the children of the stars; and they would all be grieved to see their playmates, the children of men, no more.

There was one clear shining star[341] that used to come out in the sky before the rest, near the church spire above the graves. It was larger and more beautiful, they thought, than all the others. and every night they watched for it, standing hand in hand at the window. Whoever saw it first cried out,[134] "I see the star." And after that they cried out both together, knowing so well when it would rise and where. So they grew to be such friends with it that before lying down in their bed they always looked out once again to bid it good night; and when they were turning around to sleep they used to say,[133] "God bless the star!"

But while she was still very young, oh, very young,[30] the sister drooped and came to be so weak that she could no longer stand at the window at night, and then the child looked sadly out by himself, and when he saw the star, turned round and said to the patient, pale face on the bed,[29] "I see the star!" and then a smile would come upon the face, and a little, weak voice used to say,[133] "God bless my brother and the star!"

And so the time came,[30] all too soon, when the child looked

out all alone, and when there was no face on the bed, and when there was a grave among the graves not there before, and when the star[341] made long rays down toward him as he saw it through his tears. Now these rays were so bright, and they seemed to make such a shining way from earth to heaven,[29] that when the child went to his solitary bed he dreamed about the star, and dreamed that, lying where he was, he saw a train of people taken[134] up that sparkling road by angels; and the star, opening, showing him a great world of light, where many more such angels waited to receive them.

All these angels who were waiting[81] turned their beaming eyes upon the people who were carried up into the star; and some came out from the long rows in which they stood[29] and fell upon the people's necks, and kissed them tenderly, and went away with them down avenues of light, and were so happy in their company that lying in his bed he wept for joy.

But there were many angels who did not go with them, and among them one he knew. The patient[81] face that once had lain upon the bed was glorified and radiant, but his heart found out his sister among all the host.

His sister's angel lingered near the entrance of the star, and said to the leader among those who had brought the people hither:[185]

"Is my brother come?"

And he said, "No!"

She was turning hopefully away, when the child[133] stretched out his arms and cried, "Oh, sister, I am here. Take me!" And then she turned her beaming eyes upon him—and it was night; and the star was shining into the room,[134] making long rays down toward him as he saw it through his tears.

From that hour forth the child looked out upon[341] the star as the home he was to go to when his time should come; and he thought that he did not belong to the earth alone, but to the star too, because of his sister's angel gone before.

There was a baby born to be a brother to the child, and, while he was so little that he never yet had spoken a word,[29] he stretched out his tiny form on his bed and died.

Again the child dreamed of the opened star,[341] and of the company of angels, and the train of people, and the rows of angels with their beaming eyes all turned upon those people's faces.

Said his sister's angel to the leader:[185]

"Is my brother come?"

And he said, "Not that one, but another!"

As the child beheld his brother's angel in her arms, he cried,[133] "Oh, my sister I am here! Take me!" And she turned [81] and smiled upon him—and the[341] star was shining.

He grew to be a young man, and was busy at his books, when an old servant came to him and said:[29]

"Thy mother is no more. I bring her blessings on her darling son."

Again at night he saw the star, and all that former company. Said his sister's angel to the leader:[185] "Is my brother come?"

And he said, "Thy mother!"

A mighty cry of joy went through all the star,[29] because the mother was reunited to her two children. And he[133] stretched out his arms and cried, "Oh, mother, sister and brother, I am here! Take me!" And they answered him, "Not yet!"—and the[341] star was shining.

He grew to be a man whose hair was turning gray, and he was sitting in his chair by the fireside,[56] heavy with grief, and with his face bedewed with tears, when the star opened once again.

Said his sister's angel to the leader,[185] "Is my brother come?"

And he said, "Nay, but his maiden daughter!"

And the man who had been a child, saw his daughter, newly lost to him, a celestial creature among those three, and he said:[29] "My daughter's head is on my sister's bosom, and her arm is around my mother's neck, and at her feet is the baby of old time, and I can bear the parting from her, God be praised!"—and the[341] star was shining.

Thus the child[29] came to be an old man, and his once smooth face was wrinkled, and his steps were slow and feeble, and his

back was bent. And one night as he lay upon his bed, his children standing round, he cried, as he cried so long ago:[134] "I see the star!"

They[107] whispered one another, "He is dying." And he said, "I am. My age is falling from me like a garment, and I move toward the star as a child.[133] And O, my Father, now I thank Thee that it has so often opened to receive those dear ones who await me!"

And the[341] star was shining, and it[30] shines upon his grave.

LITTLE JOE'S FLOWERS.

[The simple pathos of this selection requires the expression of sadness natural in a child.]

PROP your eyes wide open, Joey,
For I've brought you sumpin' great.
Apples? No, but something' better!
Don't you take no interest? Wait!
Flowers, Joe—I knew you'd like 'em—
Ain't them scrumptious? Ain't them high?
Tears, my boy? Wot's them fur, Joey?
There—Poor little Joe!—don't cry!

I was skippin' past a winder,
Where a bang-up lady sot,
All amongst a lot of bushes—
Each one climbin' from a pot;
Every bush had flowers on it—
Pretty? Mebby not! Oh no!
Wish you could a-seen 'em growin'
It was such a stunnin' show.

Well, I thought of you, poor feller,
Lyin' here so sick and weak,
Never knowin' any comfort,
And I puts on lots o' cheek.
"Missus," says I, "if you please, mum,

Could I ax you for a rose?
For my little brother, missus—
Never seed one, I suppose."

Then I told her all about you—
How I bringed you up, poor Joe!
(Lackin' women folks to do it.)
Such a' imp you was, you know—
Till yer got that awful tumble,
Just as I had broke yer in
(Hard work, too) to earn yer livin'
Blackin' boots for honest tin.

How that tumble crippled of you,
So's you couldn't hyper much—
Joe, it hurted when I seen you
Fur the first time with yer crutch,
"But," I says, "he's laid up now, mum,
'Pears to weaken every day;"
Joe, she up and went to cuttin'—
That's the how of this bokay.

Say! it seems to me, ole feller,
You is quite yourself to-night!
Kind o' chirk—it's been a fortnit
Since yer eyes 's been so bright
Better! well I'm glad to hear it!
Yes, they're mighty pretty, Joe,
Smellin' of 'em's made you happy?
Well, I thought it would, you know.

Never seed the country, did you?
Flowers growin' everywhere!
Sometime when you're better, Joey,
Mebbe I kin take you there.
Flowers in Heaven? M—I spose so;
Dunno much about it, though!
Ain't as fly as wot I might be
On them topics, little Joe.

But I've heard it hinted somewhere,
That in Heaven's golden gates
Things is everlastin' cheerful—
B'lieve that's what the Bible states.
Likewise, there folks don't get hungry;
So good people when they dies,
Finds themselves well fixed forever—
Joe, my boy, wot ails your eyes?

Thought they looked a little sing'ler,
Oh, no! Don't you have no fear;
Heaven was made for such as you is—
Joe, wot makes you look so queer?
Here, wake up! Oh, don't look that way!
Joe! my boy! Hold up your head!
Here's your flowers. You dropped 'em, Joey,
—Oh, my God! Can Joe be dead?

THE OLD MAN AND JIM.

OLD man never had much to say—
'Ceptin' to Jim.
And Jim was the wildest boy he had,
And the old man jes' wrapped up in him!
Never heerd him speak but once
Er twice in my life—and first time was
When the army broke out, and Jim he went,
The old man backin' him, fer three months.—
And all 'at I heard the old man say
Was jes' as we turned to start away—
"Well, good-by, Jim—
Take keer of yourse'f!"

'Peared like, he was most satisfied
Jes' *lookin'* at Jim,
And likin' him all to hisse'f like, see?—
'Cause he was jes' wrapped up in him!

And over and over I mind the day
The old man come and stood round in the way
While we was drillin', a-watchin' Jim—
And down at the deepot a-hearin' him say:
"Well, good-by, Jim—
Take keer of yourse'f!"

Never was nothin' about the farm
Disting'ished Jim;—
Neighbors all ust to wonder why
The old man 'peared wrapped up in him.
But when Cap. Biggler he writ back
'At Jim was the bravest boy we had
In the whole dern regiment, white er black,
And his fightin' good as his farmin' bad—
'At he had led, with a bullet clean
Bored through his thigh; and carried the flag
Through the bloodiest battle you ever seen—
The old man wound up a letter to him
'At Cap. read to us 'at said, "Tell Jim
Good-by,
And take keer of hisse'f."

Jim come back jes' long enough
To take the whim
'At he'd like to go back in the cavalry—
And the old man jes' wrapped up in him!
Jim 'lowed 'at he'd had sich luck afore,
Guessed he'd tackle her three years more.
And the old man give him a colt he'd raised,
And follered him over to Camp Ben Wade,
And laid around for a week or so,
Watchin' Jim on dress-parade—
Tel finally he rid away,
And last he heerd was the old man say—
"Well, good-by, Jim,
Take keer of yourse'f!"

Tuk the papers, the old man did,
A-watchin' fer Jim—
Fully believin' he'd make his mark
Some way—jes' wrapped up in him!
And many a time the word 'ud come
'At stirred him like the tap of a drum.
At Petersburg, fer instance, where
Jim rid right into their cannons there,
And tuck 'em and pinted 'em t'other way,
And socked it home to the boys in gray,
As they scooted fer timber, and on and on—
Jim a lieutenant, and one arm gone,
And the old man's words in his mind all day—
"Well, good-by, Jim,
Take keer of yourse'f!"

Think of a private, now, perhaps,
We'll say like Jim,
'At climbed clean up to the shoulder-straps—
And the old man jes' wrapped up in him!
Think of him—with the war plum through,
And the glorious old Red-White-and-Blue
A-laughin' the news down over Jim,
And the old man, bendin' over him—
The surgeon turnin' away with tears
'At hadn't leaked for years and years—
As the hand of the dyin' boy clung to
His father's—the old voice in his ears—
"Well, *good-by, Jim,*
Take keer of yourse'f!"

THE MARINER'S DREAM.

[To be recited in low, modulated tones, except verses 7, 8 and 9, which should be delivered with strong dramatic force.]

IN slumbers of midnight the sailor-boy lay,
His hammock swung loose at the sport of the wind;
But, watch-worn and weary, his cares flew away,
And visions of happiness danced o'er his mind.

He dreamed of his home, of his dear native bowers;
And pleasures that waited on life's merry morn;
While Memory each scene gayly covered with flowers,
And restored every rose, but secreted the thorn.

Then Fancy her magical pinions spread wide,
And bade the young dreamer in ecstasy rise;
Now, far, far behind him the green waters glide,
And the cot of his forefathers blesses his eyes.

The jessamine clambers in flowers o'er the thatch,
And the swallow sings sweet from her nest in the wall;
All trembling with transport he raises the latch,
And the voices of loved ones reply to his call.

A father bends o'er him with looks of delight;
His cheek is impearl'd with a mother's warm tear;
And the lips of the boy in a love-kiss unite
With the lips of the maid whom his bosom holds dear.

The heart of the sleeper beats high in his breast,
Joy quickens his pulse, all his hardships seem o'er;
And a murmur of happiness steals through his rest;
"O, God! thou has blest me, I ask for no more."

Ah! whence is that flame which now bursts on his eye?
Ah! what is that sound which now larums his ear?
Tis the lightning's red glare painting hell on the sky!
'Tis the crashing of thunders, the groan of the sphere!

He springs from his hammock, he flies to the deck;
Amazement confronts him with images dire;
Wild winds and mad waves drive the vessel a-wreck,
The masts fly in splinters, the shrouds are on fire!

Like mountains the billows tumultuously swell,
In vain the lost wretch calls on mercy to save;
Unseen hands of the spirits are ringing his knell,
And the death-angel flaps his broad wings o'er the wave.

Oh! Sailor-boy! woe to thy dreams of delight!
In darkness dissolves the gay frost-work of bliss,
Where now is the picture that Fancy touched bright;
Thy parent's fond pressure and love's honeyed kiss?

Oh! Sailor-boy! Sailor-boy! never again
Shall home, love or kindred thy wishes repay;
Unblessed and unhonored, down deep in the main,
Full many a score fathom, thy frame shall decay.

No tomb shall e'er plead to remembrance for thee,
Or redeem form or fame from the merciless surge;
But the white foam of waves shall thy winding-sheet be,
And winds, in the midnight of winter, thy dirge.

On beds of green sea-flower thy limbs shall be laid,
Around thy white bones the red coral shall grow;
Of thy fair, yellow locks, threads of amber be made,
And every part suit to thy mansion below.

Days, months, years and ages shall circle away,
And still the vast waters above thee shall roll;
Earth loses the pattern forever and aye;
Oh, Sailor-boy! Sailor-boy! peace to thy soul.

HER LETTER.

[This selection is very effective when recited by a young girl seated in a chair. See illustration on page 238.]

I'M sitting alone by the fire,
Dressed just as I came from the dance,
In a robe even *you* would admire,—
It cost a cool thousand in France;
I'm bediamonded out of all reason,
My hair is done up in a cue;
In short, sir, "the belle of the season'
Is wasting an hour on you.

A dozen engagements I've broken,
I left in the midst of a set;
Likewise a proposal, half spoken,
That waits—on the stairs—for me yet.
They say he'll be rich,—when he grows up,—
And then he adores me indeed.
And you, sir, are turning your nose up,
Three thousand miles off, as you read.

"And how do I like my position?"
"And what do I think of New York?"
"And now, in my higher ambition,
"With whom do I waltz, flirt or talk?"
"And isn't it nice to have riches,
"And diamonds and silks, and all that?"
"And aren't it a change to the ditches
"And tunnels of Poverty Flat?"

Well, yes,—if you saw us out driving
Each day in the park, four-in-hand,—
If you saw poor dear mamma contriving
To look supernaturally grand,—
If you saw papa's picture as taken
By Brady, and tinted at that,—
You'd never suspect he sold bacon
And flour at Poverty Flat.

And yet, just this moment, when sitting
In the glare of the grand chandelier,—
In the bustle and glitter befitting
The "finest *soirée* of the year,"
In the mists of a *gauze de Chambery*,
And the hum of the smallest of talk,—
Somehow, Joe, I thought of "The Ferry,"
And the dance that we had on "The Fork."

Of Harrison's barn, with its muster
Of flags festooned over the wall;

Of the candles that shed their soft lustre
And tallow on head-dress and shawl;
Of the steps that we took to one fiddle;
Of the dress of my queer *vis-a-vis;*
And how I once went down the middle
With the man that shot Sandy McGee;

Of the moon that was quietly sleeping
On the hill, when the time came to go;
Of the few baby peaks that were peeping
From under their bedclothes of snow;
Of that ride,—that to me was the rarest;
Of—the something you said at the gate,—
Ah, Joe, then I wasn't an heiress
To "the best-paying lead in the State."

Well, well, it's all past; yet it's funny
To think, as I stood in the glare
Of fashion and beauty and money,
That I should be thinking, right there,
Of some one who breasted high water,
And swam the North Fork, and all that,
Just to dance with old Folinsbee's daughter,
The lily of Poverty Flat.

But goodness! what nonsense I'm writing!
(Mamma says my taste still is low),
Instead of my triumphs reciting,
I'm spooning on Joseph, heigh-ho!
And I'm to be "finished" by travel,—
Whatever's the meaning of that,—
Oh! why did papa strike pay gravel
In drifting on Poverty Flat?

Good night,—here's the end of my paper;
Good night—if the longitude please,—
For maybe while wasting my taper,
Your sun's climbing over the trees.

But know if you haven't got riches,
And are poor, dearest Joe, and all that,
That my heart's somewhere there in the ditches,
And you've struck it—on Poverty Flat.

TOMMY'S PRAYER.

[This beautiful poem is full of the pathos and suffering of poverty. It should be delivered with expression and feeling.]

IN a dark and dismal alley where the sunshine never came,
Dwelt a little lad named Tommy, sickly, delicate and lame;
He had never yet been healthy, but had lain since he was born,
Dragging out his weak existence well nigh hopeless and forlorn.

He was six, was little Tommy, 'twas just five years ago
Since his drunken mother dropped him, and the babe was crippled so.
He had never known the comfort of a mother's tender care,
But her cruel blows and curses made his pain still worse to bear.

There he lay within the cellar from the morning till the night,
Starved, neglected, cursed, ill-treated, naught to make his dull life bright;
Not a single friend to love him, not a living thing to love—
For he knew not of a Saviour, or a heaven up above.

'Twas a quiet summer evening; and the alley, too, was still;
Tommy's little heart was sinking, and he felt so lonely, till,
Floating up the quiet alley, wafted inwards from the street,
Came the sound of some one singing, sounding, oh! so clear and sweet.

Eagerly did Tommy listen as the singing nearer came—
Oh! that he could see the singer! How he wished he wasn't lame.

Then he called and shouted loudly, till the singer heard the sound,
And on noting whence it issued, soon the little cripple found.

'Twas a maiden, rough and rugged, hair unkempt and naked feet,
All her garments torn and ragged, her appearance far from neat;
"So yer called me," said the maiden, "wonder wot yer wants o' me;
Most folks call me Singing Jessie; wot may your name chance to be?"

"My name's Tommy; I'm a cripple, and I want to hear you sing,
For it makes me feel so happy—sing me something, anything."
Jessie laughed, and answered, smiling, "I can't stay here very long,
But I'll sing a hymn to please you, wot I calls the 'Glory song.'"

Then she sang to him of Heaven, pearly gates and streets of gold,
Where the happy angel children are not starved or nipped with cold;
But where happiness and gladness never can decrease or end,
And where kind and loving Jesus is their Sovereign and their Friend.

Oh! how Tommy's eyes did glisten as he drank in every word
As it fell from "Singing Jessie"—was it true, what he had heard?
And so anxiously he asked her: "Is there really such a place?"
And a tear began to trickle down his pallid little face.

"Tommy, you're a little heathen; why, it's up beyond the sky,
And if yer will love the Saviour, yer shall go there when yer die."
"Then," said Tommy; "tell me, Jessie, how can I the Saviour love,
When I'm down in this 'ere cellar, and he's up in Heaven above?"

So the little ragged maiden who had heard at Sunday school
All about the way to Heaven, and the Christian's golden rule,
Taught the little cripple Tommy how to love and how to pray,
Then she sang a "Song of Jesus," kissed his cheek and went away.

Tommy lay within the cellar which had grown so dark and cold,
Thinking all about the children in the streets of shining gold;
And he heeded not the darkness of that damp and chilly room,
For the joy in Tommy's bosom could disperse the deepest gloom.

"Oh! if I could only see it," thought the cripple, as he lay.
"Jessie said that Jesus listens and I think I'll try and pray;"
So he put his hands together, and he closed his little eyes,
And in accents weak, yet earnest, sent this message to the skies:

"Gentle Jesus, please forgive me, as I didn't know afore,
That yer cared for little cripples who is weak and very poor,
And I never heard of Heaven till that Jessie came to-day
And told me all about it, so I wants to try and pray.

You can see me, can't yer, Jesus? Jessie told me that yer could,
And I somehow must believe it, for it seems so prime and good;
And she told me if I loved you, I should see yer when I die,
In the bright and happy heaven that is up beyond the sky.

"Lord, I'm only just a cripple, and I'm no use here below,
For I heard my mother whisper she'd be glad if I could go;
And I'm cold and hungry sometimes; and I feel so lonely, too,
Can't yer take me, gentle Jesus, up to Heaven along o' you?

"Oh! I'd be so good and patient, and I'd never cry or fret;
And yer kindness to me, Jesus, I would surely not forget;
I would love you all I know of, and would never make a noise—
Can't you find me just a corner, where I'll watch the other boys?
Oh! I think yer'll do it, Jesus, something seems to tell me so,

For I feel so glad and happy, and I do so want to go;
How I long to see yer, Jesus, and the children all so bright!
Come and fetch me, won't yer, Jesus? Come and fetch me home to-night!"

Tommy ceased his supplication, he had told his soul's desire,
And he waited for the answer till his head began to tire;
Then he turned towards his corner, and lay huddled in a heap,
Closed his little eyes so gently, and was quickly fast asleep.
Oh, I wish that every scoffer could have seen his little face
As he lay there in the corner, in that damp and noisome place;
For his countenance was shining like an angel's, fair and bright,
And it seemed to fill the cellar with a holy, heavenly light.

He had only heard of Jesus from a ragged singing girl,
He might well have wondered, pondered, till his brain began to whirl;
But he took it as she told it, and believed it then and there,
Simply trusting in the Saviour, and his kind and tender care.

In the morning, when the mother came to wake her crippled boy,
She discovered that his features wore a look of sweetest joy,
And she shook him somewhat roughly, but the cripple's face was cold—
He had gone to join the children in the streets of shining gold.

Tommy's prayer had soon been answered, and the Angel Death had come
To remove him from his cellar, to his bright and heavenly home
Where sweet comfort, joy and gladness never can decrease or end,
And where Jesus reigns eternally, his Sovereign and his Friend.

THE OLD WIFE'S KISS.

[Read in a quiet voice expressive of grief and with few gestures.]

THE funeral services were ended; and as the voice of prayer ceased, tears were hastily wiped from wet cheeks, and long-drawn sighs relieved suppressed and choking sobs, as the mourners prepared to take leave of the corpse. It was an old man who lay there, robed for the grave. More than three-score years had whitened those locks and furrowed that brow, and made those stiff limbs weary of life's journey, and the more willing to be at rest where weariness is no longer a burden.

The aged have few to weep for them when they die. The most of those who would have mourned their loss have gone to the grave before them; harps that would have sighed sad harmonies are shattered and gone; and the few that remain are looking cradleward, rather than to life's closing goal; are bound to and living in the generation rising, more than the generation departing. Youth and beauty have many admirers while living,—have many mourners when dying,—and many tearful ones bend over their coffined clay, many sad hearts follow in their funeral train; but age has few admirers, few mourners.

This was an old man, and the circle of mourners was small: two children, who had themselves passed the middle of life, and who had children of their own to care for and be cared for by them. Besides these, and a few friends who had seen and visited him while he was sick, and possibly had known him for a few years, there were none others to shed a tear, except his old wife; and of this small company, the old wife seemed to be the only heart-mourner. It is respectful for his friends to be sad a few moments, till the service is performed and the hearse out of sight. It is very proper and suitable for children, who have outgrown the fervency and affection of youth, to shed tears when an aged parent says farewell, and lies down to quiet slumber. Some regrets, some recollection of the past, some transitory griefs, and the pangs are over.

The old wife arose with difficulty from her seat and went to the coffin to look her last look—to take her last farewell.

Through the fast falling tears she gazed long and fondly down into the pale, unconscious face. What did she see there? Others saw nothing but the rigid features of the dead; she saw more. In every wrinkle of that brow she read the history of years; from youth to manhood, from manhood to old age, in joy and sorrow, in sickness and health, it was all there; when those children, who had not quite outgrown the sympathies of childhood, were infants lying on her bosom, and every year since then—there it was. To others those dull, mute monitors were unintelligible; to her they were the alphabet of the heart, familiar as household words.

Then the future: "What will become of me? What shall I do now?" She did not say so, but she felt it. The prospect of the old wife is clouded; the home circle is broken never to be reunited; the visions of the hearthstone are scattered forever. Up to that hour there was a home to which the heart always turned with fondness. That magic is now sundered, the keystone of that sacred arch has fallen, and home is nowhere this side of heaven! Shall she gather up the scattered fragments of the broken arch, make them her temple and her shrine, sit down in her chill solitude beside its expiring fires, and die? What *shall* she do now?

They gently crowded her away from the dead, and the undertaker came forward, with the coffin-lid in his hand. It is all right and proper, of course, it must be done; but to the heart-mourner it brings a kind of shudder, a thrill of agony. The undertaker stood for a moment, with a decent propriety, not wishing to manifest rude haste, but evidently desirous of being as expeditious as possible. Just as he was about to close the coffin, the old wife turned back, and stooping down, imprinted one long, last kiss upon the cold lips of her dead husband, then staggered to her seat, buried her face in her hands, and the closing coffin hid him from her sight forever.

That kiss! fond token of affection, and of sorrow, and memory, and farewell! I have seen many kiss their dead, many such seals of love upon clay-cold lips, but never did I see one so purely sad, so simply heart touching and hopeless as that. Or, if it had hope, it was that which looks beyond coffins, and charnel

houses, and damp, dark tombs, to the joys of the home above. You would kiss the cold cheek of infancy; there is poetry; it is beauty hushed; there is romance there, for the faded flower is still beautiful. In childhood the heart yields to the stroke of sorrow, but recoils again with elastic faith, buoyant with hope; but here was no beauty, no poetry, no romance.

The heart of the old wife was like the weary swimmer, whose strength has often raised him above the stormy waves, but now, exhausted, sinks amid the surges. The temple of her earthly hopes had fallen, and what was there left for her but to sit down in despondency, among its lonely ruins, and weep and die! or, in the spirit of a better hope, await the dawning of another day, when a Hand divine shall gather its sacred dust, and rebuild for immortality its broken walls!

ONE DAY SOLITARY.

I AM all right! Good-bye, old chap!
Twenty-four hours, that won't be long;
Nothing to do but take a nap,
And—say! can a fellow sing a song?
Will the light fantastic be in order—
A pigeon-wing on your pantry floor?
What are the rules for a regular boarder?
Be quiet? All right! Cling-clang goes the door.

Clang-clink the bolts, and I am locked in;
Some pious reflection and repentance
Come next, I suppose, for I just begin
To perceive the sting in the tail of my sentence—
"One day whereof shall be solitary."
Here I am at the end of my journey,
And—well, it ain't jolly, not so very—
I'd like to throttle that sharp attorney.

He took my money, the very last dollar,
Didn't leave me so much as a dime,

Not enough to buy me a paper collar
To wear at my trial; he knew all the time
'Twas some that I got for the stolen silver.
Why hasn't he been indicted, too?
If he doesn't exactly rob and pilfer,
He lives by the plunder of them that do.

Then didn't it put me into a fury,
To see him step up, and laugh and chat
With the county attorney, and joke with the jury,
When all was over, then go back for his hat,
While Sue was sobbing to break her heart,
And all I could do was to stand and stare;
He had pleaded my cause, he had played his part,
And got his fee — and what more did he care?

It's droll to think how, just out yonder,
The world goes jogging on the same;
Old men will save, and boys will squander,
And fellows will play at the same old game
Of get-and-spend to-morrow, next year—
And drink and carouse, and who will there be
To remember a comrade buried here?
I am nothing to them, they are nothing to me.

And Sue—yes, she will forget me too
I know; already her tears are drying.
I believe there is nothing that girl can do
So easy as laughing, and lying, and crying.
She clung to me well while there was hope
Then broke her heart in that last wild sob;
But she ain't going to sit and mope
While I am at work on a five years' job.

They'll set me to learning a trade, no doubt,
And I must forget to speak or smile;
I shall go marching in and out,
One of a silent, tramping file

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CAUTION.

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A DELSARTE MOVEMENT.

Of felons, at morning, and noon and night,
  Just down to the shops and back to the cells,
And work with a thief at left and right,
  And feed, and sleep, and—nothing else.

Was I born for this? Will the old folks know?
  I can see them now on the old home-place;
His gait is feeble, his step is slow,
  There's a settled grief in his furrowed face;
While she goes wearily groping about
  In a sort of dream, so bent, so sad!
But this won't do! I must sing and shout,
  And forget myself, or else go mad.

I won't be foolish; although for a minute
  I was there in my little room once more.
What wouldn't I give just now to be in it?
  The bed is yonder, and there is the door;
The Bible is here on the neat, white stand;
  The summer sweets are ripening now;
In the flickering light I reach my hand
  From the window, and pluck them from the bough.

When I was a child (oh, well for me
  And them if I had never been older!),
When he told me stories on his knee,
  And tossed me, and carried me on his shoulder;
When she knelt down and heard my prayer,
  And gave me in bed my good-night kiss—
Did they ever think that all their care
  For an only son could come to this?

Foolish again! No sense in tears
  And gnashing the teeth; and yet, somehow,
I haven't thought of them so for years;
  I never knew them, I think, till now.
How fondly, how blindly, they trusted me!

When I should have been in my bed asleep,
I slipped from the window, and down the tree,
And sowed for the harvest which now I reap.

And Jennie—how could I bear to leave her?
If I had but wished—but I was a fool!
My heart was filled with a thirst and a fever,
Which no sweet airs of heaven could cool.
I can hear her asking, "Have you heard?"
But mother falters and shakes her head;
O Jennie! Jennie! never a word!
What can it mean? He must be dead!"

Light-hearted, a proud, ambitious lad,
I left my home that morning in May;
What visions, what hopes, what plans I had!
And what have I—where are they all—to-day?
Wild fellows, and wine, and debts, and gaming,
Disgrace, and the loss of place and friend;
And I was an outlaw, past reclaiming
Arrest and sentence, and—this is the end!

Five years! Shall ever I quit this prison?
Homeless, an outcast, where shall I go?
Return to them, like one arisen
From the grave that was buried long ago?
All is still; 'tis the close of the week;
I slink through the garden, I stop by the well,
I see him totter, I hear her shriek!—
What sort of a tale will I have to tell?

But here I am! What's the use of grieving?
Five years—will it be too late to begin?
Can sober thinking and honest living
Still make me the man I might have been?
I'll sleep. Oh, would I could wake to-morrow,
In that old room, to find, at last,
That all my trouble and all their sorrow
Are only a dream of the night that is past.

THE TRAMP.

"WALK in," do you say? "Walk in," to me?
I'm only a ragged and shoeless tramp.
Madam, your carpets would shrink to be
Trod by a pauper, a roving scamp.
I only ask for a crust of bread,
A morsel of meat your dog can spare,
A draught from the well, and leave to spread
My meal on your lawn, in the open air.

"Walk in," again? Well, beggars, they say,
Must not be choosers, but you're too kind;
You'll wish you had sent me on my way
When you see the tracks I leave behind.
You've a pleasant smile, a motherly face.
You see I'm not used to ways polite;
I've often been kicked from door to door,
And learned that yelping dogs can bite.

"Sit down, and eat,"—to that table spread
For some more honored, expected guest!
Do you want to turn a poor tramp's head
With a glimpse at comforts of the blest?
"Welcome to all," and "God bless our home,"—
No need of those tablets on the wall;
Where doors are open to those that roam,
His choicest blessing must surely fall.

"For what we receive," I'll grateful be.
Don't say it now; let me rest awhile
In this easy-chair you have placed for me.
There's grace and blessing in your kind smile.
I cannot eat; there is something here,
Here in my throat, like a leaden ball;
And my eyes are dim. 'Tis many a year
Since these dry springs let a tear-drop fall.

"Seen better days?" Why, yes; tramps are made,
Not born to their mirey, mean estate.
God's image ne'er in the dust was laid
But by the blows of o'erwhelming fate.
I was once a man of sturdy frame,
Earnest and honest, could boast good birth;
But a fickle woman soiled my name,
And made me a worm to crawl the earth.

"Crossed in love," mum? Now you make me smile.
Are true love's crosses, then, hard to bear?
Yet you're half right—it was passion's guile
Robbed my young life of its blissful share.
I loved a maid, and I gained a mate;
I reared me a home supremely blest;
I walked the earth in my pride elate,
And joyed in the comforts that filled my nest.

But there came a call. You heard it, too;
Yonder crape-bound saber tells the tale
How civil war brought sorrow to you.
Pardon, I beg—you are turning pale;
I'm rough, you see. 'Twas a wicked thrust;
I'll go ere I deeper wound your heart.
A wretch like me you can only trust,
For a healing word, to return a smart.

"Go on!" "Go on?" Do you care to hear
More of my worthless, wretched life?
Well, I sprang at the call, and year by year
Followed the standard through blood and strife—
Followed it ever, till victory blest
Patriot zeal for its sturdy fight,
And unchained millions joyously prest
Into the gladness of liberty's light.

"And then came home?" Yes, came home to find
Treason had ravaged my peaceful nest;

For a crafty serpent had entwined
In poisonous folds the one loved best.
My wife had fled with my trusted friend,
Leaving our child to a stranger's care.
I fought the good fight; and this the end,–
For my country glory; for me despair.

Oh, yes, I worked, for I loved the child
With all the love she had turned away.
I was roughened by war; she, sweet and mild,
Out of the gloom brought a brighter day,
Till a fever-blast swept through the town.
I covered my pet with a paling face.
In vain; the angel of death swept down,
And snatched the darling from my embrace.

God knows I bowed 'neath His chastening hand,
With never a murmur of complaint.
A blighted home and a broken band,
On earth a mourner, in heaven a saint,—
'Tis the way of life; that broke me down.
The little burden, so good and fair,
Lifted above for a golden crown,
Left me a weightier cross to bear.

I tried to work, to crush out my grief
With studied stroke and frenzied zest;
But how can the wretched find relief
With none to be by his labor blest?
The noon-bell struck, a welcome pealed
To all my mates; 'twas to me a knell.
To them sweet, blissful home revealed,
But smote my heart like a sad farewell.

I forsook my tools, shook honest toil
From out my life to be borne no more.
And became a vagrant of the soil;
Yes, a tramp, to feed from door to door.

You see, I am frank. My pride has flown;
Of wretchedness I have had my fill;
Yet you are so kind, I'll frankly own,
I can neither drink nor steal nor kill.

"No hope," did you say? "No hope?" Yes, one,
To guide my poor old blistered feet,—
That somehow, somewhere beneath yon sun,
The base despoiler I shall meet.
On his throat my fingers fastened tight,
My foot upon his cowering frame,
His blood shall my bitter wrongs requite,
And blot out the record of my shame.

"She looking on!" What! Is that your creed,—
That angel watchers surround us here?
She looking down upon such a deed!
God grant, then, that meeting be not near!
You've driven revenge from out my breast;
I'll crawl content on my wretched way.
The bullets of war should have given me rest,
And spared my comrade Harry Fay.

"His mother!" You? Yes, those are his eyes;
And that is his sabre on the wall.
Brave fellow! 'Twas in a night surprise;
I fought at his side, and saw him fall.
"Oft mentioned me?" Well, now, that was kind.
Needn't have blushed for his comrade then;
For I was as—well, never mind.
What am I now? An outcast from men.

"My home with you!" and "For Henry's sake,
Redeem all my manhood's better part!"
The chance you offer I'll gladly take;
Heaven bless your trustful mother heart!
Yes, I'll work for you; but set the task,—

Beside the forge, or behind the plow.
Yes, mother, His gracious blessing ask:
The tramp has some one to live for now!

THE LITTLE BLACK-EYED REBEL.

A BOY drove into the city, his wagon loaded down
With food to feed the people of the British-governed town;
And the little black-eyed rebel, so cunning and so sly,
Was watching for his coming, from the corner of her eye.

His face was broad and honest, his hands were brown and tough,
The clothes he wore upon him were home-spun, coarse and rough;
But one there was who watched him, who long time lingered nigh,
And cast at him sweet glances, from the corner of her eye.

He drove up to the market, he waited in the line:
His apples and potatoes were fresh and fair and fine.
But long and long he waited, and no one came to buy,
Save the black-eyed rebel watching from the corner of her eye.

"Now, who will buy my apples?" he shouted long and loud;
And, "Who wants my potatoes?" he repeated to the crowd;
But from all the people round him came no word of reply,
Save the black-eyed rebel answering from the corner of her eye.

For she knew that 'neath the lining of the coat he wore that day
Were long letters from the husbands and the fathers far away,
Who were fighting for the freedom that they meant to gain, or die;
And a tear like silver glistened in the corner of her eye.

But the treasures—how to get them? crept the question through her mind,
Since keen enemies were watching for what prizes they might find;

And she paused awhile and pondered, with a pretty little sigh;
Then resolve crept through her features, and a shrewdness fired her eye.
So she resolutely walked up to the wagon old and red,
"May I have a dozen apples for a kiss?" she sweetly said;
And the brown face flushed to scarlet, for the boy was somewhat shy,
And he saw her laughing at him from the corner of her eye.

You may have them all for nothing, and more, if you want," quoth he.
"I will have them, my good fellow, but can pay for them," said she.
And she clambered on the wagon, minding not those who were by,
With a laugh of reckless romping in the corner of her eye.

Clinging round his brawny neck, she clasped her fingers white and small,
And then whispered, "Quick! the letters! thrust them underneath my shawl!
Carry back again this package, and be sure that you are spry!"
And she sweetly smiled upon him from the corner of her eye.

Loud the motley crowd were laughing at the strange, ungirlish freak;
And the boy was scared and panting, and so dashed he could not speak.
And, "Miss, I have good apples," a bolder lad did cry,
But she answered, "No, I thank you," from the corner of her eye.
With the news of loved ones absent to the dear friends they would greet,
Searching for those who hungered for them, swift she glided through the street;
"There is nothing worth the doing that it does not pay to try,"
Thought the little black-eyed rebel, with a twinkle in her eye.

WHAT WAS HIS CREED?

HE left a load of anthracite
In front of a poor widow's door
When the deep snow, frozen and white,
Wrapped street and square, mountain and moor
That was his deed;
He did it well;
"What was his creed?"
I cannot tell.

Blessed "in his basket and his store,"
In sitting down and rising up;
When more he got he gave the more,
Withholding not the crust and cup;
He took the lead
In each good task;
"What was his creed?
I did not ask.

His charity was like the snow,
Soft, white, and silken in its fall;
Not like the noisy winds that blow
From shivering trees the leaves; a pall
For flower and weed,
Dropping below;
"What was his creed?"
The poor may know.

He had great faith in loaves of bread
For hungry people, young and old;
And hope inspired, kind words he said,
To those he sheltered from the cold,
For he must feed
As well as pray;
"What was his creed?"
I cannot say.

In words he did not put his trust,
In faith his words he never writ;
He loved to share his cup and crust
With all mankind who needed it;
In time of need
A friend was he;
"What was his creed?"
He told not me.

He put his trust in Heaven, and
Worked right well with hand and head;
And what he gave in charity
Sweetened his sleep and daily bread.
Let us take heed,
For life is brief;
"What was his creed?"
"What his belief?"

HANNAH BINDING SHOES.

POOR lone Hannah,
Sitting at the window binding shoes.
Faded, wrinkled
Sitting, stitching, in a mournful muse.
Bright-eyed beauty once was she,
When the bloom was on the tree;—
Spring and winter,
Hannah's at the window binding shoes.

Not a neighbor
Passing, nod or answer will refuse
To her whisper:
"Is there from the fishers any news?"
Oh, her heart's adrift with one
On an endless voyage gone;—
Night and morning,
Hannah's at the window binding shoes.

Fair young Hannah,
Ben, the sunburnt fisher, gaily wooes;
Hale and clever,
For a willing heart and hand he sues.
May-day skies are all aglow,
And the waves are laughing so!
For her wedding
Hannah leaves her window and her shoes.

May is passing;
'Mid the apple-boughs a pigeon cooes;
Hannah shudders,
For the mild southwester mischief brews.
Round the rocks of Marblehead,
Outward bound, a schooner sped;
Silent, lonesome,
Hannah's at the window binding shoes.

'Tis November:
Now no tear her wasted cheek bedews,
From Newfoundland
Not a sail returning will she lose,
Whispering hoarsely, "Fishermen,
Have you—have you heard of Ben?
Old with watching,
Hannah's at the window binding shoes."

Twenty winters
Bleach and drear the ragged shores she views,
Twenty seasons,
Never one has brought her any news.
Still her dim eyes silently
Chase the white sails o'er the sea;—
Hopeless, faithful,
Hannah's at the window binding shoes.

LITTLE GRAVES.

THE winds stir idly by this knoll of bloom. How faintly the golden daisies scent the warm air coming up from silent dells and deep, still waters. Here a tender creeping vine, next a slim, white lily; two roses, gold and salmon, a cluster of heart's-ease, the border forget-me-nots, delicate myosotis, and beyond is myrtle, done blossoming, about the marble crosses. Is there not a strange, sad comfort in planting and tear-watering such sweetness above little graves? Always when you drop the spade mutely, imagining it a profanation of the place, and, kneeling down, you, with your hands, turn the warm earth back, as with your own hands you'd ever turn and smooth the cradle coverlets at the wee one's bedtime—always then, come back the old and oft-remembered fancies! Two little green and bloomy mounds! Here lies the boy, and here the tinier girl: Edmond and Eloise—Eddie and Elsie. This little fellow that slumbers here was greater in your mind than monarch or poet. You recall naught but beauty, and the bravery and manliness of his five years' sojourn with you. There are no little stings of his ill-conduct—perhaps you were not always as gentle as he deserved! Ah, no, 'tis only a passing fancy. You lived so much in his anticipated future; his education was already begun, a home education; even his profession prospected and conversed upon. You felt so safe and sure of him; now, you wonder how a moment could have been spent at ease away from the little man; then, you could leave him hours at a time, if it so happened. He had toys and pretty books; how proud you were, you and his father both, that this little "General" (as his uncle dubbed him), should read as he did, at four years old! You never urged him on; he sped swiftly ahead, gaining knowledge; his uncle almost wished to restrain him, saying it seemed perilous. You laughed at brother Charles; you felt so safe and sure of Eddie. Ay! until the time came. No wonder if you seemed stunned. Why, you stood all day long in one place there in the parlor with the windows open, the curtain fluttering in the soft summer breeze. Then you went out stealthily through the great hall door to the porch that you might know

for yourself if it were true or false; to feel no soft white streamers on the bell-knob, and so be assured it was not true. Alas! *they were there!* A white ague shook you, and shone in your face; then you, returning, stood in the hall alone, with the sunshine filtered by the green stained glass above the door, ghastly on your face; stood holding out your aching hands in the pallor of that light, repeating aloud over their ghastly hue, "Am I not dead? Am I not dead?" After the funeral, you had odd ways and notions; you were constantly frightened about the year-old baby; she seemed too fragile to keep longer with you. In the night you lay awake and suffered, even when she was not ill, but fresh and ruddy; terrible dreams besieged you, an awful desire to save her crowded constantly upon your brain; and so worn for weeks, you at last gave way to a low, contagious fever, raving day and night about death and your babies; both were alive to you, and both in danger; your hot hands clinched the air, you tossed in a fever spasm. After awhile came calm sleep, convalescence, finally recovery. The first words upon your lips were that your baby might be brought you; kept so long from your arms, the baby for whose kisses and lispings you were starving. They deceived you; they said it would not yet be safe. They deceived you, they could not bring your baby, she lay asleep "under the daisies" by little Eddie! They could not tell you this until you were stronger; too strong to swoon or fall back in relapse and die. They waited until you were strong enough to hear the news, broken by the most loving—the baby's father—till you were just strong enough to shriek at them all for letting your baby die, not *you;* for letting the little dimpled face slip out of your sight forever, and the tiny hands and lips for whose touch you were so hungry; to shriek that they could have kept her from the contagion, could have sent her away; to shriek until your husband, pale-faced, newly gray-haired with trouble, struck hand to brow, and rushed desperately out, crying: "My God! I cannot stand it!" Then you stopped; you had scarcely thought of him before; all his suffering, care and sorrow. You thought at last of duty, your duty to him, and you wept softly, yet with passion. After this you began to comfort him, and the sorrow grew less poignant.

In the autumn you dressed the little mounds yourself, for the first time, with the most beautiful leaves and late blossoms. Hours you sat, silently watching the place where the little ones slumbered. Yonder the flaming asters grew, and here the mild blue gentians. On this hillock you heard the waters murmur dreamily through the after day. Then you arose and softly sought your home. It is summer again; you wondered late in November, how you could ever endure the snow, the cold snow on those little graves; but when it really fell, flake after flake, you forgot the coldness in its mild and gentle purity; and so winter came and went. Sunset now; you gather up your garden tools to come away; then kneeling once more you lay a tender hand caressingly on either mound—on one little cross and on the other—"Eddie, Elsie, good-bye my precious babies!" So many little graves in the world! So many hopes and ambitions smothered and laid away; always remembered as what you had vainly dreamed of, but now have wholly relinquished to a hill-side, hedged about with golden daisies, to the bright sunshine, the silence, and to God's will.

"DEAD! NAME UNKNOWN."

"SOME charity, for Christ's sake!" At the door
Of princely mansion, timidly she stood;
Her scanty garments scarce concealed her poor
And shivering form. "Kind sir, a little food!
I have a dying child—no fire, no wood!
'Tis hard to beg, but ah! I cannot see
Her suffer; for she worked long as she could;
Some charity for Christ's sake! Let it be
Alone bestowed on her; think not of me."

"Begone, I say! How dare you enter here?
For Christ's Sake! Bah! that *is* a tale, indeed!
How chilly! *Ugh!* I shall be sick, I fear—
Jane, shut the door; and after this take heed,
Pay no attention to such folks in need;

Disturb me not beside my blazing grate,
With calls like this, to hear a beggar plead—
True, there's the theater! 'Tis almost eight;
Come, Julia dear, I fear we shall be late."

The curtain rose. It was "The Beggar Girl
Of Warsaw." Ne'er had acting seemed so well;
Scene after scene, that made the lip to curl
In scorn, or sentimental sigh to swell,
Or tear to fall, held as with magic spell
The breathless hundreds; and when plaintive cry—
"Some charity for Christ's sake!"—thrilling—fell,
It seemed an echo coming from the sky,
To which the actress raised her pleading eye.

Absorbed in the romance, a millionaire
Sat in his private box with lordly mien,
While by his side there sat a lady fair
And fascinating, jeweled like a queen—
'Twas plain they sat so that they might be seen;
From fiction's fancied woes what would they learn?
'Tis he, the same we saw at early e'en!
What pleasure in the *false* can those discern
Who heartlessly from *real* sufferings turn?

The play went on. Great city scenes were so
Portrayed in grim midwinter night, they seemed
As real; bleak, deserted streets; the glow
Of countless lamps, that on the vision beamed
So cold, and in the wildering distance gleamed
Like stars; palatial homes, from which the sound
Of music floated out and radiance streamed;
While o'er the way, in icy slumbers bound,
Some frozen wretch at early morn was found.

The proud man turned to find fair Julia's face
Just then concealed with dainty, jeweled hand,
That pressed a snowy bank of costly lace

Close to her swimming eyes. "That acting's grand,"
Said he, "more elevating than to stand
With beggar face to face. 'Tis strange; somehow,
That woman used those same expressions, and
They seem to haunt me—why should I allow
Such fancies? Come, the play is ended now.

"'Tis well we only have a square to go,
These heavy furs just suit such bitter night—
Look here, my boy, pray tell me if you know
The meaning of that crowd upon the right,
Just passing there within that crimson light
From yonder window?" "Oh, sir, they have caught
A thief; and she's in such a dreadful fright!
She stole a loaf of bread, sir! Like as not
She'll go to jail!" The answer was—"She ought."

"*Just come along!*" 'Twas a policeman spoke—
"I've heard that tale more than a hundred times;
So hungry—sick—at home—Well, that's a joke!
Who can be hungry with the Christmas chimes
Proclaiming plenty all around them? Crimes
Are serious things, good woman. *Help*, you say?
No help for you unless you have the *dimes;*
The hungry wretch who steals a loaf, to-day,
Is caught. The wealthy thief is helped away."

The court is called. Forth from their grated cells,
The prisoners are brought for hearing dread,
While each patrolman in rotation tells
His tale. The last indictment that was read
Told how a woman stole a loaf of bread;
"Where is she?" asked the Court in hasty tone;
The watch replied—"Your honor, *she is dead!*"
Last night, I locked her in a cell alone,
And she was dead this morning—*name unknown.*"

"Have morning paper, sir? It tells you all
"About the frozen girl;" the newsboy cried;

"Death in the lockup—all about the ball
Last night; tells how some feasted, how some died;
And when the great defaulter will be tried;
Two cents sir." "So that woman's tale was true
For once," the great man coldly said aside;
"'Tis well; I'm glad *my* act is out of view—
Both dead! What would the world say, if it knew?"

What can this false sensation do for man,
In splendid theaters applauded deep
By fashion's throng, who comfortably scan
Fictitious wretches starve and freeze and weep—
Price—fifty cents? Such charity is cheap!
True, like our millionaire, some choose to pay
Much greater prices, mostly done to keep
Above the common herd. So goes the play—
Cheap tears at night and icy hearts all day!

NEARER TO THEE.

[The line, "Nearer my God to Thee, nearer to Thee," should be sung by the reader.]

"NEARER, my God, to Thee," rose on the air,
Each note an ecstasy, joyous and rare,
Tones that were triumph peals shrined in a song,
Breathing of victory gained over wrong;
Out on the listening air, mocking at fear,
Ringing its clarion cry, fearless and clear,
Up from a soul redeemed, noble and free,
"Nearer my God to Thee, nearer to Thee."
"Nearer, my God, to Thee," thrilled on the air,
Each note an agony, linked with a prayer,
Out on a sinking ship, land out of sight,
Borne by the wailing winds into the night;
White-maned and angry waves howling in scorn,
Wild shrieks of helpless hearts over them borne;

Still rang one trusting voice high o'er the sea,
"Nearer, my God, to Thee, nearer to Thee."

"Nearer, my God, to Thee," thrilled on the breeze,
Far in a heathen land, 'neath the palm trees,
Rising in soulful notes, earnest and calm,
Trust and tranquility winging the psalm;
Fierce faces round about, fever and death
Mixed with the tropic flowers' balm-laden breath;
One lonely child of God bending the knee,
Saying with uplifted face, "Nearer to Thee."

"Nearer, my God, to Thee," echoed a street
Worn by the night tread of murderer's feet,
Up from a cellar, dark, noisome with slime,
Out o'er a motley crowd hideous with crime;
Curses and oaths obscene fouling the ear,
Still rose the trusting notes, trembling but clear;
Poverty, suffering, singing their plea,
Nearer, my God, to Thee, nearer to Thee."

"Nearer, my God, to Thee," rose from a room
Where a man, old and blind, sat in the gloom,
While his poor hands caressed, there on the bed,
One who was once his bride, silent and dead.
Worn were the wrinkled hands folded in sleep;
Closed were the patient eyes, slumbering deep.
"Called to her home," he said, "waiting for me;
Nearer, my God, to Thee, nearer to Thee."

"Nearer, my God, to Thee," triumph or prayer,
Winging its way every hour on the air,
O'er the whole world from a numberless throng,
Blending their smiles and their sighs in its song;
Priceless the memories, sweet and profound,
Linked like a chaplet of pearls by its sound.
Grant its petition till all the world be
"Nearer, my God, to Thee, nearer to Thee."

THE FIRST SNOWFALL.

[The following is one of the most pathetic poems in the language. It should be delivered in low tones and with the few gestures indicated.]

THE snow[290] had begun in the gloaming,
And busily all the night
Had been[29] heaping field and highway
With a silence deep and white.

Every[341] pine and fur and hemlock
Wore ermine too dear for an earl;
And the[316] poorest twig on the elm-tree
Was ridged inch deep with pearl.

From sheds new roofed with Carrara
Came[29] chanticleer's muffled crow;
The stiff rails were softened to swan's down
And still[134] fluttered down the snow.

I stood[56] and watched by the window
The noiseless work of the sky,
And the[29] sudden flurries of snowbirds,
Like brown leaves whirling by.

I thought of a[81] mound in sweet Auburn,
Where a little headstone stood;
How the flakes were[82] folding it gently,
As did robins the babes in the wood.

Up spoke our own little Mabel,
Saying[316] "Father, who makes it snow?"
And I told of the[133] good Allfather,
Who cares for us here below.

Again[29] I looked at the snowfall,
And thought of the leaden sky
That[30] arched o'er our first great sorrow,
When that mound was heaped so high.

I remembered[211] the gradual patience
That fell from that[341] cloud like snow,
Flake by flake, healing and hiding
The scar of our deep-plunged woe.

And again to the child I whispered,[107]
"The snow that husheth all,—
Darling, the[134] merciful Father
Alone can make it fall."

Then, with eyes that saw not,[185] I kissed her;
And she, kissing back, could not know
That *my* kiss was given to her sister,[82]
Folded close under deepening snow.

BINGEN ON THE RHINE.

[A soldier dying in a foreign country sends a message to the loved ones at home. To be spoken in low tones and with feeling and expression.]

A SOLDIER of the legion lay dying in Algiers;
There was lack of woman's nursing, there was dearth of woman's tears;
But a comrade stood beside him, while his life-blood ebbed away,
And bent, with pitying glances, to hear what he might say.
The dying soldier faltered, as he took that comrades' hand,
And he said, "I never more shall see my own, my native land;
Take a message and a token to some distant friends of mine,
For I was born at Bingen,—at Bingen on the Rhine.

"Tell my brothers and companions, when they meet and crowd around
To hear my mournful story, in the pleasant vineyard ground,
That we fought the battle bravely, and when the day was done
Full many a corse lay ghastly pale beneath the setting sun;
And 'mid the dead and dying were some grown old in wars,—
The death-wound on their gallant breasts the last of many scars;
And some were young, and suddenly beheld life's morn decline,—
And one had come from Bingen,—fair Bingen on the Rhine.

"Tell my mother that her other son shall comfort her old age;
For I was still a truant bird, that thought his home a cage.
For my father was a soldier, and even as a child
My heart leaped forth to hear him tell of struggles fierce and wild;
And when he died, and left us to divide his scanty hoard,
I let them take whate'er they would,—but kept my father's sword;
And with boyish love I hung it where the bright light used to shine,
On the cottage wall at Bingen,—calm Bingen on the Rhine.

"Tell my sister not to weep for me, and sob with drooping head,
When the troops come marching home again with glad and gallant tread,
But to look upon them proudly, with a calm and steadfast eye,
For her brother was a soldier, too, and not afraid to die;
And if a comrade seek her love, I ask her in my name
To listen to him kindly, without regret or shame,
And to hang the old sword in its place (my father's sword and mine)
For the honor of old Bingen,—dear Bingen on the Rhine.

"There's another, not a sister; in the happy days gone by
You'd have known her by the merriment that sparkled in her eye;
Too innocent for coquetry,—too fond for idle scorning,—
O friend, I fear the lightest heart makes sometimes heaviest mourning!
Tell her the last night of my life (for ere the moon be risen
My body will be out of pain, my soul be out of prison)
I dreamed I stood beside *her*, and saw the yellow sunlight shine
On the vine-clad hills of Bingen,—fair Bingen on the Rhine.

I saw the blue Rhine sweep along,—I heard or seemed to hear,
The German songs we used to sing, in chorus sweet and clear;
And down the pleasant river, and up the slanting hill,
The echoing chorus sounded, through the evening calm and still;

And her glad blue eyes were on me, as we passed, with friendly talk,
Down many a path beloved of yore, and well-remembered walk!
And her little hand lay lightly, confidingly in mine,—
But we'll meet no more at Bingen,—loved Bingen on the Rhine."

His trembling voice grew faint and hoarse,—his grasp was childish weak,—
His eyes put on a dying look,—he sighed and ceased to speak;
His comrade bent to lift him, but the spark of life had fled,—
The soldier of the Legion in a foreign land lay dead!
And the soft moon rose up slowly, and calmly she looked down
On the red sand of the battle-field, with bloody corses strewn;
Yes, calmly on that dreadful scene her pale light seemed to shine,
As it shone on distant Bingen,—fair Bingen on the Rhine.

A WALTZ QUADRILLE.

THE band was playing a waltz quadrille;
I felt as light as a wind-blown feather,
As we floated away at the caller's will
Through the intricate mazy dances together.
Like a mimic army our lines were meeting,
Slowly advancing, and then retreating,
All decked in their bright array;
And back and forth to the music's rhyme
We moved together, and all the time
I knew you were going away.

The fold of your strong arm sent a thrill
From heart to brain as we gently glided,
Like leaves on the waves of that waltz quadrille,
Parted, met, and again divided.
You drifted one way and I another,
Then suddenly turning and facing each other;

Then off in the blithe chassée;
Then airily back to our places swaying,
While every beat of the music seemed saying
That you were going away.

I said in my heart: "Let us take our fill
Of mirth and pleasure, and love and laughter,
For it all must end with this waltz quadrille,
And life will ne'er be the same life after.
O! that the caller might go on calling—
O! that the music might go on falling
Like a shower of silvery spray—
While we whirled on with the vast forever,
Where no hearts break and no ties sever,
And no one goes away."

A clamor, a crash, and the band was still.
'Twas the end of the dream and the end of the measure.
The last low notes of that waltz quadrille
Seemed like a dirge o'er the death of pleasure.
You said good night, and the spell was over—
Too warm for a friend and too cold for a lover—
There was nothing more to say;
But the lights looked dim and the dancers weary,
And the music was sad and the hall was dreary
After you went away.

CANDOR.

"I KNOW what you're going to say," she said
And she stood up, looking uncommonly tall;
"You are going to speak of the hectic fall
And say you're sorry the summer's dead,
And no other summer was like it, you know,
And I can imagine what made it so.
Now aren't you, honestly?" "Yes," I said.

"I know what you're going to say," she said;
"You're going to ask if I forget
That day in June when the woods were wet
And you carried me"—here she dropped her head
"Over the creek; you are going to say
Do I remember that horrid day?
Now aren't you, honestly?" "Yes," I said.

"I know what you're going to say," she said;
"You are going to say that since that time
You have rather tended to run to rhyme."
And her clear glance fell, and her cheek grew red—
"And have I noticed your tone was queer,
Why, everybody has seen it here!
Now aren't you, honestly?" "Yes," I said.

"I know what you're going to say," I said;
You are going to say you've been much annoyed,
And I'm short of tact—you will say devoid—
And I'm clumsy, and awkward, and call me Ted,
And I'll bear abuse like a dear old lamb,
And you'll have me, any way, just as I am.
Now aren't you, honestly?" "Ye—es," she said.

I HAVE DRANK MY LAST GLASS.

[An appropriate selection for a temperance meeting.]

NO, comrades, I thank you, not any for me;
My last chain is riven, henceforth I'm free;
I will go to my home and my children to-night
With no fumes of liquor their spirits to blight;
And with tears in my eyes I will beg my poor wife
To forgive me the wreck I have made of her life.
"I have never refused you before?" Let that pass,
For I've drank my last glass, boys,
I have drank my last glass.

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EXPECTATION.

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REPOSE.

Just look at me now, boys, in rags and disgrace,
With my bleared, haggard eyes, and my red, bloated face;
Mark my faltering step, and my weak, palsied hand.
And the mark on my brow that is worse than Cain's brand;
See my crownless old hat, and my elbows and knees,
Alike warmed by the sun, or chilled by the breeze.
Why, even the children will hoot as I pass;
But I've drank my last glass, boys,
I have drank my last glass.

You would scarce believe, boys, to look at me now
That a mother's soft hand was pressed on my brow
When she kissed me and blessed me, her darling, her pride,
Ere she laid down to rest by my dear father's side;
But with love in her eyes she looked up to the sky,
Bidding me meet her there, and whispered "Good by."
And I'll do it, God helping! Your smile I let pass,
For I've drank my last glass, boys,
I have drank my last glass.

Ah! I reeled home last night; it was not very late,
For I'd spent my last sixpence, and landlords won't wait
On a fellow who's left every cent in their till,
And has pawned his last bed, their coffers to fill.
Oh! the torments I felt, and the pangs I endured!
And I begged for one glass, just one would have cured,
But they kicked me out of doors. I let that, too, pass,
For I've drank my last glass, boys,
I have drank my last glass.

At home, my pet Susie, with her rich, golden hair,
I saw through the window, just kneeling in prayer;
From her pale, bony hands her torn sleeves were hung down,
While her feet, cold and bare, shrank beneath her scant gown;
And she prayed, prayed for bread, just a mere crust of bread,
For one crust, on her knees, my poor darling plead,
And I heard with no penny to buy one, alas!
But I've drank my last glass, boys,
I have drank my last glass.

For Susie, my darling, my wee six-year-old,
Though fainting with hunger and shivering with cold,
There on the bare floor, asked God to bless me!
And she said, "Don't cry, mamma! He will; for you see
I believe what I ask for!" Then sobered I crept
Away from the house; and that night when I slept
Next my heart lay the pledge. You smile! let it pass,
For I've drank my last glass, boys
I have drank my last glass.

My darling child saved me! Her faith and her love
Are akin to my dear sainted mother's above!
I will make my words true or I'll die in the race,
And sobered I'll go to my last resting place;
And she shall kneel there, and, weeping, thank God
No drunkard lies under the daisy-strewn sod!
Not a drop more of poison my lips shall e'er pass,
For I've drank my last glass, boys,
I have drank my last glass.

JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL.

[This selection can be rendered very effective by singing the hymn with the various expressions indicated: The careless child, the thoughtless maiden, the grief-stricken mother, the dying woman should be carefully portrayed.]

"JESUS, lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the billows near me roll—
While the tempest still is nigh;"
Carelessly a little child,
In the sunshine, at her play,
Lisping sang, and sweetly smiled,
On a joyous April day;
Sang with laughter light and droll—
Sang with mirth in each blue eye;
"Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly.'

"Hide me, O my Savior, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide—
O, receive my soul at last;"
Mused a maiden in her bower,
With a soul that knew no care,
Waiting for the wedding hour,
And the bridegroom's coming there;
Mused with heart by grief untried,
Mused with no regretful past;
"Safe into the haven guide—
O, receive my soul at last."

"Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone—
Still support and comfort me;"
Moaned a mother, as she bowed
O'er her baby, as it lay
Wrapped within its snowy shroud,
On a dreary autumn day;
Moaned of hopes forever flown—
Moaned of eyes that could not see;
"Leave, ah! leave me not alone;
Still support and comfort me."

"All my trust on Thee is stayed;
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenseless head
With the shadow of Thy wing."
Faint and weary in the race,
In death's winter evening gray,
With a sweet angelic face,
Dreamed a woman. Far away.
As the feeble twilight fled
Angels seemed with her to sing:
"Cover my defenseless head
With the shadow of Thy wing."

"Jesus, lover of my soul.
Let me to Thy bosom fly;
While the billows near me roll;
While the tempest still is nigh."
Ah! how soon our hopes decay;
We must suffer and endure;
Strive and struggle as we may,
Life is short and death is sure.
We may hear the anthem roll
Through the starry realms on high:
"Jesus lover of my soul,
Let my to Thy bosom fly."

SOMEBODY'S MOTHER.

THE woman was old and ragged and gray,
And bent with the chill of the winter's day.

The street was wet with the recent snow,
And the woman's feet were aged and slow.

She stood at the crossing and waited long,
Alone, uncared-for, amid the throng

Of human beings who passed her by,
Nor heeded the glance of her anxious eye.

Down the street with laughter and shout,
Glad in the freedom of school "let out,"

Came the boys like a flock of sheep,
Hailing the snow piled white and deep.

Past the woman so old and gray
Hastened the children on their way;

Nor offered a helping hand to her,
So meek, so timid, afraid to stir,

Lest the carriage wheels or the horses' feet
Should crowd her down in the slippery street.

At last came one of the merry troop—
The gayest laddie of all the group;

He paused beside her and whispered low.
"I'll help you across if you wish to go."

Her aged hand on his strong young arm
She placed, and so without hurt or harm;

He guides her trembling feet along,
Proud that his own were firm and strong.

Then back again to his friends he went,
His young heart happy and well content.

"She's somebody's mother, boys, you know,
For all she's aged and poor and slow;

"And I hope some fellow will lend a hand
To help my mother, you understand,

"If ever she's poor and old and gray,
When her own dear boy is far away."

And "somebody's mother" bowed low her head,
In her home that night, and the prayer she said

Was, "God be kind to the noble boy,
Who is somebody's son and pride and joy."

THE GRAY SWAN.

[This beautiful poem should be delivered in a natural tone of voice. The last verse is very dramatic and should be given with force and intensity.]

"OH, tell me, sailor, tell me true,
Is my little lad, my Elihu,
A-sailing with your ship?"
The sailor's eyes were dim with dew—
"Your little lad, your Elihu?"
He said with trembling lip—
"What little lad? What ship?"

"What little lad! as if there could be
Another such a one as he!
What little lad, do you say?
Why, Elihu, that to the sea
The moment I put him off my knee!
It was just the other day
The Gray Swan sailed away."

"The other day!" the sailor's eyes
Stood open with a great surprise,—
"The other day! the Swan!"
His heart began in his throat to rise.
"Ay, ay, sir; here in the cupboard lies
The jacket he had on."
"And so your lad is gone?"

"Gone with the Swan," "And did she stand
With her anchor clutching hold of the sand,
For a month, and never stir?"
"Why to be sure! I've seen from the land,
Like a lover kissing his lady's hand,
The wild sea kissing her,
A sight to remember, sir."

"But, my good mother, do you know
All this was twenty years ago?
I stood on the Gray Swan's deck,
And to that lad I saw you throw,
Taking it off, as it might be, so,
The kerchief from your neck."
"Ay, and he'll bring it back!"

"And did the little lawless lad
That has made you sick and made you sad,
Sail with the Gray Swan's crew?"
"Lawless! the man is going mad!
The best boy ever mother had—
Be sure he sailed with the crew!
What would you have him do?"

"And he has never written line,
Nor sent you word, nor made you sign
To say he was alive?"
"Hold! if 'twas wrong the wrong is mine,
Besides, he may be in the brine,
And could he write from the grave?

Tut, man; what would you have?"
Gone twenty years—a long, long cruise,
'Twas wicked thus your love to abuse;
But if the lad still live,
And come back home, think you, you can forgive?"
Miserable man; you're as mad as the sea—you rave—
What have I to forgive?"

The sailor twitched his shirt so blue,
And from within his bosom drew
The kerchief. She was wild.
"My God! my Father! is it true!
My little lad, my Elihu!
My blessed boy, my child!
My dead—my living child!"

GUILTY OR NOT GUILTY.

[The figures indicate a few typical gestures.]

SHE[290] stood at the bar of justice,
A creature wan and wild,
In form too small for a woman,
In features too old for a child;
For a look[185] so worn and pathetic
Was stamped on her pale young face,
It seemed long years of suffering
Must have left that silent trace.

"Your name,"[29] said the judge, as he eyed her
With a kindly look, yet keen;

"Is[315] Mary McGuire, if you please, sir."
"And your age?" "I'm turned fifteen."
"Well, Mary,"—and then from a paper
He slowly and gravely read.
"You are charged here[56]—I am sorry to say it—
With stealing three loaves of bread.

"You look[107] not like an old offender,
And I hope that you can show
The charge to be false. Now, tell me[29]
Are you guilty of this, or no?"
A passionate[30] burst of weeping
Was at first her sole reply,
But she dried her eyes in a moment
And looked in the judge's eye.

"I will[133] tell you just how it was, sir;
My father and mother are dead,
And my little brother and sisters
Were hungry, and asked me for bread.
At[29] first I earned it for them
By working hard all day,
But somehow times were bad, sir.[211]
And the work all fell away.

"I could get no more employment;
The weather[185] was bitter cold;
The young ones cried and shivered—
Little Johnny's but four years old;
So,[133] what was I to do, sir?
I am guilty, but do not condemn,
I took[82]—oh, was it stealing?—
The bread to give to them."

Every man[186] in the court room—
Graybeard and thoughtless youth—
Knew, as he looked upon her,
That the prisoner told the truth.
Out[29] of their pockets brought 'kerchiefs,

Out from their eyes sprung tears,
And out from old, faded wallets
Treasures hoarded for years.

The judge's face was a study,
The strangest you ever saw,
As he cleared[107] his throat and murmured
Something about the law;
For one so learned in such matters
So wise in dealing with men,
He[316] seemed on a simple question
Sorely puzzled just then.

But no one blamed him, or wondered,
When at last these words they heard.[56]
"The sentence of this young prisoner
Is, for the present, deferred."
And no one blamed him, or wondered
When he went to her and smiled,
And tenderly[29] led from the court room
Himself, the "guilty" child.

"ROCK OF AGES."

[The various extracts from the hymn should be sung by the reader. This selection is often delivered with the accompaniment of music, in a low tone, during the recitation.]

"ROCK of Ages, cleft for me,"
Thoughtlessly the maiden sung,
Fell the words unconsciously,
From her girlish, gleeful tongue
Sang as little children sing;
Sang as sing the birds in June,
Fell the words like light leaves down
On the current of the tune—
"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee."

"Let me hide myself in Thee,"
Felt her soul no need to hide.
Sweet the song as song could be—
And she had no thought beside;
All the words unheedingly
Fell from lips untouched by care,
Dreaming not they each might be
On some other lips a prayer—
"Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee."

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me"—
'Twas a woman sang them now.
Rose the song as storm-tossed bird
Beats with weary wing the air,
Every note with sorrow stirred—
Every syllable a prayer—
"Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee."

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me"—
Lips grown aged sung the hymn
Trustingly and tenderly—
Voice grown weak and eyes grown dim.
"Let me hide myself in Thee."
Trembling though the voice and low,
Ran the sweet strain peacefully,
Like a river in its flow,
Sung as only they can sing
Who life's thorny paths have pressed;
Sung as only they can sing
Who behold the promised rest—
"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee,"

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me."
Sung above a coffin lid;
Underneath, all restfully,

All life's joys and sorrows hid.
Nevermore, O storm-tossed soul!
Nevermore from wind or tide,
Nevermore from billows' roll,
Wilt thou need to hide.
Could the sightless, sunken eyes,
Closed beneath the soft gray hair,
Could the mute and stiffened lips
Move again in pleading prayer
Still, aye, still the words would be,
"Let me hide myself in Thee."

THE SPINNING-WHEEL SONG.

[This dainty love-poem affords every opportunity for the display of effective elocution. The description of the spinning-wheel should be given rapidly at first and gradually diminishing toward the end as the wheel turns slower and slower.]

MELLOW the moonlight to shine is beginning;
Close by the window young Eileen is spinning;
Bent o'er the fire, her blind grandmother, sitting,
Is crooning, and moaning, and drowsily knitting,—
"Eileen, achora, I hear some one tapping."
"'Tis the ivy, dear mother, against the glass flapping."
"Eileen, I surely hear somebody sighing."
"'Tis the sound, mother dear, of the summer-wind dying."

Merrily, cheerily, noisily whirring,
Swings the wheel, spins the reel, while the foot's stirring;
Sprightly, and lightly, and airily ringing,
Thrills the sweet song that the young maiden is singing.
"What's that noise I hear at the window, I wonder?"
"'Tis the little birds chirping the holly bush under."
"What makes you be shoving and moving your stool on,
"And singing all wrong that old song of the Coolun'?"

There's a form at the casement—the form her true love,—
And he whispers, with face bent, "I'm waiting for you, love;

Get up on the stool, through the lattice step lightly,
We'll rove in the grove while the moon's shining brightly."

Merrily, cheerily, noisily whirring,
Swings the wheel, spins the reel, while the foot's stirring,
Sprightly, and lightly, and airily ringing,
Trills the sweet voice of the young maiden singing.
The maid shakes her head, on her lip lays her fingers;
Steals up from her seat—longs to go, and yet lingers;
A frightened glance turns to her drowsy grandmother,
Puts one foot on the stool, spins the wheel with the other.

Lazily, easily swings now the wheel round;
Slowly and lowly is heard now the reel's sound,
Noiseless and light to the lattice above her
The maid steps—then leaps to the arms of her lover.
Slower—and slower—and slower the wheel swings;
Lower—and lower—and lower the reel rings;
Ere the reel and the wheel stop their ringing and moving
Through the grove the young lovers by moonlight are roving.

THE CLOWN'S BABY.

[This selection is full of the rude chivalry of the frontier. It should be read with animation.]

IT was out on the western frontier,
The miners, rugged and brown,
Were gathered around the posters;
The circus had come to town!
The great tent shone in the darkness,
Like a wonderful palace of light,
And rough men crowded the entrance:
Shows didn't come every night.

Not a woman's face among them,
Many a face that was bad,
And some that were very vacant,

And some that were very sad.
And behind a canvas curtain,
In a corner of the place,
The clown, with chalk and vermillion,
Was "making up" his face.

A weary-looking woman,
With a smile that still was sweet,
Sewed on a little garment,
With a cradle at her feet.
Pantaloon stood ready and waiting;
It was time for the going on,
But the clown in vain searched wildly,
The "property baby" was gone.

He murmured, impatiently hunting,
"It's strange that I cannot find;
There! I've looked in every corner;
It must have been left behind!"
The miners were stamping and shouting,
They were not patient men;
The clown bent over the cradle.
"I must take you, little Ben."

The mother started and shivered,
But trouble and want were near,
She lifted her baby gently;
"You'll be very careful, dear?"
"Careful? You foolish darling!"
How tenderly it was said!
What a smile shone through the chalk and paint!
"I love each hair of his head!"

The noise rose unto an uproar,
Misrule for a time was king;
The clown with a foolish chuckle,
Bolted into the ring.
But, as with a squeak and flourish,

The fiddles closed their tune,
"You'll hold him as if he was made of glass?"
Said the clown to the pantaloon.

The jovial fellow nodded,
"I've a couple myself," he said,
"I know how to handle 'em, bless you!
Old fellow, go ahead!"
The fun grew fast and furious,
And not one of all the crow
Had guessed that the baby was alive,
When he suddenly laughed aloud.

Oh, that baby laugh! it was echoed
From the benches with a ring,
And the roughest customer there sprang up
With "Boys, it's the real thing!"
The ring was jammed in a minute,
Not a man that did not strive
For "a shot at holding the baby,"
The baby that was "alive!"

He was thronged by kneeling suitors
In the midst of the dusty ring,
And he held his court right royally
The fair little baby king,
Till one of the shouting courtiers
A man with a bold, hard face,
The talk, for miles, of the country,
And terror of the place,

Raised the little king to his shoulder,
And chuckled, "Look at that!"
As the chubby fingers clutched his hair;
Then, "Boys, hand round the hat!"
There never was such a hatful
Of silver and gold and notes;
People are not always penniless
Because they don't wear coats!

And then, "Three cheers for the baby!'
I tell you those cheers were meant,
And the way in which they were given
Was enough to raise the tent.
And then there was sudden silence,
And a gruff old miner said,
"Come, boys, enough of this rumpus;
It is time it was put to bed."

So, looking a little sheepish,
But with faces strangely bright,
The audience somewhat lingering,
Flocked out into the night
And the bold-faced leader chuckled,
"He wasn't a bit afraid!
He's as game as he is good-looking;
Boys, that was a show that paid."

FAILED.

[To be recited naturally, but with suppressed feeling.]

YES, I'm a ruined man, Kate—everything gone at last;
Nothing to show for the trouble and toil of the weary years that are past;
Houses and lands and money have taken wings and fled;
This very morning I signed away the roof from over my head.

I shouldn't care for myself, Kate; I'm used to the world's rough ways;
I've dug and delved and plodded along through all my manhood days;
But I think of you and the children, and it almost breaks my heart;
For I thought so surely to give my boys and girls a splendid start.

So many years on the ladder, I thought I was near the top—
Only a few days longer, and then I expected to stop,
And put the boys in my place, Kate, with an easier life ahead;
But now I must give the prospect up; that comforting dream is dead.

"I am worth more than my gold, eh?" You're good to look at it so;
But a man isn't worth very much, Kate, when his hair is turning to snow.
My poor little girls, with their soft white hands, and their innocent eyes of blue,
Turned adrift in the heartless world—what can and what will they do?

"An honest failure?" Indeed it was; dollar for dollar was paid;
Never a creditor suffered, whatever people have said.
Better are rags and a conscience clear than a palace and flush of shame.
One thing I shall leave to my children, Kate; and that is an honest name.

What's that? "The boys are not troubled, they are ready now to begin
And gain us another fortune, and work through thick and thin?"
The noble fellows! already I feel I haven't so much to bear;
Their courage has lightened my heavy load of misery and despair.

"And the girls are so glad it was honest; they'd rather not dress so fine,
And think they did it with money that wasn't honestly mine?"
They're ready to show what they're made of—quick to earn and to save—
My blessed, good little daughters! so generous and so brave!

And you think we needn't fret, Kate, while we have each other left,

No matter of what possessions our lives may be bereft?
You are right. With a quiet conscience, and a wife so good and true,
I'll put my hand to the plow again; and I know that we'll pull through.

SHADOWS.

WE stood where the snake-like ivy
Climbed over the meadow bars,
And watched as the young night sprinkled
The sky with her cream-white stars.
The clover was red beneath us,
The air had the smell of June,
The cricket chirped in the grasses,
And the soft rays of the moon

Drew our shadows on the meadow,
Distorted and lank and tall;
His shadow was kissing my shadow
That was the best of all.
My heart leaped up as he whispered
"I love you, Margery Lee,"
For then one arm of his shadow
Went round the shadow of me.

"I love you, Margery darling
Because you are young and fair,
For your eyes' bewildering blueness,
And the gold in your curling hair.
No queen has hands that are whiter,
No lark has a voice so sweet,
And your ripe young lips are redder
Than the clover at your feet."

"My heart will break with its fullness,
Like a cloud o'ercharged with rain;
Oh, tell me, Margery darling,
How long must we love in vain!

With blushes and smiles I answered
(I will not tell what); just then
I saw that his saucy shadow
Was kissing my own again.

He promised to love me only—
I promised to love but him,
Till the moon rose out of the heavens,
And the stars with age grew dim,
Oh! The strength of man's devotion!
Oh! The vows a woman speaks!
Tis years since that blush of rapture
Broke redly over my cheeks.

He found a gold that was brighter
Than that in my floating curls,
And married a cross-eyed widow,
With a dozen grown-up girls.
And I—did I pine and languish?
Did I weep my blue eyes sore?
Or break my heart, do you fancy,
For a love that was mine no more?

I stand to-night in the meadows,
Where Harry and I stood then,
And the moon has drawn two shadows
Out over the grass again;
And a low voice keeps repeating—
So close to my startled ear
That the shadows melt together—
"I love you, Margery dear.

"Tis not for your cheeks' rich crimson,
And not your eyes so blue,
But because your heart is tender
And noble and good and true."
The voice is dearer than Harry's,
And so I am glad you see,
He married the cross-eyed widow
Instead of Margery Lee.

LOST AND FOUND.

SOME miners were sinking a shaft in Wales—
(I know not where,—but the facts have fill'd
A chink in my brain, while other tales

Have been swept away, as, when pearls are spill'd,
One pearl rolls into a chink in the floor);
Somewhere, then, where God's light is kill'd,

And men tear in the dark at the earth's hearth-core.
These men were at work, when their axes knock'd
A hole in the passage closed years before.

A slip in the earth, I suppose, had block'd
This gallery suddenly up with a heap
Of rubble, as safe as a chest is lock'd,

Till these men pick'd it! and 'gan to creep
In, on all fours. Then a loud shout ran
Round the black roof—" Here's a man asleep!"

They all pushed forward, and scarce a span
From the mouth of the passage, in sooth, the lamp
Fell on the upturned face of a man.

No taint of death, no decaying damp
Had touch'd that fair young brow, whereon
Courage had set its glorious stamp.

Calm as a monarch upon his throne,
Lips hard clench'd, no shadow of fear,
He sat there, taking his rest, alone.

He must have been there for many a year;
The spirit had fled, but there was its shrine,
In clothes of a century old or near!

The dry and embalming air of the mine
Had arrested the natural hand of decay,
Nor faded the flesh, nor dimm'd a line.

Who was he, then? No man could say
When the passage had suddenly fallen in—
Its memory, even, had passed away!

In their great rough arms, begrimed with coal,
They took him up, as a tender lass
Will carry a babe, from that darksome hole,

To the outer world of the short warm grass.
Then up spoke one, "Let us send for Bess,
She is seventy-nine, come Martinmas;

"Older than any one here, I guess!
Belike, she may mind when the wall fell there,
And remember the chap by his comeliness."

So they brought old Bess, with her silver hair,
To the side of the hill, where the dead man lay
Ere the flesh had crumbled in outer air.

And the crowd around them all gave way,
As with tottering steps old Bess drew nigh,
And bent o'er the face of the unchanged clay.

Then suddenly rang a sharp low cry!
Bess sank on her knees, and wildly toss'd
Her wither'd arms in the summer sky.

"O Willie! Willie! my lad! my lost!
The Lord be praised! after sixty years
I see you again! The tears you cost,

"O Willie, darlin', were bitter tears!
The never looked for ye underground,
They told me a tale to mock my fears!

"They said ye were auver the sea—ye'd found
A lass ye loved better nor me, to explain
How ye'd a-vanish'd fra sight and sound!

"O darlin', a long, long life o' pain
I ha' lived since then! And now I'm old,
Seems a'most as if youth were come back again.

"Seeing ye there wi' your locks o' gold,
And limbs as straight as ashen beams,
I a'most forget how the years ha' rolled

"Between us! O Willie! how strange it seems
To see ye here as I've seen you oft,
Auver and auver again in dreams!"

In broken words like these, with soft
Low wail she rock'd herself. And none
Of the rough men around her scoff'd.

For surely a sight like this, the sun
Had rarely looked upon. Face to face,
The old dead love and the living one!

The dead, with its undimm'd fleshly grace
At the end of the three score years; the quick,
Pucker'd, and wither'd, without a trace

Of its warm girl beauty! A wizard's trick
Bringing the youth and the love that were,
Back to the eyes of the old and sick!

These bodies were just of one age; yet there
Death, clad in youth, had been standing still,
While life had been fretting itself threadbare!

But the moment was come (as a moment will
To all who have loved, and have parted here,
And have toil'd alone up the thorny hill;

When, at the top, as their eyes see clear,
Over the mists in the vale below,
Mere specks their trials and toils appear,

Beside the eternal rest they know)—
Death came to old Bess that night, and gave
The welcome summons that she should go.

And now, though the rains and winds may rave,
Nothing can part them. Deep and wide,
The miners that evening dug one grave!

And there, while the summers and winters glide
Old Bess and young Willie sleep side by side!

PART VI.

Readings With Musical Accompaniments.

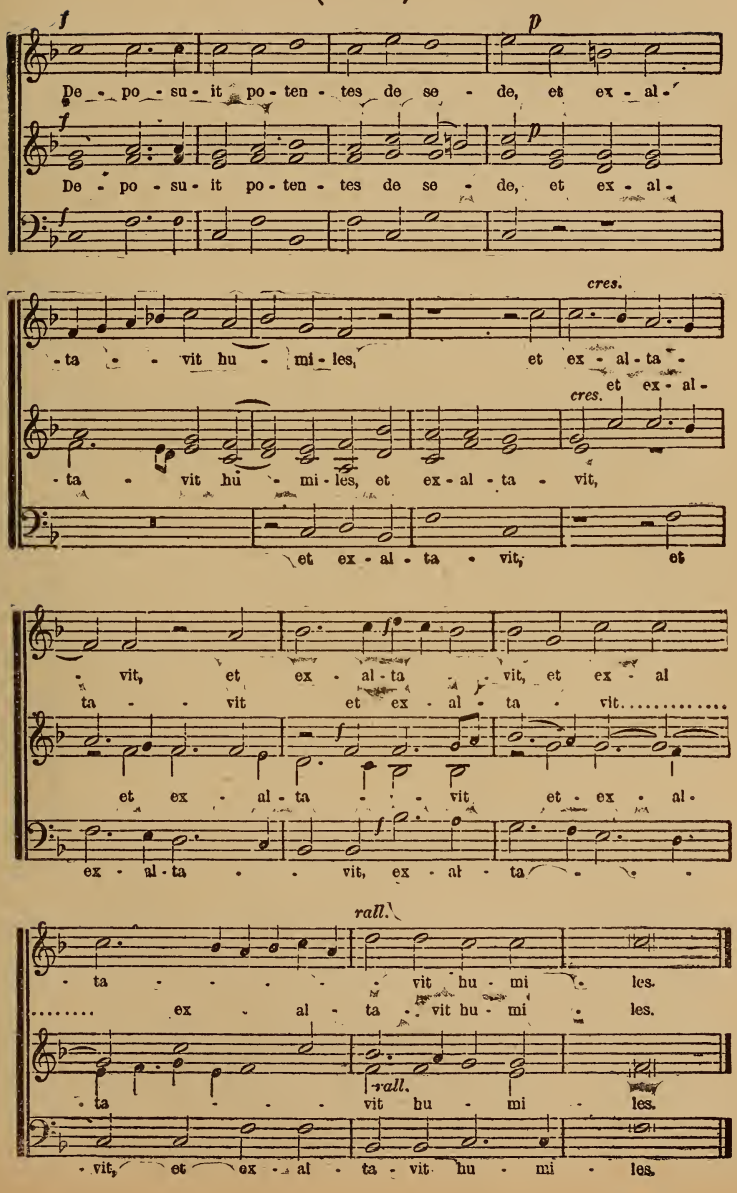
KING ROBERT OF SICILY.

[This selection is a remarkably effective one for a church reading when accompanied by organ. The chant should be given by voices of invisible persons, bass or contralto. The music will be found on the following page.]

ROBERT of Sicily, brother of Pope Urbane
And Valmond, Emperor of Allemane,
Appareled in magnificent attire,
With retinue of many a knight and squire,
On St. John's eve, at vespers, proudly sat (*Music.*)
And heard the priests chant the Magnificat,
(*Chant.*)
And as he listened, o'er and o'er again
Repeated, like a burden or refrain,
He caught the words, "*Deposuit potentes*
De sede et exaltavit humiles;"
And slowly lifting up his kingly head,
He to a learned clerk beside him said,
"What mean these words?" the clerk made answer meet:
"He has put down the mighty from their seat,
And has exalted them of low degree."
Thereat King Robert muttered scornfully,
"'Tis well that such seditious words are sung
Only by priests and in the Latin tongue;
For unto priests and people be it known,
There is no power can push me from my throne."
And, leaning back, he yawned and fell asleep,
Lulled by the chant monotonous and deep. (*Music ceases.*)

When he awoke it was already night;
The church was empty, and there was no light,

(*Chant.*)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- ta - - - vit hu - mi - les.
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Save where the lamps, that glimmered few and faint,
Lighted a little space before some saint.
He started from his seat and gazed around,
But saw no living thing and heard no sound.
He groped towards the door, but it was locked;
He cried aloud, and listened, and then knocked,
And uttered awful threatenings and complaints,
And imprecations upon men and saints.
The sounds re-echoed from the roof and walls
As if dead priests were laughing in their stalls,

At length the sexton hearing from without
The tumult of the knocking and the shout,
And thinking thieves were in the house of prayer,
Came with his lantern, asking, "Who is there?"
Half choked with rage, King Robert fiercely said,
"Open; 'tis I, the King! Art thou afraid?"
The frightened sexton, muttering, with a curse,
"This is some drunken vagabond, or worse!"
Turned the great key and flung the portal wide;
A man rushed by him at a single stride,
Haggard, half naked, without hat or cloak,
Who neither turned, nor looked at him, nor spoke,
But leaped into the blackness of the night
And vanished like a specter from his sight.

Robert of Sicily, brother of Pope Urbane
And Valmond, Emperor of Allemaine,
Despoiled of his magnificent attire,
Bareheaded, breathless, and besprent with mire,
With sense of wrong and outrage desperate,
Strode on and thundered at the palace gate,
Rushed through the court-yard, thrusting in his rage
To right and left each seneschal and page,
And hurried up the broad and sounding stair,
His white face ghastly in the torches' glare.
From hall to hall he passed with breathless speed;

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MODESTY.

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DISCERNMENT.

Voices and cries he heard, but did not heed,
Until at last he reached the banquet room,
Blazing with light and breathing with perfume.

There on the dais sat another king,
Wearing his robes, his crown, his signet-ring,
King Robert's self in feature, form and height,
But all transfigured with angelic light!
It was an Angel; and his presence there
With a divine effulgence filled the air,
An exaltation, piercing the disguise,
Though none the hidden Angel recognize.
A moment speechless, motionless, amazed,
The throneless monarch on the Angel gazed,
Who met his look of anger and surprise
With the divine compassion of his eyes;
Then said, "Who art thou? and why com'st thou here?
To which King Robert answered with a sneer,
"I am the King, and come to claim my own
From an impostor, who usurps my throne!"
And suddenly, at these audacious words,
Up sprang the angry guests and drew their swords!
The Angel answered with unruffled brow,
"Nay, not the King, but the King's Jester, thou
Henceforth shalt wear the bells and scalloped cape,
And for thy counsellor shall lead an ape;
Thou shalt obey my servants when they call,
And wait upon my henchmen in the hall."

Deaf to King Robert's threats and cries and prayers,
They thrust him from the hall and down the stairs;
A group of tittering pages ran before,
And as they opened wide the folding door,
His heart failed, for he heard with strange alarms,
The boisterous laughter of the men-at-arms,
And all the vaulted chamber roar and ring
With the mock plaudits of "Long Live the King!"

Next morning, waking with the day's first beam,
He said within himself, "It was a dream!"
But the straw rustled as he turned his head,
There were the cap and bells beside his bed,
Around him rose the bare, discolored walls,
Close by the steeds were champing in their stalls,
And in the corner, a revolting shape,
Shivering and chattering sat the wretched ape.
It was no dream; the world he loved so much
Had turned to dust and ashes at his touch!
Days came and went; and now returned again
To Sicily the old Saturnian reign;
Under the Angel's governance benign
The happy island danced with corn and wine,
And deep within the monarch's burning breast
Enceladus, the giant, was at rest.

Meanwhile King Robert yielded to his fate,
Sullen and silent and disconsolate,
Dressed in the motley garb that jesters wear,
With look bewildered and a vacant stare,
Close shaven above the ears, as monks are shorn,
By courtiers mocked, by pages laughed to scorn,
His only friend the ape, his only food
What others left,—he still was unsubdued.
And when the Angel met him on his way,
And half in earnest, half in jest, would say,
Sternly, though tenderly, that he might feel
The velvet scabbard held a sword of steel,
"Art thou the King?" the passion of his woe
Burst from him in resistless overflow,
And lifting high his forehead he would fling
The haughty answer back: "I am, I am the King!'

Almost three years were ended; when there came
Ambassadors of great repute and name
From Valmond, Emperor of Allemaine,

Unto King Robert, saying that Pope Urbane
By letter summoned them forthwith to come
On Holy Thursday to his City of Rome.

The Angel with great joy received his guests,
And gave them presents of embroidered vests,
And velvet mantles with rich ermine lined,
And rings and jewels of the rarest kind;
Then he departed with them o'er the sea
Into the lovely land of Italy,
Whose loveliness was more resplendent made
By the mere passing of that cavalcade,
With plumes, and cloaks, and housings, and the stir
Of jeweled bridle and of golden spur.

And lo! among the menials, in mock state,
Upon a piebald steed, with shambling gait,
His cloak of fox-tails flapping in the wind,
The solemn ape demurely perched behind,
King Robert rode, making huge merriment
In all the country towns through which they went.
The Pope received them with great pomp and blare
Of bannered trumpets on St. Peter's square,
Giving his benediction and embrace,
Fervent and full of apostolic grace,
While with congratulations and with prayers
He entertained the Angel unawares.

Robert, the Jester, bursting through the crowd,
Into their presence rushed and cried aloud,
"I am the King! Look and behold in me
Robert, your brother, King of Sicily!
This man who wears my semblance to your eyes,
Is an imposter in a king's disguise.
Do you not know me? does no voice within
Answer my cry, and say we are akin?"
The Pope in silence, but with troubled mien

Gazed at the Angel's countenance serene;
The Emperor, laughing, said, "It is strange sport
To keep a madman for thy fool at court!"
And the poor, baffled Jester in disgrace
Was hustled back among the populace.

In solemn state the holy week went by,
And Easter Sunday gleamed upon the sky;
The presence of the Angel, with its light,
Before the sun rose, made the city bright,
And with new fervor filled she hearts of men,
Who felt that Christ indeed had risen again.
Even the Jester on his bed of straw,
With haggard eyes the unwonted splendor saw,
He felt within a power unfelt before,
And, kneeling humbly on his chamber floor,
He heard the rushing garments of the Lord
Sweep through the silent air, ascending heavenward.

And now the visit ending, and once more
Valmond returning to the Danube's shore,
Homeward the Angel journeyed, and again
The land was made resplendent with his train
Flashing along the towns of Italy
Unto Salerno, and from thence by the sea.
And then once more within Palermo's wall,
And seated on the throne in his great hall,
(*Music—continuing to the close.*)

He heard the Angelus from convent towers,
As if a better world conversed with ours,
He beckoned to King Robert to draw nigher,
And with a gesture bade the rest retire;
And when they were alone, the Angel said,
"Art thou the King?" Then, bowing down his head
King Robert crossed both hands upon his breast,
And meekly answered him: "Thou knowest best!"

My sins as scarlet are; let me go hence,
And in some cloister's school of penitence,
Across those stones, that pave the way to heaven,
Walk barefoot, till my guilty soul be shriven!"

The Angel smiled, and from his radiant face
A holy light illumined all the place,
And through the open window, loud and clear,
They heard the monks chant in the chapel near,
Above the stir and tumult of the street:
"He has put down the mighty from their seat,
And has exalted them of low degree!"
And through the chant a second melody
Rose like the throbbing of a single string:
"I am an Angel, and thou art the King!"

King Robert, who was standing near the throne,
Lifted his eyes, and lo! he was alone!
But all appareled as in days of old,
With ermined mantle and with cloth of gold;
And when his courtiers came, they found him there
Kneeling upon the floor, absorbed in silent prayer.

AUX ITALIENS.

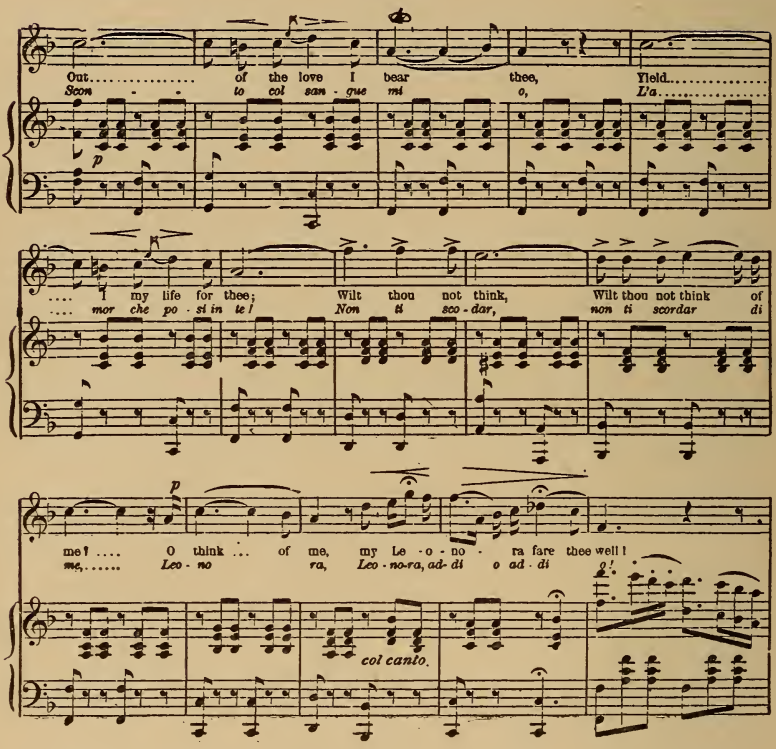
[The following selection can be rendered very effective by the accompaniment of the following music played very softly during the entire recitation. The words in Italian should be sung by an invisible assistant in a clear tenor voice at the end of the third and last verses.]

AT Paris it was, at the opera there;
And she looked like a queen in a book that night,
With a wreath of pearl in her raven hair,
And the brooch on her breast so bright.

Of all the operas that Verdi wrote,
The best, to my taste, is the Trovatoré;
And Mario can soothe with a tenor note,
The souls in purgatory.

The moon on the tower slept soft as snow;
And who was not thrilled in the strangest way,
As we heard him sing, while the gas burned low,

(*Song.*)



The emperor there, in his box of state,
Looked grave, as if he had just then seen
The red flag wave from the city gate,
Where his eagles in bronze had been.

The empress, too, had a tear in her eye;
You'd have said her fancy had gone back again
For a moment under the old blue sky,
To the old glad life in Spain.

Well! there in our front row box we sat
Together, my bride betrothed and I;
My gaze was fixed on my opera hat,
And hers on the stage hard by.

And both were silent, and both were sad—
Like a queen she leaned on her full white arm,
With that regal, indolent air she had,
So confident of her charm!

I have not a doubt she was thinking then
Of her former lord, good soul that he was,
Who died the richest and soundest of men,
The Marquis of Carabas.

I hope that to get to the kingdom of heaven,
Through a needle's eye he had not to pass;
I wish him well for the jointure given
To my lady of Carabas.

Meanwhile, I was thinking of my first love,
As I had not been thinking of aught for years;
Till over my eyes there began to move,
Something that felt like tears.

I thought of the dress she wore last time,
When we stood 'neath the cypress trees together,
In that lost land, in that soft clime,
In the crimson, evening weather;

Of that muslin dress (for the eve was hot)
And her warm white neck in its golden chain,
And her full soft hair just tied in a knot,
And falling loose again;

And the jasmine flower in her fair young breast;
(O the faint, sweet smell of that jasmine flower!)
And the one bird singing alone to his nest;
And the one star over the tower.

I thought of our little quarrels and strife,
And the letter that brought me back my ring;

And it all seemed there, in the waste of life,
Such a very little thing!

For I thought of her grave below the hill,
Which the sentinel cypress tree stands over;
And I thought "were she only living still,
How I could forgive her and love her!"

And I swear, as I thought of her thus in that hour,
And of how, after all, old things are best,
That I smelt the smell of that jasmine flower
Which she used to wear in her breast.

* * * * * * *

I turned and looked; she was sitting there,
In a dim box over the stage; and drest
In that muslin dress, with that full, soft hair,
And that jasmine in her breast!

I was here, she was there;
And the glittering horse-shoe curved between;
From my bride betrothed, with her raven hair
And her sumptuous mien

To my early love, with the eyes downcast,
And over her primrose face the shade
(In short, from the future back to the past)
There was but a step to be made.

To my early love from my future bride
One moment I looked, then I stole to the door,
I traversed the passage, and down at her side
I was sitting, a moment more.

My thinking of her, or the music's strain,
Or something which never will be exprest,
Had brought her back from the grave again,
With the jasmine flower in her breast.

She is not dead, and she is not wed!
But she loves me now, and she loved me then!
And the very first word that her sweet lips said,
My heart grew youthful again.

The marchioness there, of Carabas,
She is wealthy, and young and handsome still;
And but for her . . . well, we'll let that pass;
She may marry whomever she will.

But I will marry my own first love,
With her primrose face, for the old things are best;
And the flower in her bosom, I prize it above
The brooch in my lady's breast.

The world is filled with folly and sin,
And love must cling where it can, I say;
For beauty is easy enough to win;
But one isn't loved every day!

And I think in the lives of most women and men
There's a moment when all would go smooth and even
If only the dead could find out when
To come back and be forgiven.

But O the smell of that jasmine flower!
And O that music! and O the way
That voice rang out from the donjon tower,
(*Repeat song.*)

THE SONG OF THE CAMP.

[The song can be rendered by the reader or an invisible choir.]

AN INCIDENT OF THE CRIMEAN WAR.

"GIVE us a song!" the soldiers cried,
The outer trenches guarding,
When the heated guns of the camps allied
Grew weary of bombarding.

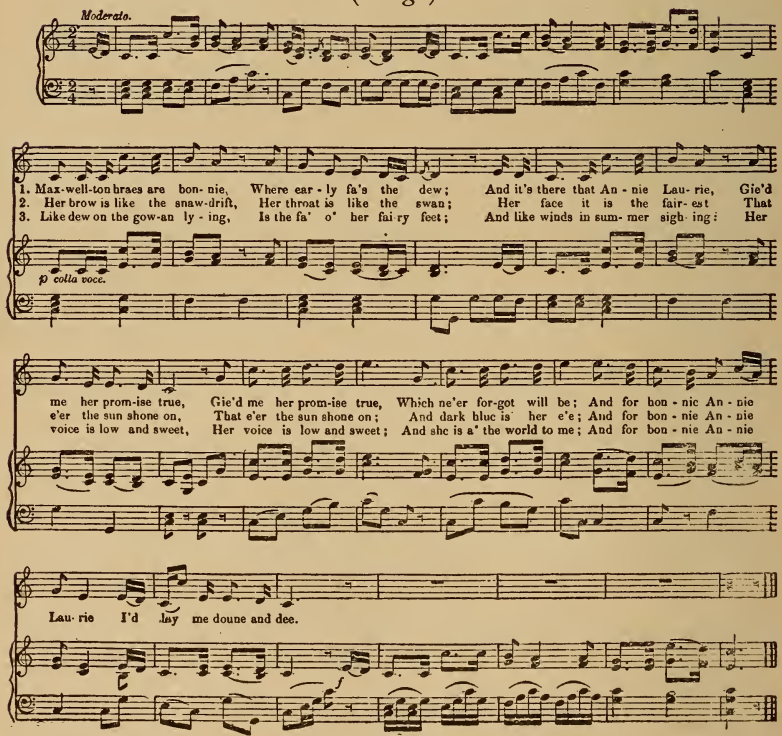
The dark Redan in silent scoff,
Lay grim and threatening, under;
And the tawny mound of Malakoff
No longer belched its thunder.

There was a pause. A guardsman said:
"We storm the forts to-morrow;
Sing while you may, another day
Will bring enough of sorrow."

They lay along the batteries' side,
Below the smoking cannon;
Brave hearts, from Severn and from Clyde,
And from the banks of Shannon.

They sang of love, and not of fame!
Forgot was Britain's glory!
Each heart recalled a different name,
But all sang:—

(*Song.*)



Voice after voice caught up the song
  Until its tender passion
Rose like an anthem, rich and strong,—
  Their battle eve confession.

Dear girl, her name he dared not speak,
  But as the song grew louder,
Something upon the soldier's cheek
  Washed off the stains of powder,

Beyond the darkening ocean burned
  The bloody sunset's embers,
While the Crimean valleys learned
  How English love remembers.

And once again that fire of hell
  Rained on the Russian quarters,
With scream of shot and burst of shell,
  And bellowing of the mortars !

And Irish Nora's eyes are dim
  For a singer dumb and gory;
And English Mary mourns for him
  Who sang:— (*Softly, with much feeling.*)

And for bonnie Annie Laurie,
I'd lay me doune and dee.

Sleep, soldiers! still in honored rest
  Your truth and valor wearing.
The bravest are the tenderest;
  The loving are the daring.

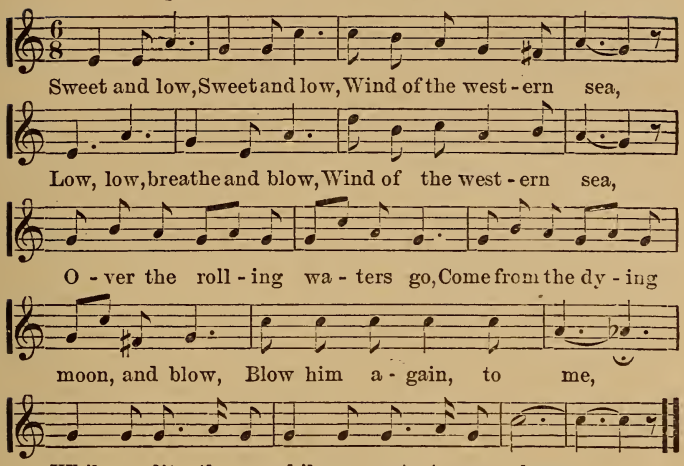
THE STREET MUSICIANS.

ONE day, through a narrow and noisome street,
Where naught but squalor and poverty greet
The passer-by, I chanced to stray.
'Twas a mellow and bright October day,
A genial autumn sun shown down
On rich and poor in that crowded town;
And over the house-tops a deep blue sky
Greeted each beggar's upturned eye,
While the very heavens seemed to smile
His hunger and weariness to beguile
Bare-headed children, ragged and free,
Over the curb stones, romped in glee.
Lazily by, an officer walked;
Shopmen stood in their doors and talked;
Now and then, with a glance downcast,
Some wreck of a sot went staggering past,
With a trembling form and a visage wan:
Yet the current of life went flowing on;
And the sky was blue and the sunlight fell
On the happy ones, and the sad as well.

(*Music in distance*)

But hark! through that narrow and crowded street
Of a sudden there poured a melody sweet,
A volume of soft harmonious sound
Strangely contrasting with all around;
And I pause to listen, while each sweet note,
Pure as a warbling from a robin's throat,
Seemed to float in the idle air
To attic, and cellar, and crazy stair,
And carry a whisper of peace and rest
Wherever it went on its pathway blest.
'Twas a strolling minstrel band of four

[Invisible quartet sing softly.]



Who, standing before a groggery door,
With puffed out cheeks and beating feet
Were playing there in the busy street.
Vagabonds, they, no doubt: in fact
Their garb was ragged; the trumpets cracked,
And they looked like men who seldom knew
What 'twas to own a dollar or two.
Yet, spite of this as I listened there
To the sweet soft notes of the plaintiff air
That came from those minstrels, ragged and odd,
I thought, "'Tis a message sent from God,
Bringing reminders pure and sweet,
To the poor sad souls in this narrow street."
Then the little children over the way
Looked and wondered and stopped their play,
And the officer paused in his weary walk,
While the gossiping shopmen ceased their talk;
And from tenement windows all about,
There was many a weary face peeped out,
And smiled at the joy that had suddenly come
To cheer its poverty-stricken home.

Out of the groggery, reeling, came
Into the sunlight (oh, for shame!)
One whose visage and mien bespoke
A dreadful bondage to sin's yoke—
A soul of honor and pride bereft,
Yet, there were traces of manhood left,
And as the music reached his ear,
He, staggering, paused—then lingered near,
Abashed and doubting—then gave a start,
For the melody sweet had touched his heart. (*Music.*)
Those strains, so plaintive and soft and low,
Recalled the lullaby, long ago
That his mother in tones so sweet and mild
Had sung to him as a little child.

(*To be sung by the reader.*)

"Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,
Father will come to thee soon;
Rest, rest, on mother's breast,
Father will come to thee soon;
Father will come to his babe in the nest,
Silver sails all out of the west,
Under the silver moon,
Sleep, my little one; sleep, my pretty one, sleep."

Then over him, like a torrent, came
The sense of his present sin and shame,
And the tears came pouring down his cheeks.
Oh, God! he cried, "I am frail and weak!"
And he hid his face and murmured a prayer
Out of the depths of his dark despair,
(God grant his penitent prayer was heard!)
He turned away without a word,
But, with steady step, and a figure bowed,
Was lost in the hurrying, passing crowd.
The music ceased and I went my way,
But I ne'er shall forget that sunny day
When I heard that music so soft and sweet,
Wafted down through that narrow street.

PART VII.

Humorous and Dialect Selections.

[It is difficult to indicate the proper gestures to be used in the delivery of humorous recitations. The reader should practice the different dialects and adapt his attitudes to the character of the selection.]

THE NEW CHURCH ORGAN.

THEY'VE got a brand new organ, Sue,
For all their fuss an' search;
They've done just as they said they'd do,
An' fetched it into church.
They're bound the critter shall be seen,
An' on the preacher's right
They've hoisted up their new machine,
In everybody's sight.
They've got the chorister and choir,
Ag'in *my* voice an' vote;
For it was never *my* desire
To praise the Lord by note!

I've been a sister good an' true
For five an' thirty year;
I've done what seemed my part to do,
An' prayed my duty clear;
I've sung the hymns both slow and quick,
Just as the preacher read;
An' twice, when Deacon Tubbs was sick,
I took the fork an' led!
An' now, their bold, new-fangled ways
Is comin' all about;
An' I, right in my latter days,
Am fairly crowded out!

To-day the preacher, good old dear,
With tears all in his eyes,
Read: "I can read my title clear
- To mansions in the skies.'
I al'ays liked that blessed hymn,
I s'pose I al'ays will;
It somehow gratifies my whim,
In good old Ortonville;
But when the choir got up to sing,
I couldn't catch a word;
They sung the most dog-gonedest thing,
A body ever heard!

Some worldly chaps was standin' near;
An' when I seed them grin
I bid farewell to every fear,
An' boldly waded in.
I thought I'd chase their tune along,
An' tried with all my might;
But though my voice was good and strong,
I couldn't steer it right.
When they was high, then I was low,
An' also contra' wise;
An' I too fast, or they too slow,
To "mansions in the skies."

An' after every verse, you know,
They played a little tune;
I didn't understand, an' so
I started in too soon.
I pitched it pretty middlin' high,
I fetched a lusty tone,
But oh, alas! I found that I
Was singin' there alone!
They laughed a little, I am told,
But I had done my best;
"An' not a wave of trouble rolled
Across my peaceful breast."

And sister Brown—I could but look—
She sits in front of me;
She never was no singin' book
An' never meant to be;
But then she al'ays tried to do
The best she could, she said;
She understood the tune right through
An' kep' it with her head;
But when she tried this morning, oh,
I had to laugh, or cough!
It kep' her head a bobbin' so,
It e'en a'most came off!

An' Deacon Tubbs—he all broke down,
As one might well suppose;
He took one look at sister Brown,
An' meekly scratched his nose.
He looked his hymn book through and through,
And laid it on the seat,
An' then a pensive sigh he drew,
And looked completely beat.
An' when they took another bout,
He didn't even rise,
But drawed his red bandanner out,
An' wiped his weepin' eyes.

I've been a sister, good an' true,
For five an' thirty year;
I've done what seemed my part to do
An' prayed my duty clear;
But death will stop my voice, I know,
For he is on my track;
An' some day, I to church will go,
An' never more come back;
An' when the folks get up to sing—
Whene'er that time shall be—
I do not want no patent thing
A-squealin' over me!

CASEY'S TABLE D'HOTE.

OH, them days on Red Hoss Mountain, when the skies wuz fair 'nd blue,
When the money flowed like likker 'nd the folks wuz brave 'nd true!
When the nights wuz crisp 'nd balmy, 'nd the camp wuz all astir
With the joints all throwed wide open 'nd no sheriff to demur!
Oh, them times on Red Hoss Mountain in the Rockies fur away—
There's no sich place nor times like them as I kin find to-day!
What though the camp hez busted! I seem to see it still,
A-lying, like it loved it, on that big 'nd warty hill;
And I feel a sort of yearnin' 'nd a chokin' in my throat
When I think of Red Hoss Mountain 'nd of Casey's tabble dote!

This Casey wuz an Irishman—you'd know it by his name
And by the facial features appertainin' to the same;
He'd lived in many places 'nd had done a thousand things,
From the noble art of actin' to the work of dealin' kings;
But, somehow, hadn't caught on—so, driftin' with the rest,
He drifted for a fortune to the undeveloped West.
And he come to Red Hoss Mountain when the little camp wuz new,
When the money flowed like likker, 'nd the folks wuz brave 'nd true;
And, havin' been a stewart on a Mississippi boat,
He opened up a caffy 'nd he run a tabble dote!

The bar wuz long 'nd rangey, with a mirror on the shelf—
'Nd a pistol, so that Casey, when required, could help himself;
Down underneath there wuz a row of bottled beer 'nd wine,
'Nd a keg of Burbon whisky of the run of '59;
Upon the walls wuz pictures of hosses 'nd of girls—
Not much on dress, perhaps, but strong on records 'nd on curls!
The which had been identified with Casey in the past—
The hosses 'nd the girls, I mean—and both wuz mighty fast!
But all these fine attractions wuz of precious little note
By the side of what wuz offered at Casey's tabble dote!

A tabble dote is different from orderin' aller cart;
In one case you git all there is—in t'other, only part!
And Casey's tabble dote began in French—as all begin—
And Casey's ended with the same, which is to say with "vin";
But in between wuz every kind of reptile, bird 'nd beast,
The same like you can git in high-toned restauraws down East;
'Nd windin' up wuz cake or pie, with coffee demy tass,
Or, sometimes, floating Ireland in a soothin' kind of sass
That left a sort of pleasant ticklin' in a feller's throat,
'Nd made him hanker after more of Casey's tabble dote!

The very recollection of them puddin's 'nd them pies
Brings a yearnin' to my buzzum 'nd the water to my eyes·
'Nd seems like cookin' nowadays ain't what it used to be
In camp on Red Hoss Mountain in that year of '63;
But, maybe, it is better, 'nd maybe, I'm to blame—
I'd like to be a-livin' in the mountains jest the same—
I'd like to live that life again when skies wuz fair and blue,
When things wuz run wide open 'nd men wuz brave 'nd true—
When brawny arms the flinty ribs of Red Hoss Mountain smote
For wherewithal to pay the price of Casey's tabble dote!

THEOLOGY IN THE QUARTERS.

NOW I's got a notion in my head dat when you come to die,
An' stan' de 'zamination in de Cote House in de sky,
You'll be 'stonished at de questions dat de angel's gwine to ax
When he gits you on de witness stan' an' pin you to de fac's;
'Cause he'll ax you mighty closely 'bout your doin's in de night,
An' de watermilion question's gwine to bodder you a sight!
Den your eyes 'll open wider dan dey ebber done befo',
When he chats you 'bout a chicken scrape dat happened long ago!

De angels on de picket line erlong de Milky Way
Keeps a watchin' what you're dribin' at, an' hearin' what you say;
No matter what you want to do, no matter whar you's gwine,
Day's mighty ap' to find it out an' pass it 'long de line;

And of'en at de meetin', when you make a fuss an' laugh,
Why, dey send de news a-kitin' by de golden telegraph;
Den de angel in de orfis, what's a-settin' by de gate,
Jes' reads de message wid a look an' claps it on de slate!

Den you better do your duty well an' keep your conscience clear,
An' keep a-lookin' straight ahead, an' watchin' whar you steer.
'Cause arter while de time'll come to journey fum de lan',
An' dey'll take you way up in de a'r an' put you on de stan',
Den you'll hab to listen to de clerk an' answer mighty straight,
If you ebber spec' to trabble froo de alaplaster gate!

PADDY'S REFLECTIONS ON CLEOPATRA'S NEEDLE.

SO that's Cleopathera's Needle, bedad;
An' a quare lookin' needle it is, I'll be bound;
What a powerful muscle the queen must have had
That could grasp such a weapon an' wind it around!

Imagine her sittin' there stitchin' like mad
With a needle like that in her hand! I declare
It's as big as the Round Tower of Slane, an', bedad,
It would pass for a round tower, only it's square!

The taste of her, ordherin' a needle of granite!
Begorra, the sight of it sthrikes me quite dumb!
An' look at the quare sort of figures upan it;
I wondher can these be the thracks of her thumb?

I once was astonished to hear of the faste
Cleopathera made upon pearls; but now
I declare, I would not be surprised in the laste
If ye told me the woman had swallowed a cow!

It's aisy to see why bould Cæsar should quail
In her presence an' meekly submit to her rule;
Wid a weapon like that in her fist I'll go bail
She could frighten the sowl out of big Finn MacCool!

But, Lord, what poor pigmies the women are now,
Compared to the monsthers they must have been then!
Whin the darlin's in those days would kick up a row,
Holy smoke, but it must have been hot for the men!

Just think how a chap that goes courtin' would start
If his girl was to prod him wid that in the shins!
I have often seen needles, but bouldly assart
That the needle in front of me there takes the pins!

O, sweet Cleopathera! I'm sorry you're dead;
An' whin lavin this wonderful needle behind
Had ye thought of bequathin' a spool of your thread
An' yer thimble an' scissors, it would have been kind.

But pace to your ashes, ye plague of great men,
Yer strength is departed, yer glory is past;
Ye'll niver wield scepter or needle again,
An' a poor little asp did the bizness at last:

DER BABY.

So help me gracious, efery day
I laugh me wild to see der vay
My small young baby drie to play—
Dot funny leetle baby.

Ven I look on dhem leetle toes,
Und saw dot funny leetle nose,
Und heard der vay dot rooster crows,
I schmile like I was grazy.

Und vhen I heard der real nice vay
Dhem beoples to my wife dhey say,
"More like his fater every day,"
I vas so proud like blazes.

Sometimes dhere comes a leetle schquall,
Dot's vhen der vindy vind vill crawl

Righd in its leetle schtomach schmall,—
Dot's too bad for der baby.

Dot makes him sing at night so schveet,
Und gorrybarric he must eat,
Und I must chumb shbry on my feet,
To help dot leetle baby.

He bulls my nose and kicks my hair,
Und grawls me over everywhere,
Und shlobbers me—but vat I care?
Dot vas my schmall young baby.

Around my head dot leetle arm
Vas schqueezin me so nice and varm—
Oh, may dhere never coom some harm
To dot schmall leetle baby!

MISS MALONY ON THE CHINESE QUESTION.

OCH! don't be talkin'. Is it howld on, ye say? An' didn't I howld on till the heart of me was clane broke intirely, and me wastin' that thin you could clutch me wid yer two hands! To think o' me toilin' like a nager for the six year I've been in Ameriky—bad luck to the day I iver left the owld counthry, to be bate by the likes o' them! (faix an' I'll sit down when I'm ready, so I will, Ann Ryan, an' ye'd better be listenin' than drawin' your remarks). An' is it meself with five good characters from respectable places, would be herdin' wid the haythens? The saints forgive me, but I'd be buried alive sooner'n put up wid it a day longer. Sure an' I was the granehorn not to be lavin' at onct when the missus kim into me kitchen wid her perlaver about the new waiterman which was brought out from Californy. "He'll be here the night," says she, "and, Kitty, it's meself looks to you to be kind and patient wid him, for he's a furriner," says she, a kind o' looking off. "Sure an' it's little I'll hinder nor interfare wid him nor any other, mum," says I, a kind o' stiff, for I minded

me how these French waiters, wid their paper collars and brass rings on their fingers, isn't company for no gurril brought up dacint and honest. Och! sorra a bit I knew what was comin' till the missus walked into me kitchen smilin', an' says, kind o' shcared:

"Here's Fing Wing, Kitty, an' you'll have too much sinse to mind his bein' a little strange." Wid that she shoots the doore; and I, misthrusting if I was tidied up sufficient for me fine buy wid his paper collar, looks up and, howly fathers! may I niver brathe another breath, but there stud a rale haythin Chineser a-grinnin' like he'd just come off a tay-box. If you'll belave me, the crayture was that yeller it 'ud sicken ye to see him; and sorra stich was on him but a black night-gown over his trowsers and the front of his head shaved claner nor a copper biler, and a black tail a-hangin' down from behind, wid his two feet stook into the haythenest shoes ye ever set eyes on. Och! but I was upstairs afore ye could turn about, a-givin' the missus warnin'; an' only stopt wid her by her raisin' me wages two dollars, and playdin' wid me how it was a Christian's duty to bear wid haythins and taitch 'em all in our power—the saints save us! Well, the ways and trials I had wid that Chineser, Ann Ryan, I couldn't be tellin'. Not a blissed thing cud I do but he'd be lookin' on wid his eyes cocked up'ard like two poomp-handles, an' he widdout a speck or a smitch o' whishkers on him, an' his fingernails full a yard long. But it's dyin' ye'd be to see the missus a-larnin' him, an' he grinnin' an' waggin' his pig-tail (which was pieced out long wid some black stoof, the haythen chate!) an' gettin' into her ways wonderful quick, I don't deny, imitatin' that sharp yeu'd be shurprised, and ketchin' and copyin' things the best of us will do a-hurried wid work, yet don't want comin' to the knowledge of the family—bad luck to him!

Is it ate wid him? Arrah, an' would I be sittin' wid a haythen an' he a-atin wid drumsticks—yes, an' atin' dogs an' cats unknownst to me, I warrant you, which it is the custum of them Chinesers, till the thought made me that sick I could die. An' didn't the crayture proffer to help me a wake ago come Toosday, an' me foldin' down me clane clothes for the ironin', an' fill his haythen mouth wid water, an' afore I could hinder, squrrit it

through his teeth stret over the best linen table cloth, and fold it up tight as innercent now as a baby, the dirrity baste! But the worrest of all was the copyin' he'd be doin' till ye'd be dishtracted. It's yerself knows the tinder feet that's on me since iver I've been in this counthry. Well, owin' to that, I fell into the way o' slippin' me shoes off when I'd be settin' down to pale the praties or the likes o' that, and, do ye mind, that haythen would do the same thing after me whiniver the missus set him parin' apples or tomaterses. The saints in heaven couldn't ha' made him belave he could kape the shoes on him when he'd be paylin' anything.

Did I lave fur that? Faix an' I didn't. Didn' he get me into trouble wid my missus, the haythen! Yo're aware yerself how the boondles comin' in from the grocery often contains more'n 'll go into anything dacently. So, for that matter, I'd now and then take out a sup o' sugar, or flour, or tay, an' wrap it in paper and put it in me bit of a box tucked under the ironin' blanket, the how it cuddent be bodderin' any one. Well, what shud it be, but this blessed Sathurday morn the missus was a spakin' pleasant an' respec'ful wid me in me kitchen when the grocer buy comes in an' stands fornenst her wid his boondles, an' she motions like to Fing Wing (which I never would call him by that name nur any other but just haythen), she motions to him, she does, for to take the boondles an' empty out the sugar an' what not where they belongs. If ye'll belave me, Ann Ryan, what did that blatherin' Chineser do but take out a sup o' sugar, an' a han'ful o' tay, an' a bit o' chaze, right afore the missus, wrap 'em into bits o' paper, an' I spacheless wid shurprise, an' he the next minute up wid the ironin' blankit and pullin' out me box wid a show o' bein' sly, to put them in. Och! the Lord forgive me, but I clutched it, and the missus sayin', "Oh Kitty!" in a way that 'ud cruddle your blood. "He's a haythen nager," says I, "I've found yer out," says she. "I'll arrist him," says I. "It's yerself ought to be arristed," says she. "Yer won't," says I. "I will," says she. And so it went till she gave me such sass as I cuddent take from no lady, an' I give her warnin' an' left that instant an' she a-pointin' to the doore.

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REVELATION.

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BLIND.

LEEDLE YAWCOB STRAUSS.

I HAF von funny leedle poy
Vot gomes schust to my knee,—
Der queerest schap, der createst rogue
As efer you dit see.
He runs, und schumps, und schmashes dings
In all barts off der house.
But vot off dot? He vas mine son,
Mine leedle Yawcob Strauss.

He get der measles under mumbs,
Und eferyding dot's oudt;
He sbills mine glass off lager bier,
Poots schnuff indo mine kraut;
He fills mine pipe mit limburg cheese—
Dot vas der roughest chouse;
I'd dake dot vrom no oder poy
But leedle Yawcob Strauss.

He dakes der milk-ban for a dhrum,
Und cuts mine cane in dwo
To make der schticks to beat it mit—
Mine cracious, dot vas drue!
I dinks mine head vas schplit abart
He kicks oup sooch a nouse;
But nefer mind, der poys vas few
Like dot young Yawcob Strauss.

He asks me questions sooch as dese:
Who baints mine nose so red?
Who vos it cuts dot schmoodth blace oudt
Vrom der hair ubon mine hed?
Und vhere der plaze goes vrom der lamp
Vene'er der glim I douse?
How gan I all dese dings eggsblain
To dot schmall Yawcob Strauss?

I somedimes dink I schall go vild
Mit sooch a grazy poy,
Und vish vonce more I gould haf rest
Und beaceful dimes enshoy.
But vhen he vas ashleep in ped,
So quiet as a mouse,
I prays der Lord, "Dake anydings,
But leaf dot Yawcob Strauss."

HOW "RUBY" PLAYED.

[Jud Brownin, when visiting New York, goes to hear Rubinstein, and gives the following description of his playing:]

WELL, sir, he had the blamedest, biggest, catty-cornedest pianner you ever laid eyes on; somethin' like a distracted billiard-table on three legs The lid was hoisted, and mighty well it was. If it hadn't been he'd a tore the entire inside clean out, and scattered 'em to the four winds of heaven.

Played well? You bet he did; but don't interrupt me. When he first sit down he 'peared to keer mighty little 'bout playin', and wisht he hadn't come. He tweedle-leedled a little on the treble, and twoodle-oodled some on the base—just foolin' and boxin' the thing's jaws for bein' in the way. And I says to a man settin' next to me, says I, "What sort of fool playin' is that?" And he says, "Heish!" But presently his hands commenced chasin' one another up and down the keys like a parcel of rats scamperin' through a garret very swift. Parts of it was sweet, though, and reminded me of a sugar squirrel turnin' the wheel of a candy cage.

"Now," I says to my neighbor, "he's showin' off. He thinks he's a doin' of it, but he ain't got no idee, no plan of nothin'. If he'd play me a tune of some kind or other, I'd——"

But my neighbor says, "Heish!" very impatient.

I was just about to get up and go home, bein' tired of that foolishness, when I heard a little bird wakin' up away off in the woods, and call sleepy-like to his mate, and I looked up and see

that Ruby was beginnin' to take some interest in his business, and I sit down again. It was the peep of day. The light came faint from the east, the breezes blowed gentle and fresh; some more birds waked up in the orchard, then some more in the trees near the house, and all begun singin' together. People began to stir, and the gal opened the shutters. Just then the first beam of the sun fell upon the blossoms a little more, and it techt the roses on the bushes, and the next thing it was broad day; the sun fairly blazed, the birds sung like they'd split their little throats; all the leaves was movin', and flashin' diamonds of dew, and the whole wide world was bright and happy as a king. Seemed to me like there was a good breakfast in every house in the land, and not a sick child or woman anywhere. It was a fine mornin'.

And I says to my neighbor, "That's music, that is."

But he glared at me like he'd like to cut my throat.

Presently the wind turned; it began to thicken up, and a kind of gray mist came over things; I got low-spirited directly. Then a silver rain begun to fall. I could see the drops touch the ground; some flashed up like long pearl ear-rings, and the rest rolled away like round rubies. It was pretty, but melancholy. Then the pearls gathered themselves into long strands and necklaces, and then they melted into thin silver streams, running between golden gravels, and then the streams joined each other at the bottom of the hill, and made a brook that flowed silent, except that you could kinder see the music, specially when the bushes on the banks moved as the music went along down the valley. I could smell the flowers in the meadow. But the sun didn't shine, nor the birds sing; it was a foggy day, but not cold.

The most curious thing was the little white angel boy, like you see in pictures, that run ahead of the music brook and led it on, and on, away out of the world, where no man ever was, certain. I could see that boy just as plain as I see you. Then the moonlight came, without any sunset, and shone on the graveyards where some few ghosts lifted their hands and went over the wall, and between the black, sharptop trees splendid marble houses

rose up, with fine ladies in the lit-up windows, and men that loved 'em, but could never get a-nigh 'em, who played on guitars under the trees, and made me that miserable I could have cried because I wanted to love somebody, I don't know who, better than the men with the guitars did.

Then the sun went down, it got dark, the wind moaned and wept like a lost child for its dead mother, and I could a got up then and there and preached a better sermon than any I ever listened to. There wasn't a thing in the world left to live for, not a blame thing, and yet I didn't want the music to stop one bit. It was happier to be miserable than to be happy without being miserable. I couldn't understand it. I hung my head and pulled out my handkerchief, and blowed my nose loud to keep me from cryin'. My eyes is weak anyway. I didn't want anybody to be a-gazin' at me a-snivlin' and it's nobody's business what I do with my nose. It's mine. But some several glared at me, mad as blazes. Then, all of a sudden, old Rubin changed his tune. He ripped out and he rared, he tipped and he tared, he pranced and he charged like the grand entry at a circus. 'Peared to me that all the gas in the house was turned on at once, things got so bright, and I hilt up my head, ready to look any man in the face, and not afraid of nothin'. It was a circus, and a brass band and a big ball all agoin' on at the same time. He lit into them keys like a thousand of brick; he gave 'em no rest day or night; he set every livin' joint in me a-goin; and not bein' able to stand it no longer, I jumped, sprang onto my seat, and jest hollered:

"*Go it, Rube!*"

Every blamed man, woman, and child in the house riz on me and shouted, "Put him out!" "Put him out!"

"Put your great-grandmother's grizzly-gray-greenish cat into the middle of next month!" I says. "Tech me if you dare! I paid my money, and you just come a-nigh me!"

With that some several policemen run up, and I had to simmer down. But I could 'a' fit any fool that laid hands on me, for I was bound to hear Ruby out or die.

He had changed his tune again. He hop-light ladies and tip-

toed fine from end to end of the key-board to the other. He played soft and low and solemn. I heard the church bells over the hills. The candles of heaven was lit, one by one. I saw the stars rise. The great organ of eternity began to play from the world's end to the world's end, and all the angels went to prayers. * * * Then the music changed to water; full of feeling that couldn't be thought, and began to drop—drip, drop—drip, drop, clear and sweet, like tears of joy fallin' into a lake of glory. It was sweeter than that. It was as sweet as a sweet-heart sweetened with white sugar mixt with powdered silver and seed diamonds. It was too sweet. I tell you the audience cheered. Ruby he kinder bowed like he wanted to say, "Much obleeged, but I'd rather you wouldn't interrup' me."

He stopt a moment or two to ketch breath. Then he got mad. He run his fingers through his hair, he shoved up his sleeve, he opened his coat-tails a leetle further, he drug up his stool, he leaned over, and, sir, he just went for that old pianner. He slapt her face, he boxed her jaws, he pulled her nose, he pinched her ears, and he scratched her cheeks, until she fairly yelled. He knockt her down, and he stampt on her shameful. She bellowed like a bull, she bleated like a calf, she howled like a hound, she squealed like a pig, she shrieked like a rat, and *then* he wouldn't let her up. He ran a quarter-stretch down the low grounds of the base, till he got clean in the bowels of the earth, and you heard thunder galloping after thunder, through the hollows and caves of perdition, and then he fox-chased his right hand with his left till he got way out of the treble into the clouds, whar the notes was finer than the pints of cambric needles, and you couldn't hear nothin' but the shadders of 'em. And *then* he wouldn't let the old pianner go. He for'ard two'd, he crost over first gentleman, he chassade right and left, back to your places, he all hands'd aroun', ladies to the right, promenade all, in and out, here and there, back and forth, up and down, perpetual motion, double-twisted and turned and tacked and tangled into forty eleven thousand doublebow knots.

By jinks! it was a mixtery. And then he wouldn't let the old pianner go. He fetcht up his right wing, he fetcht up his left wing, he fetcht up his center, he fetcht up his reserves. He fired by file,

he fired by platoon, by company, by regiment, and by brigade. He opened his cannon—siege guns down thar, Napoleons here, twelve-pounders yonder—big guns, little guns, middle-sized guns, round shot, shells, shrapnels, grape, canister, mortar, mines, and magazines, every livin' battery and bomb a-goin' at the same time. The house trembled, the lights danced, the walls shuk, the floor come up, the ceilin' come down, the sky split, the ground rokt—heavens and earth, creation, sweet potatoes, Moses, ninepences, glory, ten-pennynails, Sampson in a 'simmon tree, Tump Tompson in a tumble cart, roodle-oodle-oodle-oodle—ruddle-uddle-uddle-uddle — raddle - addle - addle - addle — riddle-iddle-iddle-iddle—reedle-eedle-eedle-eedle—p-r-r-r-r-r-lang! Bang ! ! ! ! lang! per-lang! p-r-r-r-r-r! ! Bang ! ! !

With that bang he lifted himself bodily into the air, and he come down with his knees, his ten fingers, his ten toes, his elbows, and his nose, striking every single, solitary key on the pianner at the same time. The thing busted, and went off into seventeen hundred and fifty-seven thousand five hundred and forty-two hemi-demi-semi quivers, and I know'd no mo'.

When I come to, I were under ground about twenty foot, in a place they call Oyster Bay, a treatin' a Yankee that I never laid eyes on before, and never expect to again. Day was breakin' by the time I got to the St. Nicholas Hotel, and I pledge you my word I did not know my name. The man asked me the number of my room, and I told him, "Hot music on the half-shell for two!"—

YARN OF THE "NANCY BELL."

'TWAS on the shores that round the coast
From Deal to Ramsgate span,
That I found alone on a piece of stone,
An elderly naval man.

His hair was weedy, his beard was long,
And weedy and long was he,
And I heard this wight on the shore recite
In a singular minor key:

"Oh, I am a cook and a captain bold,
And a mate of the Nancy brig,
And a bo'sun tight, and a midshipmite,
And the crew of the captain's gig."

And he shook his fists and he tore his hair,
Till I really felt afraid,
For I couldn't help thinking the man had been drinking
And so I simply said:

"Oh, elderly man, it's little I know
Of the duties of men of the sea,
And I'll eat my hand if I understand
How you can possibly be

"At once a cook and a captain bold
And the mate of the Nancy brig,
And a bo'sun tight and a midshipmite,
And the crew of the captain's gig."

Then he gave a hitch to his trousers, which
Is a trick all seamen larn,
And having got rid of a thumping quid,
He spun this painful yarn:

"'Twas on the good ship 'Nancy Bell,'
That we sailed to the Indian sea,
And there on a reef we came to grief,
Which has often occurred to me.

"And pretty nigh all of the crew was drowned
(There was seventy-seven o' soul),
And only ten of the Nancy's men
Said 'Here!' to the muster roll.

"There was me and the cook and the captain bold,
And the mate of the Nancy brig,
And the bo'sun tight, and the midshipmite,
And the crew of the captain's gig.

" For a month we'd neither wittles nor drink,
Till a hungry we did feel,
So we drawed a lot, and accordin' shot
The captain for our meal.

" The next lot fell to the Nancy's mate,
And a delicate dish he made;
Then our appetite with the midshipmite
We seven survivors stayed.

" And then we murdered the bo'sun tight,
And he much resembled pig;
Then we wittled free, did the cook and me,
On the crew of the captain's gig.

" Then only the cook and me was left,
And the delicate question 'Which
Of us two goes to the kettle?' arose,
And we argued it out as sich.

" For I loved that cook as a brother, I did,
And the cook he worshiped me;
But we'd both be blowed if we'd either be stowed
In the other chap's hold, you see.

" 'I'll be eat if you dine's off me,' says Tom;
'Yes, that,' says I, 'you'll be,—
I'm boiled if I die, my friend,' quoth I,
And 'Exactly so,' quoth he.

" Says he, 'Dear James, to murder me
Were a foolish thing to do,
For don't you see that you can't cook *me*
While I can—and will—cook *you!*

" So he boils the water, and takes the salt
And the pepper in portions true
(Which he ne'er forgot), and some chopped chalot,
And some sage and parsley too.

'"Come here,' says he, with a proper pride,
Which his smiling features tell,
'"'Twill soothing be if I let you see
How extremely nice you'll smell.'

"And he stirred it round and round and round,
And he sniffed at the foaming froth;
When I ups with his heels, and smothers his squeals
In the scum of the boiling broth.

"And I eat that cook in a week or less,
And—as I eating be
The last of his chops, why I almost drops,
For a wessel in sight I see.

* * * * * * * *

"And I never larf, and I never smile,
And I never lark nor play,
But I sit and croak, and a single joke
I have, which is to say,

"'"Oh, I am a cook and a captain bold,
And the mate of the Nancy brig,
And a bo'sun tight, and a midshipmite,
And the crew of the captain's gig"

THE COURTIN'.

GOD makes sech nights, all white an' still,
Fur 'z you can look or listen,
Moonshine an' snow on field an' hill,
All silence an' all glisten.

Zekle crep' up quite unbeknown
An' peeked in thru' the winder,
An' there sot Huldy all alone,
'Ith no one nigh to hender.

A fireplace fill'd the room's one side
With half a cord o' wood in—
There warn't no stoves (tell comfort died)
To bake ye to a puddin'.

The wa'nut logs shot sparkles out
Towards the pootiest, bless her,
An' leetle flames danced all about
The chiny on the dresser.

Agin the chimbly crook-necks hung,
An' in amongst 'em rusted
The ole queen's arm that gran'ther Young
Fetched back from Concord busted.

The very room, coz she was in,
Seemed warm from floor to ceilin',
An' she looked full ez rosy agin
Ez the apples she was peelin'.

'Twas kin' o' kingdom-come to look
On sech a blessed creetur;
A dogrose blushin' to a brook
Ain't modester nor sweeter.

He was six foot o' man, A 1,
Clean grit an' human natur;
None couldn't quicker pitch a ton
Nor dror a furrer straighter.

He'd sparked it with full twenty gals,
Had squired 'em, danced 'em, druv 'em,
First this one, an' then thet, by spells—
All is, he couldn't love em.

But long o' her his veins 'ould run
All crinkly like curl'd maple,
The side she breshed felt full o' sun.
Ez a south slope in Ap'il.

She thought no v'ice had sech a swing
Ez hisn in the choir;
My! when he made Ole Hundred ring
She *knowed* the Lord was nigher.

An' she'd blush scarlit, right in prayer,
When her new meetin'-bunnet
Felt somehow thru' its crown a pair
O' blue eyes sot upon it.

Thet night, I tell ye, she looked *some;*
She seemed to've gut a new soul,
For she felt sartin-sure he'd come,
Down to her very shoe-sole.

She heerd a foot, an' knowed it tu,
A-raspin' on the scraper,—
All ways to once her feelin's flew
Like sparks in burnt-up paper.

He kin' o' l'itered on the mat,
Some doubtfle o' the sekle,
His heart kep' goin' pity-pat,
But hern went pity Zekle.

An' yit she gin her cheer a jerk,
Ez though she wished him furder
An' on her apples kep' to work,
Parin' away like murder.

"You want to see my pa, I s'pose?"
"Wal—no—I come dasignin'"—
"To see my ma? She's sprinklin' clo'es
Agin to-morrer's i'nin'."

To say why gals acts so or so,
Or don't, 'ould be presumin';
Mebby to mean *yes* an' say *no*
Comes nateral to women.

He stood a spell on one foot fust,
  Then stood a spell on t'other,
An' on which one he felt the wust
  He couldn't ha' told ye nuther.

Says he, "I'd better call agin;"
  Says she, "Think likely, Mister;"
Thet last word pricked him like a pin
  An'—wal, he up an' kist her.

When ma bimeby upon 'em slips
  Huldy sot pale ez ashes,
All kin' o' smily 'round the lips,
  An' teary 'round the lashes.

For she was jes' the quiet kind
  Whose naturs never vary—
Like streams that keep a summer mind
  Snowhid in Jenooary.

The blood clost roun' her heart felt glued
  Too tight for all expressin',
Tell mother see how matters stood,
  An' gin 'em both her blessin'.

Then her red come back like the tide
  Down to the Bay o' Fundy,
An' all I know is they was cried
  In meetin' come nex' Sunday.

PADDY'S EXCELSIOR.

'TWAS growing dark so terrible fasht,
  Whin through a town up the mountain there pashed
A broth of a boy, to his neck in the shnow;
As he walked, his shillalah he swung to and fro,
Saying: "It's up till the top I'm bound for to go,
  Be jabers!"

He looked mortial sad, and his eye was as bright
As a fire of turf on a could winther night,
And niver a word that he said cowld ye tell
As he opened his mouth and let out a yell,
"It's up till the top of the mountain I'll go,
Onless covered up wid this bothersome shnow,
Be jabers!"

Through the windows he saw as he thraveled along
The light of the candles and the fires so warm;
But a big chunk of ice hung over his head.
With a shnivel and groan, "By St. Patrick!" he said,
"It's up till the very *tip top* I will rush,
And then if it falls, it's not meself it'll crush,
Be jabers!"

"Whisht a bit," said an owld man, whose head was as white
As the shnow that fell down on that miserable night;
"Shure, ye'll fall in the wather, me bit of a lad,
For the night is so dark and the walkin' is bad."
But shure, he'd not lisht to a word that was said,
For he'd go to the top, if he wint on his head,
"Be jabers!"

A bright, buxom young girl, such as like to be kissed,
Axed him wadn't he shtop, and how *could* he resist?
So, snapping his fingers and winking his eye,
While shmiling upon her he made this reply:
"Faith, I meant to kape on till I got to the top,
But, as yer shwate self has axed me, I may as well shtop,
Be jabers!"

He shtopped all night, and he shtopped all day,
And ye mustn' be axing whin he *did* go away;
For wadn't he be a bastely gossoon
To be lavin' his darlint in the shwate honey-moon?
Whin the owld man has praties enough and to spare,
Shure he moight as well shtay if he's comfortable there,
Be jabers!

KENTUCKY PHILOSOPHY.

YOU Wi'yam, cum 'ere, suh, dis instunce. Wu' dat you got under dat box?
I do' want no foolin'—you hear me? Wut you say? Ain't nu'h'n but *rocks?*
'Peahs ter me you's owdashus p'ticler. S'posin' dey's uv a new kine.
I'll des take a look at dem rocks. Hi, yi! der yer t'ink dat I's bline?

I calls dat a plain water-million, you scamp, en I knows whah it growed;
It come from de Jimmerson cawn fiel', dah on ter side er de road.
You stole it, you rascal—you stole it! I watched you fum down in de lot,
En time I gets th'ough wid you, nigger, you won't eb'n be a grease spot!

I'll fix you. Mirandy! *Mirandy!* go cut me a hick'ry—make 'ase!
En cut me de toughes' en keenes' you c'n fine anywhah on de place.
I'll larn you, Mr. Wi'yam Joe Vetters, ter steal en ter lie, you young sinner,
Disgracin' yo' ole Christian mammy, en makin' her leave cookin' dinner!

Now ain't you ashamed er yo'se'f, sur? I is. I's 'shamed you's my son!
En de holy accorjan angel he's 'shamed er wut you has done;
En he's tuk it down up yander in coal-black, blood-red letters—
"One water-million stoled by Wi'yam Josephus Vetters."

En wut you s'posen Brer Bascom, yo' teacher at Sunday-school,
'Ud say ef he knowed how you's broke de good Lawd's Gol'n Rule?
Boy, weah's de raisin' I give you? Is you boun' fuh ter be a black villiun?

I's s'prised dat a chile er yo' mammy 'ud steal any man's water-million.

En I's now guiner cut it right open, en you shain't have nary bite,
Fuh a boy who'll steal water-millions—en dat in de day's broad light—
Ain't—*Lawdy!* it's *green!* Mirandy! Mi-rand-dy! come on wi' dat switch!
Well, stealin' a g-r-e-e-n water-million! who ever yered tell er des sich.

Cain't tell w'en dey's ripe? W'y you thump 'em, en w'en dey go pank dey is green;
But w'en dey go *punk*, now you mine me, dey's ripe, en dat's des wut I mean.
En nex' time you hook water-millions—*you* heered me, you ign'ant, you hunk,
Ef you do' want a likkin' all over, be sho dat dey allers go "punk!"

THE OLD MAN GOES TO TOWN.

WELL, wife, I've been to 'Frisco, an' I called to see the boys; I'm tired, an' more'n half-deafened with the travel and the noise;
So I'll sit down by the chimbley, an' rest my weary bones,
And tell how I was treated by our 'ristocratic sons.

As soon's I reached the city, I hunted up our Dan—
Ye know he's now a celebrated wholesale business man.
I walked down from the depo'—but Dan keeps a country seat—
An' I thought to go home with him, an' rest my weary feet.

All the way I kep' a thinkin' how famous it 'ud be
To go 'round the town together—my grown-up boy an' me,
An' remember the old times, when my little "curly head"
Used to cry out "Good-night, papa!" from his little trundle-bed.

I never thought a minute that he wouldn't want to see
His gray an' worn old father, or would be ashamed of me;
So when I seen his office, with a sign writ out in gold,
I walked in 'thout knockin'—but the old man was too bold.

Dan was settin' by a table, an' a-writin' in a book;
He knowed me in a second; but he gave me such a look!
He never said a word o' you, but axed about the grain,
An' ef I thought the valley didn't need a little rain.

I didn't stay a great while, but inquired after Rob;
Dan said he lived upon the hill—I think they call it Nob;
An' when I left, Dan, in a tone that almost broke me down,
Said, "Call an' see me, won't ye, whenever you're in town?"

It was rather late that evenin' when I found our Robert's house;
There was music, lights, and dancin' and a mighty big carouse.
At the door a nigger met me, an' he grinned from ear to ear,
Sayin', "Keerds ob invitation, or you nebber git in here."

I said I was Rob's father; an' with another grin
The nigger left me standin' and disappeared within.
Rob came out on the porch—he didn't order me away;
But he said he hoped to see me at his office the next day.

Then I started fur a tavern, fur I knowed there, anyway,
They wouldn't turn me out so long's I'd money fur to pay.
An' Rob an' Dan had left me about the streets to roam,
An' neither of them axed me if I'd money to git home.

It may be the way o' rich folks—I don't say 'at it is not—
But we remember some things Dan and Rob have quite forgot,
We didn't quite expect this, wife, when, twenty years ago,
We mortgaged the old homestead to give Rob and Dan a show.

I didn't look fur Charley, but I happened just to meet
Him with a lot o' friends o' his'n, a-comin' down the street.
I thought I'd pass on by him, for fear our youngest son
Would show he was ashamed o' me, as Rob and Dan had done.

But as soon as Charley seen me, he, right afore 'em all,
Said: "God bless me, there's my father!" as loud as he could bawl.
Then he introduced me to his frien's, an' sent 'em all away,
Tellin' 'em he'd see 'em later, but was busy for that day.

Then he took me out to dinner, an' he axed about the house,
About you, an' Sally's baby, an' the chickens, pigs an' cows;
He axed about his brothers, addin' that 'twas ruther queer,
But he hadn't seen one uv 'em fur mighty nigh a year.

Then he took me to his lodgin', in an attic four stairs high—
He said he liked it better 'cause 'twas nearer to the sky.
An' he said: "I've only one room, but my bed is pretty wide,"
An' so we slept together, me an' Charley, side by side.

Next day we went together to the great Mechanics' Fair,
An' some o' Charley's picters was on exhibition there.
He said if he could sell 'em, which he hoped to pretty soon,
He'd make us all a visit, an' be richer than Muldoon.

An' so two days an' nights we passed, an' when I come away,
Poor Charley said the time was short, an' begged fur me to stay.
Then he took me in a buggy an' druv me to the train,
An' said in just a little while he'd see us all again.

You know we never thought our Charley would ever come to much;
He was always readin' novels an' poetry an' such.
There was nothing on the farm he ever seemed to want to do,
An' when he took to paintin' he disgusted me clear through!

So we gave to Rob and Dan all we had to call our own,
An' left poor Charley penniless to make his way alone;
He's only a poor painter; Rob and Dan are rich as sin;
But Charley's worth a pair of 'em with all their gold thrown in.

Those two grand men, dear wife, were once our prattling babes —an' yet

It seems as if a mighty gulf 'twixt them an' us is set;
An' they'll never know the old folks till life's troubled journey's past,
And rich and poor are equal underneath the sod at last.

An' maybe when we all meet on the resurrection morn,
With our earthly glories fallen, like the husks from the ripe corn,—
When the righteous Son of Man the awful sentence shall have said,
The brightest crown that's shining there may be on Charley's head.

THE LITTLE RID HIN.

WELL, thin, there was once't upon a time, away off in the ould country, livin' all her lone in the woods, in a wee bit iv a house be herself, a little rid hin. Nice an' quite she was, and nivir did no kind o' harrum in her life. An' there lived out over the hill, in a din o' the rocks, a crafty ould felly iv a fox. An' this same ould villain iv a fox, he laid awake o' nights, and he prowled round shly iv a daytime, thinkin' always so busy how he'd git the little rid hin, an' carry her home an' bile her up for his shupper. But the wise little rid hin nivir wint intil her bit iv a house but she locked the door afther her, and pit the kay in her pocket. So the ould rashkill iv a fox, he watched, an' he prowled, an' he laid awake nights, till he came all to skin an' bone, an' sorra a ha'porth o' the little rid hin could he git at all. But at lasht there came a shchame intil his wicked ould head, an' he tuk a big bag one mornin', over his shouldher, an' he says till his mither, says he, "Mither, have the pot all bilin' agin I come home, for I'll bring the little rid hin to-night for our shupper." An' away he wint, over the hill, an' came crapin' shly an' soft through the woods to where the little rid hin lived in her shnug bit iv a house. An' shure, jist at the very minute that he got along, out comes the little rid hin out iv the door, to pick up

shticks to bile her tay-kettle. "Begorra, now, but I'll have yees," says the shly ould fox, an' in he shlips, unbeknownst, intil the house, an' hides behind the door. An' in comes the little rid hin, a minute afther, with her apron full of shticks, an' shuts to the door an' locks it, an' pits the kay in her pocket. An' thin she turns round—an' there shtands the baste iv a fox in the corner. Well, thin, what did she do, but jist dhrop down her shticks, and fly up in a great fright and flutter to the big bame acrass inside o' the roof, where the fox couldn't get at her!

"Ah, ha!" says the ould fox, "I'll soon bring yees down out o' that!" An' he began to whirrul round, an' round, an' round, fashter, an' fashter, an' fashter, on the floor, afther his big, bushy tail, till the little rid hin got so dizzy wid lookin' that she jist tumbled down aff the bame, and the fox whipped her up and popped her intil his bag, and shtarted off home in a minute. An' he wint up the wood, an' down the wood, half the day long, with the little rid hin shut up shmotherin' in the bag. Sorra a know she knowd where she was at all, at all. She thought she was all biled an' ate up, an' finished, shure! But, by an' by, she remimbered herself, an' pit her hand in her pocket, an' tuk out her little bright schissors, and shnipped a big hole in the bag behind, an' out she leapt, and picked up a big shtone an' popped it intil the bag, an' rin aff home, an' locked the door.

An' the fox he tugged away up over the hill, with the big shtone at his back thumpin' his shouldhers, thinkin' to himself how hivvy the little rid hin was, an' what a fine shupper he'd have. An' whin he came in sight iv his din in the rocks, and shpied his ould mither a-watchin' for him at the door, he says, "Mither! have ye the pot bilin'?" An' the ould mither says, "Sure an' it is; an' have ye the little rid hen?" "Yes, jist here in me bag. Open the lid o' the pot till I pit her in," says he.

An' the ould mither fox she lifted the lid o' the pot, an' the rashkill untied the bag, and hild it over the pot o' bilin' wather, an' shuk in the big heavy shtone. An' the bilin' wather shplashed up all over the rogue iv a fox an' his mither, an' shcalded thim both to death. An' the little rid hin lived safe in her house foriver afther.

OLD FARMER GRAY GETS PHOTOGRAPHED.

I WANT you to take a picter o' me and my old woman here,
Jest as we be, if you please sir—wrinkles, gray hairs, and all;
We never was vain at our best, and we're going on eighty year,
But we've got some boys to be proud of,—straight, an' handsome, an' tall.

They are coming home this summer, the nineteenth day of July,
Tom wrote me (Tom's a lawyer in Boston, since forty-eight);
So we're going to try an' surprise 'em, my old wife and I,—
Tom, Harry, Zay, an' Elisha, an' the two girls, Jennie an' Kate.

I guess you've hearn of Elisha; he preaches in Middletown.
I'm a Methody, myself, but he's 'Piscopal, he says.
Don't s'pose it makes much difference, only he wears a gown;
An' I couldn't abide (bein' old an' set) what *I* call them Popish ways.

But he's good, for *I* brought him up; an' the others—Harry 'n' Zay,—
They're merchants down to the city, an' don't forget mother 'n' me.
They'd give us the fat of the land, if we'd only come that way.
An' Jennie an' Kate are hearty off, for they married rich, you see.

Well, lud, that's a cur'us fix, sir! Do you screw it into the head?
I've hearn o' this photography, an' I reckon its scary work.
Do you take the picters by lightin'?—La, yes; so the neighbors said:
It's the sun that does it, old woman; 'n' he never was known to shirk.

Wall, yes, I'll be readin' the Bible: old woman, what'll you do?
Jest sit on the other side 'o me, 'n' I'll take hold 'o your hand.
That's the way we courted, mister, if it's all the same to you;

An' that's the way we're goin', please God, to the light o' the better land.

I never could look that thing in the face, if my eyes was as good as gold.
'Tain't over? Do say! What, the work is done? Old woman, that beats the Dutch.
Jest think! we've got our picters took; and we nigh eighty year old:
There ain't many couples in our town, of our age, that can say as much.

You see, on the nineteenth of next July our Golden Wedding comes on,—
For fifty year in the sun and rain we've pulled at the same old cart;
We've never had any trouble to speak of, only our poor son John
Went wrong, an' I drove him off; 'n' it about broke the old woman's heart.

There's a drop of bitter in every sweet. And my old woman an' me
Will think of John when the rest come home. Would I forgive him, young sir?
He was only a boy; an' I was a fool for bein' so hard, you see:
If I could jist git him atween these arms, I'd stick to him like a burr.

And what's to pay for the sunshine that's painted my gray old phiz?
Nothin'! That's cur'us! You don't work for the pleasure of working, hey?
Old woman, look here! there's John in that face—I'm blest if the chin isn't his!—
Good God! *she* knows him—it's our son John, the boy that we drove away.

HOW MICKEY GOT KILT IN THE WAR.

A PINSION-CLAIM agent! Will, thin, sor,
You're the mon that I'm wantin' to see!
I've a claim for a pinsion that's due me,
An' I want yez to get it for me.

Will, no! sor, I niver was wounded,
For the fact is I didn't inlist;
Though I would have been off to the army,
Had I not had a boil on me fist.

But me b'y, me poor Mickey, was kilt, sor;
An' whin poets the story shall tell,
Sure, the counthry will then be erectin'
A monument there where he fell.

He was not cut in two wid a sabre,
Nor struck wid a big cannon ball;
But he lepped from a four-story windy,
An', bedad! he got kilt in the fall.

Yis, it was a rash le'p to be makin';
But, in faith, thin, he had to, I'm sure;
For he heard them a-shlammin' an' bangin',
An' a thrying to break in the dure.

They were goin' to capture poor Mickey;
An' to kape from their clutches, poor b'y,
He had to le'p out of the windy,
An', indeed, it was four stories high.

No, it was not the fall, sor, that kilt him;
It was stoppin' so sudden, you see,
Whin he got to the bottom it jarred him,
An' that kilt him as dead as could be.

Och! he loved the owld flag, did brave Mickey,
An' he died for his counthry, although

He was not killed in battle exactly;
He was lepping the bounties, you know.

'Twas the marshal was after him—yis, sor;
An', in fact, he was right at the dure,
When he made the le'p out of the windy,
An' he never lepped bounties no more.

So, av course, I'm intitled to a pinsion
An' the owld woman, too, is, because
We were both, sor, depindent on Mickey,
The darlin', brave b'y that he was.

Av course, ye'll not 'av any trouble,
So go on wid yez now, sor, an' fill
Out a lot of thim blank affidavits,
An' I'll swear to thim all, so I will.

It's swate, yis, to die for wan's counthry;
But, bedad! I can't help but abhor
Thim battles where people got hurted
Since Mickey got kilt in the war

I VASH SO GLAD I VASH HERE.

ONE who does not believe in immersion for baptism was holding a protracted meeting, and one night preached on the subject of baptism. In the course of his remarks he said that some believed it necessary to go down into the water and come up out of it to be baptized. But this he claimed to be fallacy, for the proposition "into" of the Scriptures should be rendered differently, as it does not mean into at all times. "Moses," he said, "we are told, went up into the mountain; and the Saviour was taken up into a high mountain, etc. Now we do not suppose either went into a mountain, but went unto it. So with going down into the water; it means simply going down close by or near to the water and being baptized in the ordinary way by

sprinkling or pouring." He carried this idea out fully, and in due season closed his discourse, when an invitation was given for any one so disposed to rise and express his thoughts. Quite a number of his brethren arose and said they were glad they had been present on this occasion, that they were well pleased with the sound sermon they had just heard, and felt their souls greatly blessed. Finally a corpulent gentleman of Teutonic extraction, a stranger to all, arose and broke the silence that was almost painful, as follows:

"Mister Breacher, I ish so glad I vash here to-night, for I has had explained to my mint some dings dat I neffer could pelief before. Oh, I ish so glad dat into does not mean into at all, but shust close by or near to, for now I can pelief many dings vot I could not pelief pefore. We reat, Mr. Breacher, dat Taniel vosh cast into de ten of lions, and came out alife. Now, I neffer could pelief dat, for wilt beasts would shust eat him right off; but now it is very clear to my mint. He vash shust close by or near to, and tid not git into de ten at all. Oh, I ish so glad I vash here tonight. Again we reat dat de Heprew children vash cast into de firish furnace; and dat always look like a peeg story, too, for dey would have been purnt up; but it ish all blain to my mint now, for dey was shust cast py or close to de firish furnace. Oh, I vash so glat I vash here to-night. And den, Mr. Breacher, it ish said dat Jonah vash cast into de sea, and taken into the whale's pelly Now, I neffer could pelief dat, it alwish seem to me to be a peeg fish story, but it ish all blain to my mint now. He vash not into de whale's pelly at all, but shump onto his pack and rode ashore. Oh, I vash so glad I vash here to-night.

"And now, Mister Breacher, if you will shust exblain two more bassages of Scriptures, I shall be, oh, so happy dot I vash here to-night! One of dem ish vhere it saish de vicked shall be cast into a lake dat burns mit fire and primstone alwish. Oh, Mister Breacher, shall I be cast into dat lake if I am vicked, or shust close py or near to—shust near enough to be comfortable? O! I hope you tell me I shall be cast only shust by a good veys off, and I vill pe so glad I vash here to-night. De oder bassage

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THE SIGNAL.

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POISE.

is dat vich saish, blessed are dey who do dese commandments, dat dey may have right to de dree of life, and enter in droo de gates of de city, and not shust close py or near to—shust near enough to see vat I have lost—and I shall be so glad I vash here to-night."

FOREIGN VIEWS OF THE STATUE.

ON the deck of a steamer that came up the bay,
Some garrulous foreigners gathered one day,
To vent their opinions on matters and things
On this side the Atlantic,
In language pedantic
'Twas much the same gathering that any ship brings.

"Ah, look!" said the Frenchman, with pride his lips curled;
"See ze Liberté Statue enlighten ze world!
Ze grandest colossal zat evair vas known!
Thus Bartholdi, he speak:
Vive la France—Amerique!
La belle France make ze statue, and God make ze stone!"

Said the Scotchman: "Na need o' yer speakin' sae free
The thing is na sma', sir, that we canna see.
Do ye think that wi'oot ye the folk couldna tell?
Sin' 'tis Liberty's Statye,
I ken na why that ye
Did na keep it at hame to enlighten yoursel!"

The Englishman gazed through his watch-crystal eye:
"'Pon 'onor, by Jove, it is too beastly high!
A monstwosity, weally too lawge to be seen!
In pwoportion, I say,
It's too lawge faw the bay.
So much lawger than one we've at 'ome of the Queen!"

An Italian next joined the colloquial scrimmage:
"I dress-a my monkey just like-a de image,

I call-a ' Bartholdi '——Frenchman got-a spunky—
Call-a me ' Macaroni,'
Lose-a me plenty moany!
He break-a my organ and keel-a my monkey!"

" My-a broder a feesherman; here-a what he say:
No more-a he catch-a de feesh in de bay.
He drop-a de seine—he no get-a de weesh.
When he mak-a de grab-a,
Only catch-a de crab-a,
De big-a French image scare away all de feesh!"

" By the home rule!" said Pat: " and is *that* Libertee?
She's the biggest ould woman that iver I see!
Phy don't she sit down? 'Tis a shame she's to stand.
But the truth is, Oi'm twold,
That the shtone is too cowld.
Would ye moind the shillalah she howlds in her hand!"

Said the Cornishman: "Thaät s no ä ' shillalah,' ye scaämp!
Looäks to I like Diogenes 'ere wi' 'is laämp,
Searchin' haärd fur a 'onest maän." "Faith, that is true,"
Muttered Pat, " phat ye say,
Fur he's lookin' moi way,
And by the same favor don't *recognize* you!"

" Shust vait, und I dolt you," said Hans, " vat's der matter;
It vas von uf dem mermaits coomed ouwd fun der vatter:
Unt she hat noddings on; unt der vintry vind plows,
Unt fur shame, unt fur pidy,
She vent to der cidy,
Unt buyed her a suit fun der reaty-mate clo's."

" Me no sabee you foleners; too muchee talkee.
You no likee Idol, you heap takee walkee!
Him allee same Chinaman velly big Joshee.
Him Unclee Sam gal-ee;
Catch um lain, no umblallee!
Heap vellee big shirtee—me no likee washee!"

"Oh!" cried Sambo, amazed: "Dat's de cullud man's Lor'!
He's cum back to de earf; sumfin' he's lookin' for.
Allus knowed by de halo surroundin' he's brow;
Jess you looken dat crown!
Jess you looken dat gown!
Lor' 'a' massy, I knows I's a gone nigga' now!"

Said the Yankee: "I've heard ye discussin' her figger;
And I reckon you strängers hain't seen nothin' bigger.
Wall, I hain't much on boastin', but I'll go my pile
When you furreners cum,
You'll find her to hum!
Dew I mean what I say? Wall somewhat—I should smile!"

THE PUNKIN FROST.

WHEN the frost is on the punkin and the fodder's in the shock,
And you hear the kyouck and gobble of the struttin' turkey cock,
And the clackin' of the guineas, and the cluckin' of the hens,
And the rooster's hallylooyer as he tiptoes on the fence,
Oh, it's then's the time a feller is a-feelin' at his best,
With the risin' sun to greet him from a night of gracious rest,
As he leaves the house bare-headed, and goes out to feed the stock,
When the frost is on the punkin and the fodder's in the shock.

They's sumphin kind o' hearty-like about the atmosphere,
When the heat of summer's over, and the coolin' fall is here—
Of course we miss the flowers and the blossoms on the trees,
And the mumble of the hummin'-birds, and buzzin' of the bees:
But the air's so appetizin', and the landscape through the haze
Of a crisp and sunny mornin' of the early autumn days
Is a picture that no painter has the colorin' to mock;
When the frost is on the punkin and the fodder's in the shock.

The husky, rusty rustle of the tossels of the corn,
And the raspin' of the tangled leaves, as golden as the morn;

The stubble in the furries, kind o' lonesome-like, but still
A-preachin' sermons to us of the barns they growed to fill.
The straw stack in the medder, and the reaper in the shed;
The hosses in their stalls below, the clover overhead;
Oh, it sets my heart a-clickin' like the tickin' of a clock,
When the frost is on the punkin and the fodder's in the shock.

THE RAILROAD CROSSING.

I CAN'T tell you much about the thing, 'twas done so powerful quick;
But 'pears to me I got a most outlandish heavy lick;
It broke my leg, and tore my skulp, and jerked my arm most out.
But take a seat: I'll try and tell just how it kem about.

You see, I'd started down to town with that 'ere team of mine,
A-haulin' down a load o' corn to Ebenezer Kline,
An' drivin' slow; for, just about a day or two before,
The off horse run a splinter in his foot, and made it sore.

You know the railroad cuts across the road at Martin's Hole;
Well, thar I seed a great big sign, raised high upon a pole;
I thought I'd stop and read the thing, and find out what it said,
And so I stopped the hosses on the railroad track, and read.

I ain't no scholar, rekollect, and so I had to spell,
I started kinder cautious like, with R-A-I and L;
And that spelt "rail" as clear as mud; R-O-A-D was "road,"
I lumped 'em: "railroad" was the word, and that 'ere much I knowed.

C-R-O and double S, with I-N-G to boot,
Made "crossing" just as plain as Noah Webster dared to do 't.
Railroad crossing"—good enough! L double O-K "look;"
And I was lookin' all the time, and spellin' like a book.

O-U-T spelt "out" jest right; and there it was, "look out,"
I's kinder cur'us, like, to know jest what 'twas all about;

F-O-R and T-H-E; 'twas then "look out for the—"
And then I tried the next word; it commenced with E-N-G.
I 'd got that fur, when suddintly there came an awful whack;
A thousand fiery thunderbolts just scooped me off the track;
The hosses went to Davy Jones, the wagon went to smash,
And I was histed seven yards above the tallest ash.

I did n't come to life ag'in fur 'bout a day or two;
But, though I 'm crippled up a heap, I sorter struggled through,
It ain't the pain, nor 'tain't the loss o' that 'ere team of mine;
But, stranger, how I 'd like to know the rest of that 'ere sign!

IRISH COQUETRY.

SAYS Patrick to Biddy, "Good mornin', me dear,
It 's a bit av a sacret I 've got for yer ear;
It 's yersel' that is lukin' so charmin' the day,
That the heart in me breast is fast slippin' away."
"'Tis you that kin flatther," Miss Biddy replies,
And throws him a glance from her merry blue eyes.

"Arrah thin," cries Patrick, "'tis thinkin' av you
That 's makin' me heartsick, me darlint, that's thrue!
Sure I 've waited a long while to tell ye this same,
And Biddy Maloney'll be sich a foine name."
Cries Biddy, "Have done wid yer talkin', I pray;
Shure me heart's not me own for this many a day!

"I gave it away to a good-lookin' boy,
Who thinks there is no one like Biddy Maloy;
So don't bother me, Pat; jist be aisy," says she.
"Indade, if ye 'll let me, I will that!" says he;
"It 's a bit av a flirt that ye are on the sly;
I 'll not trouble ye more, but I 'll bid ye good-by."

"Arrah, Patrick," cries Biddy, "an' where are ye goin'?
Shure it isn't the best av good manners ye'er showin'

To leave me so suddint!" "Och, Biddy," says Pat,
"Ye have knocked the cock-feathers jist out av me hat!"
"Come back, Pat!" says she. "What fur, thin?" says he.
"Bekase I meant you all the time, sir!" says she.

THE ONE-HOSS SHAY;

OR, THE DEACON'S MASTERPIECE.

A LOGICAL STORY.

HAVE you heard of the wonderful one-hoss shay,
That was built in such a logical way
It ran a hundred years to a day,
And then of a sudden, it—ah, but stay,
I'll tell you what happened without delay;
Scaring the parson into fits,
Frightening people out of their wits,—
Have you ever heard of that, I say?

Seventeen hundred and fifty-five,
Georgius Secundus was then alive,—
Snuffy old drone from the German hive.
That was the year when Lisbon-town
Saw the earth open and gulp her down,
And Braddock's army was done so brown
Left without a scalp to its crown.
It was on the terrible earthquake day
That the Deacon finished the one-hoss shay.

Now in building of chaises, I tell you what,
There is always *somewhere* a weakest spot,—
In hub, tire, felloe, in spring or thill,
In panel, or crossbar, or floor, or sill,
In screw, bolt, thorough-brace,—lurking still,
Find it somewhere you must and will,—
Above or below, or within or without,—
And that's the reason, beyond a doubt,
A chaise *breaks down* but doesn't *wear out.*

But the Deacon swore (as deacons do,
With an "I dew vum," or an "I tell *yeou*,")
He would build one shay to beat the taown
N' the keounty 'n' all the kentry raoun';
It should be so built that it *couldn'* break daown;
—"Fur," said the Deacon, "'t' s mighty plain
That the weakes' place mus' stan' the strain;
'N' the way t' fix it, uz I maintain
Is only jest
T' make that place uz strong uz the rest."

So the Deacon inquired of the village folk
Where he could find the strongest oak,
That couldn't be split, nor bent, nor broke,—
That was for spokes, and floor and sills;
He sent for lancewood to make the thills;
The crossbars were ash, from the straightest trees;
The panels of whitewood, that cuts like cheese,
But lasts like iron for things like these;
The hubs of logs from the "Settler's ellum,"—
Last of its timber,—they couldn't sell 'em,
Never an axe had seen their chips,
And the wedges flew from between their lips,
Their blunt ends frizzled like celery-tips;
Step and prop-iron, bolt and screw,
Spring, tire, axle and linchpin too,
Steel of the finest, bright and blue;
Thoroughbrace bison-skin, thick and wide;
Boot, top, dasher, from tough old hide
Found in the pit when the tanner died.
That was the way he "put her through."—
"There!" said the Deacon," "naow she'll dew!"

Do! I tell you, I rather guess
She was a wonder, and nothing less
Colts grew horses, beards turned gray,
Deacon and deaconess dropped away,

Children and grandchildren,—where were they?
But there stood the stout old one-hoss shay
As fresh as on Lisbon-earthquake day!

EIGHTEEN HUNDRED;—it came and found
The deacon's masterpiece strong and sound.
Eighteen hundred increased by ten;—
"Hahnsum kerridge," they called it then.
Eighteen hundred and twenty came;—
Running as usual; much the same.
Thirty and forty at last arrive,
And then come fifty, and FIFTY-FIVE.

Little of all we value here
Wakes on the morn of its hundredth year
Without both feeling and looking queer.
In fact, there's nothing that keeps its youth,
So far as I know, but a tree and truth.
(This is a moral that runs at large;
Take it.—You're welcome.—No extra charge.)

FIRST OF NOVEMBER,—the Earthquake day,—
There are traces of age in the one-hoss shay,
A general flavor of mild decay,
But nothing local, as one may say.
There couldn't be,—for the deacon's art
Had made it so like in every part
That there wasn't a chance for one to start.
For the wheels were just as strong as the thills,
And the floor was just as strong as the sills,
And the panels just as strong as the floor,
And the whippletree neither less nor more,
And the back crossbar as strong as the fore,
And spring and axle and hub *encore*.
And yet, *as a whole*, it is past a doubt
In another hour it will be *worn out!*

First of November, 'fifty-five!
This morning the parson takes a drive.

Now, small boys, get out of the way!
Here comes the wonderful one-hoss shay,
Drawn by a rat-tailed, ewe-necked bay,
"Huddup!" said the parson. Off went they.
The parson was working his Sunday's text,—
Had got to fifthly, and stopped perplexed
At what the—Moses was coming next.
All at once the horse stood still,—
Close by the meetin'-house on the hill.
—First a shiver, and then a thrill,
Then something decidedly like a spill,–
And the parson was sitting upon a rock,
At half-past nine by the meetin'-house clock,—
Just the hour of the Earthquake shock!
—What do you think the parson found
When he got up and stared around?
The poor old chaise in a heap or mound,
As if it had been to the mill and ground!
You see, of course, if you're not a dunce,
How it went to pieces all at once,—
All at once, and nothing first,—
Just as bubbles do when they burst.

End of the wonderful one-hoss shay.
Logic is logic. That's all I say.

MAUD MULLER'S MOVING.

MAUD MULLER, on a wild March day,
Vowed she would move, the first of May.

Not but the house she occupied
With modern improvements was supplied,

But when on the paper her eyes she set
And saw the advertisements "To let,"

Her comfort died, and a vague unrest
And a nameless longing filled her breast,

A longing that well nigh drove her mad,
For a nicer house than the one she had,

Larger, cheaper, in better repair;
Five minutes' walk from everywhere.

A basement-kitchen without a flaw,
A room for her husband's mother-in-law,

A parlor 18 x 23,
And a sunny, airy nursery.

She rented a house, by no means bad,
Yet not near so nice as the one she had.

And hunting, packing and moving day
Were enough, she said, to turn her gray.

And as on an upturned tub she sat,
In the new house, dusty, desolate.

And heard the truckman, *not* "with care,"
Dump a basket of crockery ware,

She mourned like one of all hope bereft,
For the cozy dwelling she had left,

And to herself, in accents saddened,
Whispered softly, "I wish I hadn't."

Then to boss the truckman she turned her way,
Sighing, "I'll move again next May."

Alas for Muller! Alas for Maud!
For chipped veneering and shattered gaud.

Heaven pity them both, and pity us all
Whose wives to questing houses fall;

For of all sad words ever written yet,
The saddest are these: "This house to let."

THE DUEL.

THE gingham dog and the calico cat
Side by side on the table sat;
'Twas half-past twelve, and, what do you think,
Neither of them had slept a wink!
And the old Dutch clock and the Chinese plate
Seemed to know, as sure as fate,
There was going to be an awful spat.

(I wasn't there—I simply state
What was told to me by the Chinese plate.)

The gingham dog went "bow-wow-wow!"
And the calico cat replied "me-ow?"
And the air was streaked for an hour or so
With fragments of gingham and calico.
While the old Dutch clock in the chimney-place
Up with its hands before its face,
For it always dreaded a family row!

(Now mind, I'm simply telling you
What the old Dutch clock declares is true.)

The Chinese plate looked very blue
And wailed: "Oh, dear what shall we do?"
But the gingham dog and the calico cat
Wallowed this way and tumbled that,
And utilized every tooth and claw
In the awfullest way you ever saw—
And, oh! how the gingham and calico flew!

(Don't think that I exaggerate—
I got my news from the Chinese plate.)

Next morning where the two had sat
They found no trace of the dog or cat;
And some folks think unto this day

That burglars stole that pair away;
But the truth about the cat and pup
Is that they eat each other up—
Now, what do you really think of that?

(The old Dutch clock, it told me so,
And that is how I came to know.)

THE SADDEST SIGHT.

WHEN a woman her home would decorate;
She stops not at obstacles small or great;
But the funniest sight her trials afford
Is when madam essays to saw a board.

With her knee on a plank, and the plank on a chair;
She poises her saw with a knowing air,
Makes several wild rasps at the penciled line,
And is off with a whizz the reverse of fine.

With lips compressed she gets down to work,
And crosses the timbers, jerkity-jerk;
She can't keep to the line, her knee slips askew;
But she keeps to the work till the board splits in two.

She has damaged the chair, she has ruined the saw,
Her back is aching, her hands are raw,
And she finds, when she tries to fit her prize,
It's an inch too short of the requisite size.

THE WHISTLER.

"YOU have heard," said a youth to his sweetheart who stood
While he sat on a corn-sheaf, at daylight's decline,—
"You have heard of the Danish boy's whistle of wood;
I wish that the Danish boy's whistle were mine."

"And what would you do with it? Tell me," she said,
While an arch smile played over her beautiful face.

"I would blow it," he answered, "and then my fair maid
Would fly to my side and would there take her place."

"Is that all you wish for? Why, that may be yours
Without any magic!" the fair maiden cried.
"A favor so slight one's good nature secures;"
And she playfully seated herself by his side.

"I would blow it again," said the youth; "and the charm
Would work so that not even modesty's check
Would be able to keep from my neck your white arm."
She smiled and she laid her white arm round his neck.

"Yet once more I would blow; and the music divine
Would bring me a third time an exquisite bliss,—
You would lay your fair cheek to this brown one of mine;
And your lips stealing past it would give me a kiss."

The maiden laughed out in her innocent glee—
"What a fool of yourself with the whistle you'd make!
For only consider how silly 'twould be
To sit there and whistle for what you might take."

DERMOT O'DOWD.

WHEN Dermot O'Dowd coorted Molly McCan
They were sweet as the honey and soft as the down;
But when they were wed they began to find out
That Dermot could storm and Molly could frown.
They would neither give in, so the neighbors gave out—
Both were hot till a coldness came over the two;
And Molly would flusther, and Dermot would blusther,
Stamp holes in the flure, and cry out, "Wirrasthru!
O murther! I'm married,
I wish I had tarried;
I'm sleepless and speechless—no word can I say.
My bed is no use;
I'll give back to the goose

The feathers I plucked on last Michaelmas day."
"Ah!" says Molly, "you once used to call me a bird,"
"Faix, you're ready enough to fly out," says he.
"You said then my eyes were as bright as the skies,
And my lips like the rose—now no longer like me."
Says Dermot, "Your eyes are as bright as the morn,
But your brow is as black as a big thunder-cloud.
If your lip is a rose, sure your tongue is a thorn
That sticks in the heart of poor Dermot O'Dowd."
Says Molly, "You once said my voice was a thrush,
But now it's a rusty old hinge with a creak."
Says Dermot, "You called me a duck when I coorted,
But now I'm a goose every day in the week.
But all husbands are geese, though our pride it may shock,
From the first 'twas ordained so by nature, I fear.
Ould Adam himself was the first of the flock,
And Eve, with her apple-sauce cooked him, my dear."

A SIMILAR CASE.

JACK, I hear you've gone and done it;
Yes, I know; most fellows will;
Went and tried it once myself, sir,
Though you see I'm single still.
And you met her, did you tell me?
Down at Brighton, last July,
And resolved to ask the question
At a soirée? So did I.

I suppose you left the ball room
With its music and its light;
For they say love's flame is brightest
In the darkness of the night.
Well, you walked along together,
Overhead the starlit sky;
And I'll bet—old man, confess it—
You were frightened. So was I.

So you strolled along the terrace,
Saw the summer moonlight pour
All its radiance on the waters
As they rippled on the shore:
Till at length you gathered courage,
When you saw that none were nigh;
Did you draw her close and tell her
That you loved her? So did I.

Well, I needn't ask you further,
And I'm sure I wish you joy,
Think I'll wander down and see you
When you're married—eh, my boy?
When the honeymoon is over,
And you're settled down, we'll try—
What? The deuce, you say? Rejected?
You rejected? So was I!

NOT WILLIN'.

SAYS bould Barney Milligan,
To Biddy McSnilligan,
"Och, faith! it's mesilf wud be loikin' a kiss."
Cries Biddy McSnilligan,
"Ye'd betther be still agin,
Oi'll not be endoorin' sich tratement as this."

"Arrah! Dearest Biddy
Be aisy, be stiddy,
Indade, it's no use to be actin' loike this;
Och! Scratch a man's nose off,
An' tear all his clo'es off,
It's a bit uv a row to be gittin' a kiss."

"Go 'way, Mr. Barney,
No more of your blarney,
Or instid uv a kiss ye'll be gettin' a kick.
Ould red-headed Barney,
Yer wastin' yer blarney,
For here comes the misses! Ach! Barney, be quick!"

SUNDAY FISHIN'.

HEYO! you niggers, dah, I like ter know
Wut dat you up to yere! Well, toe by sho!
Ef you ain't fishin' on de good Lawd's day,
Des like you done gone clah forgit de way
Up to de meetin'-'ouse! Yere, come erlong
Er me, en *I'll* show you de place you b'long.

I tells you wut, boys, dis yere chile is had
Speunce er Sunday fishin', en he glad
Dat he's alive! De las' time dat I broke
De Sabbaf-day dis way, it wa'n't no joke—
You heered me now! Dat wuz de time, you know,
I ketched de debble, en I thought fer sho,
Dat he'd ketch me!

You see dis yere de way
It wuz: I tuk my pole one Sabbaf-day
En went down to de river, at de place
Wut I kep' baited, up above de race.
Dey use ter be a little dogwood-tree
Up on de bank, des big ernough fer me
To set en fish in; en I use ter clime
Into it alluz in high-water time;
It growed right on the steep bank's aidge, en lent
'Way out above de water.

W'en I went
Up dah dat day de muddy river den
Had riz en overflowed 'bout nine or ten
Feet fum de bank, en so I tuck en roll
My breeches up, en waded wid my pole
Out to de tree, en clime into de fawk,
En 'gin to fish.

'Twa'n't long befo' my cawk
Duckt down clean outer sight, en den I felt
De pole jerkt mos' away. I lay I helt

On to dat pole, but 'twa'n't no mortal use—
Dat fish wuz bound to make sump'n come loose.
I had a monst'ous strong big cat-fish line,
En so I tuk en fix my legs entwine
Erround dat tree, en froze on to de pole,
'Termint to swing 'twell sump'n los' der hol'.
But Laws-a-massy! 'twa'n't no yethly use:
Fo' long I felt dat tree a-givin' loose;
En treckly down she come, sho' nough, kerflop,
Into de b'ilin' water, me on top,
Yes, sir, right in the river; den dat thing
Wut I done ketched hit give a suddint swing
En' way hit tuck straight down de stream, wid me,
Er follern atter, settin' on de tree!

Sakes, how we trabbled! en'z we rolled along,
Hit struck me all to wunst sump'n 'uz wrong
Erbout dat fish! He was a pow'ful sight
Too peart. En den I seed a jay-bird light,
En keep a-lightin' 'long de bank in front,
En den a mush-rat swosh aroun' en grunt,

En tu'n a water-snake aloose, en den
De snake swum *wid his head up stream* 'twell w'en
He got in front er me, den tuck en dive
Straight down; en atter dat—good saints alive!—
A she king fisher up an squawk, en sail
Across, en drap a feather fum her tail.
Good Lawd! I knowd it wa'n't no use denine
De debble got a holt dat hook en line,
Headin' wi' me fer home, en strikin' out
A-clippin' by de shortes' water route!
Dat's wut *I* got by goin' dat Sabbaf-day
A-fishin'. 'Twas a caution, folks, de way
We shot dat river, makin' down it straight
Fer Cooper's dam, right todes de "Debble's Gate,"
Dey calls dat suck whah all dat wunst goes in
Ain't never seed, dey say, to rise agin.

De fus' thing wut I thought I better do
Wuz tu'n aloose dat pole; but, thinks I, "Shoo!
I couldn't fool *him* dat away, en he
Mout tu'n loose too, en grab aholt er me."

En den I 'gin to pray, en prayed en prayed—
Law love you, chillun! reck'n I fa'ly made
De woods howl, 'seechin' dat de throne er grace
Fergimme fer backslidin', en make 'as'e
Ter git me out dat scrape; en w'iles I prayed
I helt de pole wid one han' en I laid
Holt of my galluses wid t'er, en to'e
Um off; en den I tied de pole befo'
Me to de tree, so es to make Ole Nick
Still b'lieve I helt on to it.
Putty quick
I seed out in de river, right ahead,
Joe Taylor's fish-trap, and de good Lawd led
Us 'long up side it, en you mighty right
I jumpt on to it mighty free en light,
En Mr. Smarty Nick, wid his ole tree,
Sailed on, a-thinkin' still he haulin' me!
Dat's wut de matter!
Niggers, dat de way
I quit dis fishing' on de Sabbaf-day.
Dah ain't no pole ermong yo' all *I'd* tech;
En if you ain't a-hankerin' to ketch
Sump'n you didn't barg'n fer, I lay
You better put dem hooks en lines away.

Fer members uv de church, dis yere gits me!
Uv all the owdacious doin's I ever see,
Dis tak'n' de Sabbaf-day in vain's de wuss
Fer mortifyin' de morals uv—*You Gus!*
Look at dat bite you got! Law bless de Lam;
He's a joedahter! Look out dah, doe jam
Dat pole up dah! You trine, peahs like to me
To knock de fish fum off dat 'simmon tree;

Now look. Doe jerk dat way. Law love my soul,
You gwiner lose 'im! Yere, gimme dat pole;
I'll show you how to lan' 'im! Stiddy, now—
Pulls like a cat-fish. Hit's de boss, I swow!
Des wait a minute; one mo' pull is boun'
To git 'im. Dah he is, safe on the groun."

Hain't he a whopper, dough. Hoo—wee! I lay
Y'all dat ah fish dis blessid day 'ull weigh
'Bout forty—Laws-a massy! ef I ain't
Done broke the Sabbaf 'fo I knowed it! 'Tain't
No use to laugh, you reckon I wuz gwine
Ter let dat fish take off dis pole en line?

But 'tain't too late, I'll fix it mighty quick.
Yere, Gus, gimme dat fish—you neenter kick;
I'se gwine, fer sho, ter pitch it right away
Back in de water. Yere, leggo, I say!
You'll peck de wrong June-bug, you biggity goose!
Fo' God, now, nigger, ef you doe tu'n loose
Dis fish, I'll chuck *you* in de river! Dah!
Hit's in En now my conshus is mo' clah.

PART VIII.

Juvenile Selections.

CUDDLE DOON.

[This beautiful selection should be read with feeling and by one who can imitate the Scotch dialect. The figures refer to the illustrations and show appropriate gestures to be used.]

THE bairnies[29] cuddle doon at nicht,
Wi' muckle fash an' din;
"Oh, try and sleep,[186] ye waukrife rogues;
Your father's comin' in."
They never heed a word I speak,
I try[237] to gie a froon;
But aye I hap thim up an' cry,
"Oh,[107] bairnies, cuddle doon!'

Wee Jamie,[290] wi' the curly heid—
He aye sleeps next the wa'—
Bangs up an' cries,[316] "I want a piece"—
The rascal starts them a'.
I run[29] an' fetch thim pieces, drinks—
They stop awee the soun'—
Then draw the blankets up, an' cry,
"Noo,[107] weanies, cuddle doon!"

But ere five minutes gang, wee Rab
Cries oot, frae 'neath the claes,[29]
"Mither, make Tam gie ower at once,
He's kittlin' wi' his taes."
The mischief's in that Tam[81] for tricks;

He'd bother half the toon,
But aye I hap them up an' cry,
"Oh,[107] bairnies, cuddle doon!"

At length they[263] hear their father's fit;
An' as he steeks the door,
They turn their faces to the wa',
While Tam pretends to snore.[29]
"Hae a' the weans been gude?" he asks,
As he puts off his shoon;
"The bairnies, John,[107] are in their beds,
An' lang since cuddled doon."

An'[290] just afore we bed oorsel's,—
We look at oor wee lambs;
Tam has his arm[29] roun' wee Rab's neck,
And Rab his arm roun' Tam's.
I lift wee[133] Jamie up the bed,
An' as I straik each croon,
I whisper till my heart fills up,
"Oh,[107] bairnies, cuddle doon."

The bairnies[29] cuddle doon at nicht,
Wi' mirth that's dear to me;
But soon the[185] big warl's cark an' care
Will quaten doon their glee.
Yet come what will to ilka ane,
May He[133] who sits aboon,
Aye whisper, though their pows be bauld,
"Oh,[107] bairnies, cuddle doon."

THE ELF-CHILD.

[Imitate childish awe and superstition in reciting this piece.]

LITTLE Orphant Annie's come to our house to stay,
An' wash the cups an' saucers up, an' brush the crumbs away,
An' shoo the chickens off the porch, an' dust the hearth, an' sweep,

An' make the fire, an' bake the bread, an' earn her board an' keep;
An' all us other children, when the supper things is done.
We set around the kitchen fire an' has the mostest fun
A-list'nin' to the witch tales 'at Annie tells about,
An' the gobble-uns 'at gits you
Ef you
Don't
Watch
Out!

Onc't they was a little boy wouldn't say his pray'rs—
An' when he went to bed at night, away upstairs,
His mammy heerd him holler, an' his daddy heard him bawl,
An' when they turn the kivvers down he wasn't there at all!
An' they seeked him in the rafter-room, an' cubby-hole, an' press,
An' seeked him up the chimbly-flue, and everywheres, I guess,
But all they ever found was this, his pants an' roundabout:—
An' the gobble-uns'll git you
Ef you
Don't
Watch
Out.

An' one time a little girl 'ud allus laugh an' grin,
An' make fun of ever'one an' all her blood-an-kin.
An' onc't, when they was "company," an' old folks was there,
She mocked 'em, an' shocked 'em, an' said she didn't care!
An' thist as she kicked her heels, an' turn't to run an' hide!
They was two great Big Black Things a-standin' by her side,
An' they snatched her through the ceilin' 'fore she knowed what she's about!
An' the gobble-uns'll git you
Ef you
Don't
Watch
Out!

An little Orphant Annie says, when the blaze is blue,
An' the lampwick sputters, an' the wind goes Woo-oo!
An' you hear the crickets quit, an' the moon is gray,
An' the lightnin'-bugs in dew is all squenched away—
You better mind yer parents, an' yer teachers fond an' dear,
An' churish them 'at loves you, and dry the orphant's tear,
An' he'p the po' an' needy ones 'at clusters all about,
Er the gobble-uns'll git you.

Ef you
Don't
Watch
Out!

THE DEAD DOLL.

[Imitate the voice and actions of a little girl.]

YOU needn't be trying to comfort me—I tell you my dolly is dead!
There's no use in saying she isn't with a crack like that in her head;
It's just like you said it wouldn't hurt much to have my tooth out that day,
And then, when the man 'most pulled my head off, you hadn't a word to say.

And I guess you must think I'm a baby, when you say you can mend it with glue,
As if I didn't know better than that! Why, just suppose it was you;
You might make her look all mended—but what do I care for looks?
Why, glue's for chairs and tables, and toys, and the backs of books!

My dolly! My own little daughter! Oh, but it's the awfulest crack!

It just makes me sick to think of the sound when her poor head went whack
Against that horrible brass thing that holds up the little shelf.
Now, nursey, what makes you remind me? I know that I did it myself.

I think you must be crazy—you'll get her another head!
What good would forty heads do her? I tell you my dolly is dead!
And to think I hadn't quite finished her elegant new spring hat!
And I took a sweet ribbon of hers last night to tie on that horrid cat!

When my mamma gave me that ribbon—I was playing out in the yard—
She said to me, most expressly, "Here's a ribbon for Hildegarde."
And I went and put it on Tabby, and Hildegarde saw me do it;
But I said to myself, "Oh, never mind, I don't believe she knew it."

But I know that she knew it now, and I just believe, I do,
That her poor little heart was broken, and so her head broke too.
Oh, my baby! My little baby! I wish my head had been hit!
For I've hit it over and over, and it hasn't cracked a bit.

But since the darling is dead, she'll want to be buried, of course;
We will take my little wagon, nurse, and you shall be the horse;
And I'll walk behind and cry; and we'll put her in this, you see—
This dear little box—and we'll bury her there out under the maple tree.

And papa will make me a tombstone, like the one he made for my bird;
And he'll put what I tell him on it—yes, every single word!
I shall say, "Here lies Hildegarde, a beautiful doll who is dead:
She died of a broken heart, and a dreadful crack in her head."

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SENTIMENT.

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MY NEIGHBOR'S BABY.

ACROSS in my neighbor's window, with its drapings of satin and lace,
I see, 'neath its flowing ringlets, a baby's innocent face.
His feet, in crimson slippers, are tapping the polished glass;
And the crowd in the street look upward, and nod and smile as they pass.

Just here in my cottage window, catching flies in the sun,
With a patched and faded apron, stands my own little one.
His face is as pure and handsome as the baby's over the way,
And he keeps my heart from breaking, at my toiling every day.

Sometimes when the day is ended, and I sit in the dusk to rest,
With the face of my sleeping darling hugged close to my lonely breast,
I pray that my neighbor's baby may not catch heaven's roses all,
But that some may crown the forehead of my loved one as they fall.

And when I draw the stockings from his little weary feet,
And kiss the rosy dimples in his limbs so round and sweet,
I think of the dainty garments some little children wear,
And that my God withholds them from mine, so pure and fair

* * * * * * * *

May God forgive my envy—I know not what I said.
My heart is crushed and troubled,—my neighbor's boy is dead!
I saw the little coffin as they carried it out to-day:
A mother's heart is breaking in the mansion over the way.
The light is fair in my window, the flowers bloom at my door,
My boy is chasing the sunbeams that dance on the cottage floor.
The roses of health are blooming on my darling's cheek to-day;
But the baby is gone from the window of the mansion over the way.

PAPA'S LETTER.

I WAS sitting in my study,
Writing letters when I heard,
" Please, dear mamma, Mary told me
Mamma mustn't be 'isturbed;

" But I's tired of the kitty,
Want some ozzer fing to do!
Witing letters, is 'ou, mamma?
Tan't I wite a letter, too?"

" Not now, darling, mamma's busy;
Run and play with kitty, now."
" No, no, mamma, me wite letter—
Tan if 'ou will show me how."

I would paint my darling's portrait
As his sweet eyes searched my face;
Hair of gold and eyes of azure,
Form of childish, witching grace.

But the eager face was clouded,
As I slowly shook my head,
Till I said, " I'll make a letter
Of you, darling boy, instead.'

So I parted back the tresses
From his forehead high and white,
And a stamp in sport I pasted
'Mid its waves of golden light.

Then I said, " Now, little letter,
Go away, and bear good news."
And I smiled as down the staircase
Clattered loud the little shoes.

Leaving me, the darling hurried
Down to Mary in his glee;

"Mamma's witing lots of letters;
I's a letter, Mary—see?"

No one heard the little prattler
As once more he climbed the stair,
Reached his little cap and tippet,
Standing on the entry chair.

No one heard the front door open,
No one saw the golden hair
As it floated o'er his shoulders
In the crisp October air.

Down the street the baby hastened
Till he reached the office door.
"I's a letter, Mr. Postman,
Is there room for any more?

"Cause dis letter's doin' to papa:
Papa lives with God, 'ou know.
Mamma sent me for a letter;
Does 'ou fink 'at I tan go?"

But the clerk in wonder answered
"Not to-day, my little man."
"Den I'll find anuzzer office,
'Cause I must go if I tan."

Fain the clerk would have detained him,
But the pleading face was gone,
And the little feet were hastening—
By the busy crowd swept on.

Suddenly the crowd was parted,
People fled to left and right
As a pair of maddened horses
At the moment dashed in sight.

No one saw the baby figure—
No one saw the golden hair,
Till a voice of frightened sweetness
Rang out on the autumn air.

'Twas too late—a moment only
Stood the beauteous vision there,
Then the little face lay lifeless,
Covered o'er with golden hair.

Reverently they raised my darling,
Brushed away the curls of gold,
Saw the stamp upon the forehead,
Growing now so icy cold.

Not a mark the face disfigured,
Showing where a hoof had trod;
But the little life was ended—
"Papa's letter" was with God.

THE LITTLE WHITE HEARSE.

AS the little white hearse went glimmering by—
The man on the coal cart jerked his lines,
And smutted the lid of either eye,
And turned and stared at the business signs;
And the street-car driver stopped and beat
His hands on his shoulders and gazed up street
Till his eye on the long track reached the sky—
As the little white hearse went glimmering by.

As the little white hearse went glimmering by—
A stranger petted a ragged child
In the crowded walk, and she knew not why,
But he gave her a coin for the way she smiled;
And a bootblack thrilled with a pleasure strange
As a customer put back his change

With a kindly hand and a grateful sigh—
As the little white hearse went glimmering by.

As the little white hearse went glimmering by—
A man looked of a window dim,
And his cheeks were wet and his heart was dry—
For a dead child even were dear to him.
And he thought of his empty life and said:
"Loveless alive, and loveless dead,
Nor wife nor child in earth or sky!"—
As the little white hearse went glimmering by.

THE CHRISTMAS BABY.

HOOT! ye little rascal! ye come it on me this way,
Crowdin' yerself amongst us this blusterin' winter's day,
Knowin' that we already have three of ye, an' seven,
An' tryin' to make yerself out a Christmas present o' Heaven?

Ten of ye have we now, sir, for this world to abuse;
An' Bobbie he have no waistcoat, an' Nellie she have no shoes,
An' Sammie he have no shirt, sir (I tell it to his shame),
An' the one that was just before ye we ain't had time to name!

An' all o' the banks be smashin', an' on us poor folk fall;
An' Boss he whittles the wages when work's to be had at all;
An' Tom he have cut his foot off, an' lies in a woful plight,
An' all of us wonders at mornin' as what we shall eat at night;

An' but for your father an' Sandy a-findin' somewhat to do,
An' but for the preacher's woman, who often helps us through.
An' but for your poor dear mother a doin' twice her part,
Ye'd 'a seen us all in Heaven afore *ye* was ready to start!

An' now *ye* have come, ye rascal! so healthy an' fat an' sound,
A-weighin' I'll wager a dollar, the full of a dozen pound!
With yer mother's eyes a flashin', yer father's flesh an' build,
An' a good big mouth an' stomach all ready for to be filled!

No, no! don't cry, my baby! hush up my pretty one!
Don't get my chaff in yer eye, boy—I only was just in fun.
Ye'll like us when ye know us, although we're cur'us folks;
But we don't get much victual, an' half our livin' is jokes!

Why, boy, did ye take me in earnest? come sit upon my knee;
I'll tell ye a secret, youngster, I'll name ye after me;
Ye shall have all yer brothers an' sisters with ye to play,
An' ye shall have yer carriage, an' ride out every day!

Why, boy, do ye think ye'll suffer? I'm gettin' a trifle old,
But it'll be many years yet before I lose my hold;
An' if I should fall on the road, boy, still, them's yer brothers, there,
An' not a rogue of 'em ever would see ye harmed a hair!

Say! when ye come from Heaven, my little namesake dear,
Did ye see, 'mongst the little girls there, a face like this one here?
That was yer little sister—she died a year ago,
An' all of us cried like babies when they laid her under the snow!

Hang it! if all the rich men I ever see or knew
Come here with all their traps, boy, and offered 'em for you,
I'd show 'em to the door, sir, so quick they'd think it odd,
Before I'd sell to another my Christmas gift from God!

PRAYING FOR SHOES.

ON a dark November morning,
A lady walked slowly down
The thronged, tumultuous thoroughfare
Of an ancient seaport town.

Of a winning and gracious beauty,
The peace of her pure, young face
Was soft as the gleam of an angel's dream
In the calms of a heavenly place.

Her eyes were fountains of pity,
And the sensitive mouth expressed
A longing to set the kind thoughts free
In music that filled her breast.

She met, by a bright shop-window,
An urchin, timid and thin,
Who, with limbs that shook, and a yearning look
Was mistily glancing in

At the rows and various clusters
Of slippers and shoes outspread;
Some shimmering keen, but of somber sheen!
Some purple and green and red.

His pale lips moved and murmured;
But what, she could not hear,
And oft on his folded hands would fall
The round and bitter tear.

"What troubles you, my child?" she asked,
In a voice like the May wind sweet.
He turned, and while pointing dolefully
To his naked and bleeding feet,

"I was praying for shoes," he answered;
("Just look at the splendid show!")
I was praying God for a single pair,
The sharp stones hurt me so!"

She led him, in museful silence,
At once through the open door,
And his hope grew bright, like a fairy light,
That flickered and danced before!

And there he was washed and tended,
And his small brown feet were shod;
And he pondered there on his childish prayer,
And the marvelous answer of God.

Above them his keen gaze wandered,
How strangely from shop and shelf,
Till it almost seemed that he fondly dreamed
Of looking upon God himself.

The lady bent over and whispered:
"Are you happier now, my lad?"
He started, and his soul flashed forth
In gratitude swift and glad;

"Happy? Oh yes! I am happy!"
Then (wonder with reverence rife,
His eyes aglow, and his voice sunk low),
"Please tell me! Are you God's wife?"

WHAT BESSIE SAW.

THIS morning, when all the rest had gone down
I stood by the window to see
The beautiful pictures, which there in the night
Jack Frost had been painting for me.

There were mountains, and windmills, and bridges, and boats,
Some queer looking houses and trees;
A hammock that hung by itself in the air,
And a giant cut off at the knees.

Then there was a steeple, so crooked and high,
I was thinking it surely must fall,
When right down below it I happened to spy
The loveliest thing of them all.

The cutest and cunningest dear little girl!
I looked at her hard as I could,
And she stood there so dainty—and looked back at me—
In a little white ulster and hood.

"Good morning," I whispered, for all in a flash
I knew 'twas Jack Frost's little sister,
I was so glad to have her come visiting me,
I reached up quite softly and kissed her.

Then can you believe it? the darling was gone!
Kissed dead in that one little minute.
I never once dreamed that a kiss would do that.
How could there be any harm in it?

And I am so sorry! for though I have looked
Fifty times at that window since then,
Half hoping to see her once more, yet I know
She can never come back again.

And—it may be foolish—but all through the day
I have felt—and I knew that I should—
Just as if I had killed her, that dear little girl!
In the little white ulster and hood.

ONE OF THE LITTLE ONES.

'TWAS a crowded street, and a cry of joy
Came from a ragged, barefoot boy—
A cry of eager and glad surprise,
And he opened wide his great black eyes
As he held before him a coin of gold
He had found in a heap of rubbish old
By the curb stone there.
The passers-by
Paused at hearing that joyous cry,
As if 'twere a heavenly chime that rung,
Or a note from some angel song had been sung.
There, in the midst of the hurry and din
That raged the city's heart within,
And they wondered to hear that song of grace
Sung in such strange, unusual place.

As ofttimes into a dungeon deep
Some ray of sunlight perchance will creep
So did that innocent childish cry
Break on the musings of passers-by
Bidding them all at once forget

Stocks, quotations, and tare and tret,
And the thousand cares with which are rife
The daily rounds of a business life.

"How it sparkles!" the youngster cried,
As the golden piece he eagerly eyed;
"Oh, see it shine!" and he laughed aloud;
Little heeding the curious crowd
That gathered around, "Hurrah!" said he,
"How glad my poor old mother will be!
I'll buy her a brand-new Sunday hat,
And a pair of shoes for Nell, at that,
And baby sister shall have a dress—
There'll be enough for all, I guess;
And then I'll —— "

"Here," said a surly voice,
"That money's mine. You can take your choice
Of giving it up or going to jail."
The youngster trembled, and then turned pale
As he looked and saw before him stand
A burly drayman with outstretched hand;

Rough and uncouth was the fellow's face,
And without a single line or trace
Of the goodness that makes the world akin.
"Come, be quick! or I'll take you in,"
Said he.
"For shame!" said the listening crowd.
The ruffian seemed for a moment cowed.
"The money's mine," he blustered out;
"I lost it yesterday hereabout."
I don't want nothin' but what's my own
And I am going to have it."

The lad alone
Was silent. A tear stood in his eye,
And he brushed it away; he would not cry.

"Here, mister," he answered, "take it, then;
If it's yours; it's yours; if it hadn't been——"
A sob told all he would have said,
Of the hope so suddenly raised, now dead.

And then with a sigh, which volumes told,
He dropped the glittering piece of gold
Into the other's hand. Once more
He sighed—and his dream of wealth was o'er.
But no! Humanity hath a heart
Always ready to take the part
Of childish sorrow, whenever found.

"Let's make up a purse"—the word went round
Through the kindly crowd, and the hat was passed
And the coins came falling thick and fast.

"Here, sonny, take this," said they. Behold,
Full twice as much as the piece of gold
He had given up was in the hand
Of the urchin. He could not understand
It all. The tears came thick and fast,
And his grateful heart found voice at last.

But, lo! when he spoke, the crowd had gone—
Left him, in gratitude, there alone.
Who'll say there is not some sweet, good-will
And kindness left in this cold world still?

DARLING.

[An appropriate recitation for a Sunday-school entertainment. To be spoken by a little girl.]

A LITTLE maid with sweet blue eyes
Looked upward with a shy surprise
Because I asked her name;
Awhile she bent her golden head,

While o'er her face soft blushes spread
Like some swift rosy flame;
Then looking up she softly said,
"My name is Mamma's Darling."

"Tell me your mother's name, my dear,"
And stooping low I paused to hear—
The little maid seemed musing;
"Why, mamma's name's like mine, you know,
But just because we love her so,
We call her Mamma Darling."

"Tell me your papa's name," I cried;
The little maiden's eyes grew wide;
"My papa? Don't you know?
Why, ever since the baby died
Mamma and I have always tried
To cheer him from his sorrowing;
And my mamma and I love best
To call him Papa Darling."

"What did you call the baby, dear?"
The answer came quite low but clear:
"The baby—oh, I wonder what
They call him now in heaven;
But we had only one name here
And that was Baby Darling."

Swift years flew by, and once again
That little maid so tender
Stood by my side, but she had grown
Like lilies, tall and slender;
This time 'twas I that called her name,
And swift the blushes grew like flame
At rosy mist of morning;
I clasped her in my arms and kissed
My tender-hearted Darling.

THE EARTHQUAKE.

[A very effective recitation for a little boy.]

WHERE'S a boy goin',
An' what's he goin' to do,
And how's he goin' to do it,
When the world bu'sts through?
Ma says she can't tell
What we're coming to,
And Pop says he's jes' skeered
Plum black an' blue.

S'pose we'd be playin'
Out in the street,
An' the ground ud split up
'Bout forty feet—
Ma says she jes' knows
We'd tumble in;
An' Pop says, "He bets you
Then we wouldn't grin?"

S'pose we'd be 'tendin'
We had a show,
Down in the stable
Where we mustn't go—
Ma says, the earthquake
Might make it fall;
An' Pop says, "Mor'n like
Swaller barn an' all!"

Lordy! ef we both wuz
Runnin' 'way from school,
Out in the shady woods
Where it's all so cool—
Ma says a big tree
Might squash our head;
An' Pop says, "Chop 'em out—
Both killed dead!"

NAMING THE BABY.

THEY gather in solemn council,
The chiefs in the household band;
They sit in the darkened chamber,
A conclave proud and grand;
They peer in the curtained chamber,
And each with one voice exclaim,
As they point to the new-found treasure
"The baby must have a name!"

They bring forth the names by dozens
With many an anxious look;
They scan all the tales and novels,
They search through the good old Book;
Till the happy-voiced young mother,
Now urging her prior claim,
Cries out in the fondest accents,
"O! give him a pretty name."

"His grandpa was Ebenezer,
"Long buried and gone, dear soul,"
Says the trembling voice of grandma,
As the quiet tear-drops roll.
"Oh, call him Eugene Augustus,"
Cries the youngest of the throng;
"Plain John," says the happy father,
Is an honest name and strong."

And thus is the embryo statesman
Or, perhaps, the soldier bold,
Respecting his future title
Left utterly out in the cold;
And yet it can matter but little
To him who is heedless of fame,
For no name will dishonor the mortal,
If the mortal dishonors the name.

A ROGUE.

GRANDMA was nodding, I rather think;
Harry was sly and quick as a wink;
He climbed in the back of her great arm-chair,
And nestled himself very snugly there;
Grandma's dark locks were mingled with white,
And quick this fact came to his sight;
A sharp twinge soon she felt at her hair,
And woke with a start, to find Harry there.
"Why, what are you doing, my child?" she said,
He answered, "I'se pulling a basting fread!"

GRANDPAPA'S SPECTACLES.

GRANDPAPA'S spectacles cannot be found;
He has searched all the rooms, high and low, 'round and 'round;
Now he calls to the young ones, and what does he say?
"Ten cents to the child who will find them to-day."

Then Henry and Nelly and Edward all ran,
And a most thorough hunt for the glasses began,
And dear little Nell, in her generous way,
Said: "I'll look for them, grandpa, without any pay."

All through the big Bible she searches with care
That lies on the table by grandpapa's chair;
They feel in his pockets, they peep in his hat,
They pull out the sofa, they shake out the mat.

Then down on all fours, like two good-natured bears,
Go Harry and Ned under tables and chairs.
Till, quite out of breath, Ned is heard to declare,
He believes that those glasses are *not anywhere*.

But Nelly, who, leaning on grandpapa s knee,
Was thinking most earnestly where they *could* be,

Looked suddenly up in the kind, faded eyes,
And her own shining brown ones grew big with surprise.

She slapped both her hands—all her dimples came out—
She turned to the boys with a bright, roguish shout;
"You may leave off your looking, both Harry and Ned,
For there are the glasses on grandpapa's head!"

TOO MANY OF WE.

[An excellent recitation for a church entertainment.]

"MAMMA, is there too many of we?"
The little girl asked with a sigh.
"Perhaps you wouldn't be tired, you see,
If a few of your childs should die."

She was only three years old—the one
Who spoke in that strange, sad way,
As she saw her mother's impatient frown
At the children's boisterous play.

There were half a dozen who round her stood,
And the mother was sick and poor,
Worn out with the care of the noisy brood,
And the fight with the wolf at the door.

For a smile or a kiss, no time, no place;
For the little one, least of all;
And the shadow that darkened the mother's face,
O'er the young life seemed to fall.

More thoughtful than any, she felt more care,
And pondered in childish way
How to lighten the burden she could not share,
Growing heavier every day.

Only a week, and the little Clare
In her tiny white trundle bed

Lay with blue eyes closed, and the sunny hair
Cut close from the golden head.

"Don't cry," she said—and the words were low
Feeling tears that she could not see—
"You won't have to work and be so tired
When there ain't so many of we."

But the dear little daughter who went away
From the home that for once was stilled,
Showed the mother's heart from that dreary day
What a place she had always filled.

ONE LITTLE ACT.

I SAW a man, with tottering steps,
Come down a graveled walk one day;
The honored frost of many years
Upon his scattered thin locks lay.
With trembling hands he strove to raise
The latch that held the little gate,
When rosy lips looked up and smiled,—
A silvery child-voice said, "Please wait."

A little girl oped wide the gate,
And held it till he passed quite through,
Then closed it, raising to his face
Her modest eyes of winsome blue.
"May heaven bless you, little one,"
The old man said, with tear-wet eyes;
"Such deeds of kindness to the old
Will be rewarded in the skies."

'Twas such a little thing to do—
A moment's time it took—no more;
And then the dancing, graceful feet
Had vanished through the school-room door.

And yet I'm sure the angels smiled,
And penned it down in words of gold;
'Tis such a blessed thing to see
The young so thoughtful of the old.

SIX YEARS OLD,

[A very realistic soliloquy of a boy with his first pair of trousers.]

O, SUN! so far up in the blue sky,
O, clover! so white and so sweet,
O, little brook! shining like silver,
And running so fast past my feet,—

You don't know what strange things have happened
Since sunset and starlight last night;
Since the four o'clocks closed their red petals
To wake up so early and bright.

Say! what will you think when I tell you
What my dear mamma whispered to me,
When she kissed me on each cheek twice over?
You don't know what a man you may see.

O, yes! I am big and I'm heavy;
I have grown, since last night, very old,
And I'm stretched out as tall as a ladder;
Mamma says I'm too large to hold.

Sweet clover, stand still; do not blow so;
I shall whisper 'way down in your ear,
I was six years old early this morning.
Would you think so to see me, my dear?

Do you notice my pants and two pockets?
I'm so old I must dress like a man;
I must learn to read books and write letters
And I'll write one to you when I can.

My pretty gold butterflies flying,
Little bird, and my busy brown bee,
I shall never be too to love you,
And I hope you'll always love me.

HANDS AND LIPS.

OH, what can little hands do
To please the King of Heaven?
The little hands some work may try,
To help the poor in misery.
Such grace to mine be given!

Oh, what can little lips do
To praise the King of Heaven?
The little lips can praise and pray,
And gentle words of kindness say.
Such grace to mine be given!

JEWELS OF WINTER.

A MILLION little diamonds
Twinkled on the trees;
And all the little maidens said,
"A jewel if you please!"

But while they held their hands outstretched,
To catch the diamonds gay,
A million little sunbeams came,
And stole them all away.

THE MAN IN THE MOON.

THE man in the moon who sails through the sky,
Is the most courageous skipper;
But he made a mistake when he tried to take
A drink of milk from the "dipper."

He dipped it into the "milky way,"
And slowly, cautiously filled it;
But the "Great Bear" growled and the "Little Bear" howled,
And scared him so that he spilled it.

THE BLUEBIRD.

I KNOW the song that the bluebird is singing,
Out in the apple tree where he is swinging.
Brave little fellow! the skies may be dreary,
Nothing cares he while his heart is so cheery.

Hark! how the music leaps out from his throat!
Hark! was there ever so merry a note?
Listen awhile, and you'll hear what he's saying,
Up in the apple tree, swinging and swaying:

"Dear little blossoms, down under the snow,
You must be weary of winter, I know;
Hark! while I sing you a message of cheer,
Summer is coming, and spring time is here!

"Little white snowdrop, I pray you arise;
Bright yellow crocus, come, open your eyes,
Sweet little violets hid from the cold,
Put on your mantles of purple and gold;
Daffodils, daffodils! say, do you hear?
Summer is coming, and spring time is here!"

SILVER AND GOLD.

FAREWELL, my little sweetheart,
Now fare you well and free.
I claim from you no promise,
You claim no vows from me.
The reason why?—the reason
Right well we can uphold—
I have too much of silver,
And you too much of gold!

A puzzle, this, to worldlings,
Whose love to lucre flies,
Who think that gold to silver
Should count as mutual prize!
But I am not avaricious,
And you're not sordid-souled;
I have too much of silver,
And you've too much of gold.

Upon our heads the reason
Too plainly can be seen;
I am the winter's bond-slave,
You are the summer's queen;
Too few the years you number
Too many I have told;
I have too much of silver
And you've too much of gold.

You have the rose for token,
I have dry leaf and rime;
I have the sobbing vesper,
You, morning bells at chime.
I would that I were younger,
And you grew never old,
Would I had less of silver
But you no less of gold.

WHAT SHE SAID.

[The troubles of a little girl as related by herself.]

SHE told me sumfin' defful!
It almost made me cry!
I never will believe it,
It mus' be all a lie!
I mean she mus' be 'staken.
I know she b'oke my heart;
I never can forgive her!
That horrid Maggie Start.

Tuesdays she does her bakin's!
An' so I fought, you see,
I'd make some fimble cookies
For Arabella's tea.
An' so I took my dollies
An' set 'em in a row,
Where they could oversee me
When I mixed up my dough.

An' when I'd wolled an' mixed it
Free minutes, or an hour,
Somehow I dwopped my woller,
An' spilt a lot of flour.
An' I was defful firsty,
An' fought I'd help myself
To jes' a little dwop of milk
Off from the pantry shelf.

So I weached up on tip-toe,
But, quicker than a flash,
The horrid pan turned over,
An' down it came ker-splash!
O, then you should have seen her
Rush frough that pantry door!
"An' this is where you be!" she said,
"O, what a lookin' floor!

"You, an' your dolls—I'll shake you all—
I'll shake you black 'n blue!"
"You shall not touch us, Miss," I cried,
"We're jes' as good as you!
An' I will tell my mofer,
The minute she gets home,
An' I will tell ole Santa Claus,
An' I'll tell every one."

O, then you should have heard her laugh!
"Tell Santa Claus, indeed!

I'd like to have you find him first;
The humbug never lived!"
"What do you mean, you Maggie Start?
Is dear old Santa dead?"
"Old Santa never lived," she cried,
And that is what she said.

TABBY GRAY.

I'M a pretty little kitten,
My name is Tabby Gray;
I live at Frogley Farmhouse,
Some twenty miles away.

My little eyes are hazel,
My skin as soft as silk,
I'm fed each night and morning
With a saucerful of milk.

The milk comes sweet and foaming,
Fresh from the good old cow,
And, after I have lapped it,
I frolic you know how.

I'm petted by the mistress
And children of the house,
And sometimes when I'm nimble
I catch a little mouse.

And sometimes when I'm naughty
I climb upon the stand,
And eat the cake and chicken,
Or anything at hand.

Oh, then they hide my saucer,
No matter how I mew;
And that's the way I'm punished
For naughty things I do.

BABIES AND KITTENS.

THERE were two kittens, a black and a gray,
And grandma said with a frown:
"It never will do to keep them both,
The black one we had better drown."

"Don't cry, my dear," to tiny Bess,
"One kitten is enough to keep,
Now run to nurse, for 'tis growing late"
And time you were fast asleep.

The morning dawned, and rosy and sweet,
Came little Bess from her nap,
The nurse said, "Go in mamma's room,
And look in grandma's lap.

"Come here," said grandma, with a smile,
From the rocking chair, where she sat,
"God has sent you two little sisters,
What do you think of that?"

Bess looked at the babies a moment
With their wee heads, yellow and brown,
And then to grandma soberly said:
"Which one are you going to drown?"

UNSATISFIED.

THERE was a little chicken that was shut up in a shell,
He thought to himself, "I'm sure I cannot tell
What I am walled in here for—a shocking coop I find,
Unfitted for a chicken with an enterprising mind."

He went out in the barnyard one lovely morn in May,
Each hen he found spring-cleaning in the only proper way;
"This yard is much too narrow—a shocking coop I find,
Unfitted for a chicken with an enterprising mind."

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THE YOUNG ORATOR.

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FASCINATION.

He crept up to the gateway and slipped betwixt a crack,
The world stretched wide before him, and just as widely back;
"This world is much too narrow—a shocking coop I find
Unfitted for a chicken with an enterprising mind.

"I should like to have ideals, I should like to tread the stars,
To get the unattainable, and free my soul from bars;
I should like to leave this dark earth, and some other dwelling find
More fitted for a chicken with an enterprising mind.

"There's a place where ducks and pleasure boats go sailing to and fro,
There's one world on the surface and another world below."
The little waves crept nearer and, on the brink inclined,
They swallowed up the chicken with an enterprising mind.

THE UNFINISHED PRAYER.

[This beautiful poem is admirably adapted for a church entertainment when spoken by a little girl.]

"NOW I lay"—say it, darling;
"Lay me," lisp'd the tiny lips
Of my daughter, kneeling, bending
O'er her folded finger tips.

"Down to sleep"—"to sleep," she murmured
And the curly head dropped low;
"I pray the Lord"—I gently added,
"You can say it all, I know."

"Pray the Lord"—the words came faintly,
Fainter still—"my soul to keep;"
When the tired head fairly nodded,
And the child was fast asleep.

But the dewy eyes half opened,
When I clasped her to my breast,
And the dear voice softly whispered,
"Mamma, God knows all the rest."

A STORY OF AN APPLE.

LITTLE Tommy and Peter and Archy and Bob
Were walking one day, when they found
An apple; 'twas mellow, and rosy and red,
And lying alone on the ground.

Said Tommy: "I'll have it." Said Peter: "'Tis mine."
Said Archy: "I've got it; so there!"
Said Bobby: "Now let us divide in four parts,
And each of us boys have a share."

"No, no!" shouted Tommy, "I'll have it myself."
Said Peter: "I want it, I say."
Said Archy: "I've got it, and I'll have it all;
I won't give a morsel away."

Then Tommy, he snatched it, and Peter, he fought,
('Tis sad and distressing to tell!)
And Archy held on with his might and his main,
Till out of his fingers it fell.

Away from the quarrelsome urchins it flew,
And then down a green little hill
That apple it rolled, and it rolled, and it rolled
As if it would never be still.

A lazy old brindle was nipping the grass
And switching her tail at the flies,
When all of a sudden the apple rolled down
And stopped just in front of her eyes;

She gave but a bite and a swallow or two-
That apple was seen nevermore!
"I wish," whimpered Archy and Peter and Tom,
"We'd kept it and cut it in four."

THE BIGGEST PIECE OF PIE.

ONCE when I was a little boy,
I sat me down to cry,
Because my little brother had
The biggest piece of pie.

They said I was a naughty boy,
But I have since seen men
Behave themselves as foolishly
As I behaved then.

For we are often thankless for
Rich blessings, when we sigh
To think some neighbor has
A "bigger piece" of pie.

WHICH LOVED BEST.

"I LOVE you, mother," said little Ben,
Then forgetting his work, his cap went on,
And he was off to the garden swing,
And left her the water and wood to bring.

"I love you mother," said rosy Nell—
"I love you better than tongue can tell;"
Then she teased and pouted full half the day,
Till her mother rejoiced when she went to play.

"I love you, mother," said little Fan,
"To-day I'll help you all I can;
How glad I am school doesn't keep;"
So she rocked the babe till it fell asleep.

Then stepping softly, she fetched the broom
And swept the floor and tidied the room;
Busy and happy all day was she,
Helpful and happy as child could be.

"I love you, mother," again they said,
Three little children going to bed;
How do you think that mother guessed
Which of them really loved her best?

OFF FOR SLUMBERLAND.

PURPLE waves of evening play
Upon the western shores of day,
While babies sail, so safe and free,
Over the mystic Slumber sea.

Their little boats are cradles light;
The sails are curtains pure and white;
The rudders are sweet lullabies;
The anchors, soft and sleepy sighs.

They're outward bound for Slumberland
Where shining dreams lie on the sand,
Like whisp'ring shells that murmur low
The pretty fancies babies know.

And there among the dream-shells bright
The little ones will play all night,
Until the sleepy tide turns — then
They'll all come sailing home again!

THE ARITHMETIC LESSON.

TWO times 'leven are twenty-two;
Kitty, don't I wish 'twas you
'Stead of me had this to do!
Two times 'leven are twenty-two.

Three times 'leven are thirty-three;
Robin, in the apple tree,
I hear *you*, do you hear *me?*
Three times leven are thirty-three.

Four times 'leven are forty-four;
How the sunbeams speck the floor;
Four times 'leven, what a bore!
Four times 'leven are forty-four.

Five times 'leven are fifty-five;
Swallows! swallows! skim and dive —
Making all the air alive —
Five times 'leven are fifty-five.

Six times 'leven are sixty-six;
Tip, for shame, sir! Pretty chicks,
Don't you mind his naughty tricks!
Six times 'leven are sixty-six.

Seven times 'leven are seventy-seven;
There now, Kitty; you can't even
Say the *first*—"once 'leven is 'leven!"
Seven times 'leven are seventy-seven.

Eight times 'leven are eighty-eight,
Some one's pulling at the gate—
Hark! 'tis Bessie, sure as fate!
Eight times 'leven are eighty-eight.

Nine times 'leven are ninety-nine;
Coming, Bessie! Ain't it fine—
That's the last one in the line!
Nine times 'leven are ninety-nine.

THANKSGIVING DAY.

OVER the river, and through the wood,
To grandfather's house we go;
The horse knows the way
To carry the sleigh,
Through the white and drifted snow.

Over the river, and through the wood;
Oh, how the wind does blow!
It stings the toes,
And bites the nose,
As over the ground we go.

Over the river, and through the wood;
And straight through the barn-yard gate;
We seem to go,
Extremely slow;
It is so hard to wait!

Over the river, and through the wood,
Now grandmother's cap I spy!
Hurrah for the fun!
Is the pudding done?
Hurrah for the pumpkin pie!

GOOD-NIGHT.

"GOOD-night!" said the plow to the weary old horse;
And Dobbin responded, "Good-night!"
Then, with Tom on his back, to the farm-house he turned,
With a feeling of quiet delight.

"Good-night!" said the ox, with a comical bow,
As he turned from the heavy old cart,
Which laughed till it shook a round wheel from its side,
Then creaked out, "Good-night from my heart!"

"Good-night!" said the hen, when her supper was done,
To Fanny, who stood in the door;
"Good-night!" answered Fanny; "Come back in the morn,
And you and your chicks shall have more."

"Quack, quack!" said the duck; "I wish you all well,
Though I cannot tell what is polite."
"The will for the deed," answered Benny, the brave;
"Good-night, Madam Ducky, good-night!"

ONLY A BOY.

[An appropriate piece for a school exhibition.]

ONLY a boy with his noise and fun,
The veriest mystery under the sun;
As brimful of mischief and wit and glee
As ever a human frame can be,
And as hard to manage—what! ah me!
'Tis hard to tell,
Yet we love him well.

Only a boy with his fearful tread,
Who can not be driven, must be led!
Who troubles the neighbors' dogs and cats,
And tears more clothes and spoils more hats,
Loses more kites and tops and bats
Than would stock a store
For a week or more.

Only a boy with his wild, strange ways,
With his idle hours or his busy days,
With his queer remarks and his odd replies,
Sometimes foolish and sometimes wise,
Often brilliant for one of his size,
As a meteor hurled
From the planet world.

Only a boy, who may be a man
If nature goes on with her first great plan—
If intemperance or some fatal snare,
Conspires not to rob us of this our heir,
Our blessing, our trouble, our rest, our care,
Our torment, our joy!
"Only a boy!"

LITTLE MISS BRIER.

LITTLE Miss Brier came out of the ground;
She put out her thorns and scratched everything 'round.
"I'll just try," said she,
"How bad I can be;"
At pricking and scratching there's few can match me."

Little Miss Brier was handsome and bright,
Her leaves were dark green and her flowers pure white.
But all who came nigh her
Were so worried by her,
They'd dodge out of their way to keep clear of the Brier.

Little Miss Brier was looking one day
At her neighbor, the Violet, just over the way;
"I wonder," said she,
"That no one pets me,
While all seem so glad little Violet to see."

A sober old Linnet, who sat on a tree,
Heard the speech of the Brier, and thus answered he:
"'Tis not that she's fair,
For you may compare
In beauty with even Miss Violet there.

"But Violet is always so pleasant and kind,
So gentle in manner, so humble in mind,
Even the worms at her feet
She would never ill treat,
And to bird, bee and butterfly always is sweet."

The gardener's wife just then the pathway came down,
And the mischievous Brier caught hold of her gown;
"Oh, dear! what a tear!
My gown's spoiled, I declare;
That troublesome Brier had no business there;
Here, John, dig it up; throw it into the fire;"
And that was the end of the ill-natured Brier.

THE DEAD KITTEN.

DON'T talk to me of parties, Nan, I really cannot go;
When folks are in affliction they don't go out, you know.
I have a new brown sash, too, it seems a pity—eh?
That such a dreadful trial should have come just yesterday!

The play-house blinds are all pulled down as dark as it can be;
It looks so very solemn, and so proper, don't you see?
And I have a piece of crape pinned on every dolly's hat;
Tom says it is ridiculous for only just a cat—

But boys are all so horrid! They always, every one,
Delight in teasing little girls and kitties, "just for fun."
The way he used to pull her tail—it makes me angry now—
And scat her up the cherry tree, to make the darling "meow!"

I've had her all the summer. One day away last spring,
I heard a frightful barking, and I saw the little thing
In the corner of the fence; 'twould have made you laugh outright
To see how every hair stood out, and how she tried to fight.

I shooed the dog away, and she jumped upon my arm;
The pretty creature knew I wouldn't do her any harm.
I hugged her close and carried her to mamma, and she said
She should be my own wee kitty, if I'd see that she was fed.

A cunning little dot she was, with silky, soft gray fur;
She'd lie for hours on my lap, and I could hear her purr;
And then she'd frolic after when I pulled a string about,
Or try to catch her tail, or roll a marble in and out.

Such a comfort she has been to me, I'm sure no one could tell,
Unless some other little girl who loves her pussy well.
I've heard about a Maltese cross, but *my* dear little kit
Was always sweet and amiable, and never cross a bit!

But oh, last week I missed her! I hunted all around.
My darling little pussy-cat was nowhere to be found.
I knelt and whispered softly, when nobody could see:
"Take care of little kitty, *please*, and bring her back to me!"

I found her lying, yesterday, behind the lower shed;
I thought my heart was broken when I found that she was dead.
Tom promised me another one, but even *he* can see
No other kitty ever will be just the same to me!

I *can't* go to your party, Nannie.—Macaroons, you say?
And ice cream?—I know I ought to try and not give 'way;
And I feel it would be doing wrong to disappoint you so!—
Well—if I'm equal to it by to-morrow—I *may go!*

JOHNNY'S OPINION OF GRANDMOTHERS.

GRANDMOTHERS are very nice folks;
They beat all the aunts in creation;
They let a chap do as he likes
And don't worry about education.

I'm sure I can't see it at all
What a poor fellow ever could do
For apples and pennies and cakes
Without a grandmother or two.

Grandmothers speak softly to "ma's"
To let a boy have a good time;
Sometimes they will whisper, 'tis true,
T'other way when a boy wants to climb.

Grandmothers have muffins for tea,
And pies, a whole row, in the cellar.
And they're apt (if they know it in time)
To make chicken pies for a feller.

And if he is bad now and then,
And makes a great racketing noise,

They only look over their specs
And say: "Ah, these boys will be boys!

"Life is only so short at the best;
Let the children be happy to-day."
Then they look for awhile at the sky,
And the hills that are far, far away.

Quite often, as twilight comes on
Grandmothers sing hymns very low
To themselves, as they rock by the fire,
About Heaven, and when they shall go.

And then a boy, stopping to think,
Will find a hot tear in his eye,
To know what must come at the last,
For grandmothers all have to die.

I wish they could stay here and pray,
For a boy needs their prayers every night
Some boys more than others, I s'pose;
Such fellers as me need a sight.

THE YOUNGEST TELLS HER STORY.

YOU think that *I* can't tell a story—
Just wait—no! 'tisn't 'bout Jack Mory;
This morning it was early, quite,
I saw a little fairy knight

With silver boots and silver shield,
A-tramping through the clover field.
He held a spear that looked like grass,
But 'twas a truly spear of glass;

A silver bugle at his lips,
He played with tiny finger tips;
He held a flag o' grass-green silk;
A branch of lilies white as milk;

He held—"How many hands had he?"
You're cruel to make fun of me!
No! I won't tell another bit;
You've lost the sweetest part of it!

MAMMA'S KISSES.

A KISS when I wake in the morning
A kiss when I go to bed,
A kiss when I burn my fingers,
A kiss when I bump my head,

A kiss when my bath is over,
A kiss when my bath begins;
My mamma is as full of kisses—
As full as nurse is of pins.

A kiss when I play with my rattle,
A kiss when I pull her hair;
She covered me over with kisses
The day that I fell down stair.

A kiss when I give her trouble,
A kiss when I give her joy;
There's nothing like mamma's kisses
To her own little baby boy.

THE MINUET.

[The following beautiful selection is taken from a volume of poems, by Mary Mapes Dodge, entitled "Along The Way," and published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. It is very effective when spoken by a little girl who can introduce a few steps of the minuet.

GRANDMA told me all about it,
Told me so I couldn't doubt it,
How she danced—my grandma danced—
Long ago;

How she held her pretty head,
How her dainty skirt she spread,

How she turned her little toes,
How she slowly leaned and rose—
Long ago.

Grandma's hair was bright and sunny;
Dimpled cheeks, too—ah, how funny!
Really quite a pretty girl—
Long ago.
Bless her, why she wears a cap,
Grandma does, and takes a nap
Every single day; and yet
Grandma danced the minuet—
Long ago.

Now she sits there, rocking, rocking,
Always knitting grandpa's stocking
Every girl was taught to knit—
Long ago;
Yet her figure is so neat,
And her way so staid and sweet,
I can almost see her now
Bending to her partner's bow—
Long ago.

Grandma says our modern jumping,
Hopping, rushing, whirling, bumping,
Would have shocked the gentle folk—
Long ago.
No; they moved with stately grace,
Everything in proper place;
Gliding slowly forward, then
Slowly courtesying back again—
Long ago.

Modern ways are quite alarming,
Grandma says; but boys were charming—
Girls and boys I mean, of course—
Long ago.

Bravely modest, grandly shy
What if all of us should try
Just to feel like those who met
In the graceful minuet—
Long ago?

With the minuet in fashion,
Who could fly into a passion?
All would wear the calm they wore—
Long ago.
In time to come, if I, perchance,
Should tell my grandchild of our dance
I should really like to say,
"We did it, dear, in some such way—
Long ago.'

PART IX.

Selections for Encores.

THE IRISHMAN'S PANORAMA.

LOIDIES an' Gintlemen—In the foreground over there yez'll obsarve Vinegar Hill. Well now ye moight be goin' that way some day, and ye moight be fatigued, an' if yeare ye'll foind a nate little hut kept by a man named McCarty. I see by the hasp on the door that McCarty is out or I'd take yez in and introduce yez; for a fine, generous fellow is this same McCarty; sure, if he had but the one paratie, he'd be givin' yez the half of that an'—an'—an' thank yez fur takin' it.

[*As if speaking to orchestra.*]—Music on the bagpipe, Larry—turn the crank, James!

An' now Loidies and Gintlemen, yez'll plaze look at this purty little scene about thirteen and a half miles this side o' Cork. To the left over there yez'll obsarve a little hut by the soide of which is seated a loidy and a gintleman. Says she to him, says she, "James, it's a shame for yez to be traitin' me so. D'ye moind the toime ye come to me father's castle a beggin'?" Says he to her, says he, "Your father's castle! sure, an' yez could stand on the outside of your father's castle, (?) put your arm down the chimney and pick the paratees out of the pot, and divil a partition betwixt you and the pigs but straw."

Turn the crank, James—music on the bagpipe, Larry!

Now Loidies and Gintlemen, we have arrived at a be-u-tiful and classical scene, and it do be called "The Lakes of Kilarney." Sure, an' there's a wonderful tale connected with these lakes, an' I must be tellin' you. It is this: [*mysteriously*] every avenin', about four o'clock in the afternoon, a be-u-tiful swan makes its appearance, an' while sailin' gracefully and transcendently along, dips its head, skips under the water, *and is not seen again until the nixt afternoon.*

Turn the crank, James—music on the bagpipe, Larry!

Loidies and Gintlemen—We have now arrived at another be-u-tiful place about twenty-four miles the other soide of Dublin. This is a great place for sportsmen. Well do I moind the fust and only time I was there. We were stoppin' over there at the hotel *De Finney* and we were out huntin' all the mornin', and nary a game had we bagged, for every time I aimed at one burd *another one stepped in the way.* Til' finally I saw one burred a-flockin' all by himself on a tree, so I jist let aim—and the divil take me if ever I tell you what ailed the matter with that gun, for the first thing I knew was nothin' at all, and there I lay on my back on the ground, and there sat that burd a-chirpin' as impident loike as iver ye plaze, as if I'd not shot him at all at all. I jist says to him, says I, in a confidentially way [*shaking fist*] be jabers! an' ye wouldn't a chiruped like that if ye'd been at *this* ind of the gun!

[*Angrily*]—Turn the crank, James—music on the bagpipe, Larry!

Loidies and Gintlemen—We'll now step across the broad Atlantic to a most wonderful place situated a little to the thumb hand side of Ohoho—Chinchinatti, and it does be called the Falls of Noiagarry. As I was lingerin' there wan day, I obsarved a young couple evedently very sweet on each other. Ov course I took no notice of what they were sayin', but I couldn't help hearin' the followin' conversation—most extraordinary. Says he to her, says he, "Faith now, darlint, now an' isent it wonderful to see this tremindous body of water a-fallin' down this terrible precepice?" "O! yis," says she, "but Moike, darlint, wouldn't it be far more wonderful to see this same body a' water goin' *up* this precepice?"

Turn the crank, James—music on the bagpipe, Larry! Whist! then a minute, James; while we're at the falls, I am moinded of a little circumstance which I must relate to you. First, we'll step across to the other side of them falls, on the celebrated suspicion bridge—an', well do I moind the first time I went across that same suspicion bridge. It was a merry time we had that day. There were foive of us, in all, an' at the bad luck we had from the

very word *went.* There was myself was *wan*, the toe Finnigan bys was *toe*, Moike McCarty was three, Pat Maloney was four. Faith an' how's that now sure? an' I thought there was foive of us. [*Counting on fingers' beginning each time with little finger.*] Meself was *wan*, the toe Finnigan bys was *toe*, Moike McCarty was three, Pat Maloney was four—by the Holy Moses and how do ye make four out of foive? Meself was *wan*, the toe Finnigan bys was toe, Moike McCarty was three, Pat Maloney was four—be jabbers an' me eyes is decavin' me ear-sight—Meself was *wan*, sure an' there was *toe* Finnigan bys was toe, Moike McCarty was three, this is Pat Maloney an' [*to thumb*] who the devil are you? Myself was *wan*, sure an' there was only *wan* of *me*. Them *toe* Finnigan bys was *toe*. There was only toe of them Finnigan bys, cause them toe Finnigan bys was *twins*. So the Finnigan bys was toe, Moike McCarty was three, Pat Maloney was four. Sure now an' I *always* thought *there was foive* of us.

THE HINDOO'S PARADISE.

A HINDOO died; a happy thing to do,
When twenty years united to a shrew.
Released, he hopefully for entrance cries
Before the gates of Brahma's paradise.

"Hast thou been through purgatory?" Brahma asked,
"No, but I've been married," and he hung his head.
"Come in, come in, and welcome too, my son,
Marriage and purgatory are as one."

In bliss extreme he entered Heaven's door,
And knew the peace he ne'er had known before.
But scarce had he entered the garden fair,
When another Hindoo asked admission there.

The self-same question Brahma asked,
"Hast thou been through purgatory?"
"No, what then?" "Thou canst not enter,"

Did the god reply.
"Why, he that went in first was there no more than I."
"All that is true, but he has married been,
And so on earth, had suffered from all sin."
"Married; 'tis well; I've been married twice."
"Begone, we'll have no fools in paradise."

EXPECTING TO GET EVEN.

NOW, Joe's a splendid fellow, but I do
Abominate his chasing after Lou!
It's miserable nonsense, if not crime,
To hang around a woman all the time!
I've called on her a dozen times a day,
And each occasion found him there. I say
He ought to have some business. I found
Him there this afternoon when I called 'round.
I wanted to inquire if Lou would go
With me this evening to see Boucicault.
I rather think his errand was the same,
But he had not proposed it when I came,
And neither of us, some how, seemed to care
To ask her, with the other sitting there.
And so we chatted half an hour or so,
And finally, together, rose to go,
Made our farewells, and left. Up street he went,
While down the avenue my steps I bent.
Around the corner, turned and waited quite
Ten minutes, to let Joe get out of sight.
Then back to Lou, proceeded I to go,
And right before her mansion I met Joe.
We said: "Hallo!" Each muttered a deep oath,
'Twas, for a bit, embarrassing for both.
I spoke: "What, Joe! The man I wished to see!
After we parted it occurred to me
That we might take a theater in, and so

I hastened back to see if you would go;
Now come along, old fellow! Don't say nay,
We'll have some fun, to pass the time away."
Said he: "Extraordinary! I turned back
To make that very proposition, Jack!"
Each knew the other lied, but it is quite
As well to smooth these matters, as to fight.
Pretending to believe, we went, laughed, joked,
Had a good time, and neither seemed provoked.
Indeed, we are the best of friends! But still!
If either can get square, you bet he will!

THE UNPARDONABLE SIN.

I CAHN'T endure the stoopid, wude,
Unculchawed chap,—the vulgar boah,
Who weahs in the morning the same pair of twousers
He woah the day befoah.
It makes me mad and vewy cwoss;
With pain and grief I almost woah,
To see the next morning the same pair of twousers
He woah the day befoah!

And when I mingle with the thwong,
Down to the club or on the stweet,
It makes me fwantic that a man
Can be so doocid indiscweet,
So wough and weckless, and so wude,
I weally want to spill his goah,
When he weahs in the morning the same pair of twousers
He woah the day befoah!

Now there are deeds I can excuse,
And wongs I can forgive;
But such a cwiminal as this
Shouldn't be allowed to live!
Why, the ideah! the monstwous wetch

With wage and fuwy makes me woah,
Who weahs in the morning the same pair of twousers
He woah the day befoah!

THE BORES.

THERE'S the man who lets you shake his limpy hand—
He's a bore.
And the man who leans against you when you stand—
Get his gore.
There's the man who has a fear
That the world is, year by year,
Growing worse—perhaps he's near!
Bolt the door.
There's the fellow with conundrums quite antique—
He's a bore.
And the man who asks you "What?" whene'er you speak,
Though you roar.
There's the man who slaps your back
With a button-bursting whack—
If you think he's on your track,
Bolt the door.
There's the punster with his everlasting pun—
He's a bore.
And the man who makes alliterative "fun"—
Worse and more!
There's the man who tells the tale
That a year ago was stale—
Like as not he's out of jail,
Bolt the door.

LAND OF THE AFTERNOON.

AN old man sits in his garden chair,
Watching the sunlit western sky.
What sees he in the blue depths there,

Where only the Isles of Memory lie?
There are princely towers and castles high,
There are gardens fairer than human ken,
There are happy children thronging by,
Radiant women and stately men,
Singing with voices of sweet attune
The songs of the Land of the Afternoon.

The old man watches a form of cloud
That floats where the azure islands are,
And he sees a homestead gray and loved,
And a hand that beckons him afar.
O cheek of rose and hair of gold!
O eyes of Heaven's divinest blue!
Long have ye lain in the graveyard mold—
But love is infinite, love is true;
He will find her—yes—it must be soon;
They will meet in the Land of the Afternoon.

The sky has changed, and a wreck of cloud
Is driving athwart its troubled face;
The golden mist is a trailing shroud;
It is cold and bleak in the garden-place.
The old man smiles and droops his head,
The thin hair droops from his wrinkled brow,
The sunset radiance has spread
O'er every wasted feature now;
One sigh exhales like a breath in June—
He has found the Land of the Afternoon.

PHARISEE AND SADDUCEE.

TOGETHER to the church they went,
Both doubtless on devotion bent,
The parson preached with fluent ease
On Pharisees and Sadducees.
And as they homeward slowly walked,

The lovers on the sermon talked.
And he—he dearly loved the maid—
In soft and tender accents said,
Darling, do you think that we
Are Pharisee and Sadducee?
She flashed on him her dark brown eyes
With one swift look of vexed surprise,
And as he hastened to aver
He was her constant worshiper,
"But, darling, I insist," said he,
"That you are very Phar-i-see;
I don't think you care much for me,
That makes me so Sadd-u-cee."

POLONIUS TO LAERTES.

SHAKEY, take a fader's plessing,
Take it, for you get it sheap.
Go in hot for magin' money,
Go in und mage a heap.
Don' you do no tings vot's grooked,
Don' you do no tings vot's mean—
Aber, rake right in dot boodle,
Qviet, calm und all serene.

Don' you lend your gash to no von—
Not for less dan den per cend;
Don' you make no vild oxpenses,
Dot's de vay de money vent;
Und I tells you, leedle Shakey,
Put dis varning in your ear:
Be a man of pizness honor,
Never vale but tvice a year.

THE PERSUASIVE AGENT.

HE drifted in, in a quiet way,
And he softly said what he had to say,
And we all sat still;

For his manner was bland, and his voice was mild;
He seemed like an innocent, trusting child,
How *could* we kill
A visitor who came in like that,
Who didn't forget to take off his hat,
Or wipe his feet;
Who talked in a gentle, modest way,
And softly said what he had to say
In a tone discreet?

He told of the wares he had to sell,
But so gently he told what he had to tell
That we still sat still,
For he was so quiet and so polite
That none of us, somehow, could make it seem right
To try to fill
The circumambient air with him,
Or to dislocate him limb from limb,
As we used to do
When agents called, and bothered us so
That we really sometimes didn't know
Just what we had done, till it was all O-
Ver, and we'd got through.

So he mildly sold us scissors and knives,
And matches, and hair oil, neckties and lives
Of the Presidents,
Elastics, and buttons, and needles, and thread,
And shoe strings, and pencils with movable lead,
(For thirty cents)
And when he went out, in his quiet way,
After bidding us all a soft "Good day!'
With a lightened load,
We all looked blankly at what we'd bought,
And we all exclaimed with a common thought:
"Well, I'll be blowed!"

THE TALE OF A TADPOLE.

A TADPOLE sat on a cold gray stone,
And sadly thought of his life.
"Alas! must I live all alone?" said he,
"Or shall I espouse me a wife?"

A wise old frog on the brink of the stream,
Leaned over, and said with a sigh:
"Oh, wait till you're older, my dear young friend,
You'll have better taste, by-and-by?

"Girls change, you know, and the pollywog slim,
That takes your fancy to-day,
May not be the Polly at all you'd choose
When the summer has passed away."

But the tadpole rash thought he better knew,
And married a pollywog fair;
And, before the summer was over, he sat
On the brink of that stream in despair.

For would you believe it? his fair young bride
Proved to be but a stupid frog,
With never a trace of the beauty and grace
Of young Miss Pollywog.

And although the tadpole himself had grown
Quite stout and stupid, too,
He only sees the faults of his wife
(As others sometimes do).

To all young tadpoles my moral is this:
Before you settle in life,
Be sure you know, without any doubt,
What you want in the way of a wife.

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GRACE.

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REFLECTION.

AGNES, I LOVE THEE.

I STOOD upon the ocean's briny shore,
And with a fragile reed I traced upon the sand:
"Agnes, I love thee."
The mad waves rolled by and blotted out the fair impression.
Frail reed! Cruel wave! Treacherous sand!
I'll trust ye no more!
But with a giant hand,
I'll pluck from Norway's frozen shore the tallest pine,
And dip its top into the crater of Mt. Vesuvius,
And on the high and burnished heavens I'll write:
"Agnes, I love thee."
And I would like to see any doggoned wave wash that out.

ONLY A SMILE.

'TWAS only a smile that was given,
From a friend that I chanced to meet,
With a face as bright as a sunbeam,
In the busy walks of the street.
My soul was in darkness and sorrow,
And my heart all burdened with pain;
And tears to my eyelids came welling,
And I strove to stay them in vain.

'Twas only a smile that was given,
And the donor went on her way;
Yet it brought to my heart a sweetness
Though the whole of that livelong day.
'Twas a glance so tender and hopeful,
So sweet and so loving and true,
That my troubles—I quite forgot them,
And I found myself smiling, too.

A LOVELY SCENE.

WE stood at the bars as the sun went down
Behind the hills on a summer day,
Her eyes were tender, and big and brown,
Her breath as sweet as the new-mown hay.

Far from the west the faint sunshine
Glanced sparkling off her golden hair,
Those calm, deep eyes were turned toward mine,
And a look of contentment rested there.

I see her bathed in the sunlight flood,
I see her standing peacefully now;
Peacefully standing and chewing her cud,
As I rubbed her ears,—that Jersey cow.

A SIMPLE SIGN.

IT was in a grocer's window
That she saw a simple sign,
And she stopped and slowly read it
While her blue eyes seemed to shine.

Then with scornful lips she murmured,
As she tossed her pretty hat,
"How I wish that men were labeled
With a good plain sign, like that."

So when she had passed, I ventured
Near that favored grocer's shop.
And espied this simple legend:
"This Corn Warranted to Pop."

IN ANSWER.

"MADAM, we miss the train at B——.
"But can't you make it, sir?" she gasped.
"Impossible; it leaves at three,
And we are due a quarter past."
"Is there no way? Oh, tell me, then,
Are you a Christian?" "I am not."
"And are there none among the men
Who run the train?" "No—I forgot—
I think this fellow over here,
Oiling the engine claims to be."
She threw upon the engineer
A fair face white with agony.

"Are you a Christian?" "Yes, I am."
"Then, O sir, won't you pray with me,
All the long way, that God will stay,
That God will hold the train at B——?"
"Twill do no good, it's due at three
And——" "Yes, but God can hold the train;
My dying child is calling me,
And I must see her face again.
"Oh, won't you pray?" "I will," a nod
Emphatic, as he takes his place.
When Christians grasp the arm of God
They grasp the power that rules the rod.

Out from the station swept the train
On time, swept on past wood and lea;
The engineer, with cheeks aflame,
Prayed, "O Lord, hold the train at B——,'
Then flung the throttle wide, and like
Some giant monster of the plain,
With panting sides and mighty stride,
Past hill and valley swept the train.
A half a minute, two are gained;

Along those burnished lines of steel,
His glances leap, each nerve is strained,
And still he prays with fervent zeal.
Heart, hand and brain, with one accord,
Work while his prayer ascends to heaven,
"Just hold the train eight minutes, Lord,
And I'll make up the other seven."
With rush and roar through meadow lands,
Past cottage homes and green hillsides,
The panting thing obeys his hands,
And speeds along with giant strides.
They say an accident delayed
The train a little while; but He
Who listened while his children prayed,
In answer held the train at B——.

THE WAY OF THE WOLRD.

THERE sate a crow on a lofty tree
Watching the world go by;
He saw a throng that swept along
With a laughter loud and high
"In and out through the motley rout"
Pale ghosts stole on unseen;
Their hearts were longing for one sweet word
Of the love that once had been,
But never a lip there spoke their names
Never a tear was shed;
The crow looked down from his lofty tree,
"'Tis the way of the world," he said.

A singer stood in the market-place
Singing a tender lay.
But no one heeded his sorrowful face,
No one had time to stay.
He turned away; he sang no more;

How could he sing in vain?
And then the world came to his door,
Bidding him sing again,
But he recked not whether they came or went,
He in his garret dead.
The crow looked down from his lofty tree,
"'Tis the way of the world," he said.

There sate a Queen by a cottage bed,
Spoke to the widow there:
Did she not know the same hard blow
The peasant had to bear?
And she kissed the humble peasant's brow,
And then she bent her knee:
"God of the widow help her now,
As Thou hast helped me,"
"Now, God, be thanked," said the old, old crow,
As he sped from his lofty bough;
"The times are ill, but there's much good still
In the way of the world, I trow."

THE GOLDEN SIDE.

"THERE is many a rest on the road of life
If we only would stop to take it,
And many a tone from the better land
If the querulous heart would wake it;
To the sunny soul that is full of hope,
And whose beautiful trust ne'er faileth,
The grass is green and the flowers are bright,
Though the wintry storm prevaileth.

"Better to weave in the web of life
A bright and golden filling,
And to do God's will with a ready heart
And hands that are swift and willing,

Than to snap the delicate silver thread
Of our curious life asunder,
And then heaven blame for the tangled ends,
And sit and grieve and wonder."

THE LITTLE SCHOOLMA'AM.

SPEAK of queen and empress,
Or of other ladies royal,
Not one of them has half the power
Or subjects half so loyal
As she, the little schoolma'am,
Who trips along the way
To take a chair she makes a throne
At nine o'clock each day.

Her rule is ever gentle;
Her tones are low and sweet;
She is very trim and tidy
From her head unto her feet.
And it matters very little
If her eyes be brown or blue;
They simply read your inmost heart
Whene'er she looks at you.

The children bring her presents,
Red apples, flowers galore,
For all the merry girls and boys
This queen of theirs adore.
The darling little schoolma'am,
Who reigns without a peer,
In a hundred thousand class-rooms
This gayly flying year.

THE CRY OF THE DREAMER.

I AM tired of planning and toiling
In the crowded hives of men;
Heart weary of building and spoiling,
And spoiling and building again.
And I long for the dear old river,
Where I dreamed my youth away;
For a dreamer lives forever,
And a toiler dies in a day.

I am sick of the showy seeming
Of a life that is half a lie;
Of the faces lined with scheming
In the throng that hurries by.
From the sleepless thoughts' endeavor
I would go where the children play,
For a dreamer lives forever,
And a thinker dies in a day.

I can feel no pride, but pity
For the burdens the rich endure;
There is nothing sweet in the city
But the patient lives of the poor.
Oh, the little hands too skillful,
And the child mind choked with weeds!
The daughter's heart grown willful,
And the father's heart that bleeds!

No, no; from the street's rude bustle,
From trophies of mart and stage,
I would fly to the woods' low rustle
And the meadows' kindly page.
Let me dream as of old by the river
And be loved for the dream alway,
For a dreamer lives forever,
And a toiler dies in a day.

IN THE CATACOMBS.

NEVER lived a Yankee yet,
But was ready to bet
On the U. S. A.
If you speak of Italy's sunny clime,
'Maine kin beat it every time!"
If you tell of Ætna's fount of fire,
You rouse his ire.
In an injured way
He'll probably say,
"I don't think much of a smokin' hill,
We've got a moderate little rill
Kin make yer old volcaner still;
Pour old Niagery down the crater,
"N I guess 'twill cool her fiery nater."

You have doubtless heard of those ancient lies
Manufactured for a prize;
The reputation of each rose higher,
As he proved himself the bigger liar.

Said an Englishman: "Only t'other day,
Sailing from Dover to Calais,
I saw a man without float or oar,
Swimming across from the English shore,
Manfully breasting the angry sea—
"Friend," said the Yankee, "that was me."

Mindful of all these thrice-told tales,
Whenever a Yankee to Europe sails,
The boys try every sort of plan
To rouse his astonishment, if they can.

Sam Brown was a fellow from way down east
Who never was "staggered" in the least.
No tale of marvelous beast or bird

Could match the stories he had heard.
No curious place or wondrous view
"Was ekil to Podunk, I tell yu."

They showed him a room where a queen had slept;
"'Twa'n't up to the tavern daddy kept."
They showed him Lucerne. But he had drunk
From the beautiful Mollichunkamunk.
They took him at last to ancient Rome,
And inveigled him into a catacomb.

Here they plied him with draughts of wine
(Though he vowed old cider was twice as fine,)
Till the fumes of Falernian filled his head,
And he slept as sound as the silent dead;
They removed a mummy to make him room,
And laid him at length in the rocky tomb.

They piled old skeletons 'round the stone,
Set a "dip" in a candlestick of bone,
And left him to slumber there alone.
Then watched from a distance the taper's gleam,
Waiting to jeer at his frightened scream,
When he should awake from his drunken dream.

After a time the Yankee woke,
But instantly saw through the flimsy joke;
So never a cry or a shout he uttered,
But solemnly rose and slowly muttered:
"I see how it is. It's the judgment day,
We've all been dead and stowed away;
All these stone furreners sleepin' yet,
An' I'm the first one up, you bet!
Can't none o' you Romans start, I wonder?
United States is ahead, by thunder!"

ONLY PLAYING.

A LITTLE old woman before me,
Went slowly down the street,
Walking as if aweary
Were her feeble, tottering feet.

From under her old poke-bonnet
I caught a gleam of snow,
And her waving cap strings floated,
Like a pennon, to and fro.

In the folds of her rusty mantle
Sudden her footstep caught,
And I sprang to keep her from falling,
With a touch as quick as thought.

When, under the old poke-bonnet,
I saw a winsome face,
Framed with the flaxen ringlets
Of my wee daughter Grace.

Mantle and cap together
Dropped off at my very feet;
And there stood the little fairy,
Beautiful, flushing, sweet!
Will it be like this, I wonder,
When at last we come to stand
On the golden ringing pavement
Of the blessed heavenly land?

Losing the rusty garments
We wore in the years of time,
Will our better selves spring backward,
Serene in a youth sublime?

Instead of the shape that hid us,
And made us old and gray,
Shall we get our child hearts back again,
With a brightness that shall stay?

I thought—but my little daughter
Slipped her dimpled hand in mine,
"I was only playing," she whispered,
"That I was ninety-nine."

TOTAL ANNIHILATION.

OH! he was a Bowery bootblack bold,
And his years they numbered nine;
Rough and unpolished was he, albeit
He constantly aimed to shine.

As proud as a king on his box he sat,
Munching an apple red,
While the boys of his set looked wistfully on,
And "Give us a bite!" they said.

But the bootblack smiled a lordly smile:
"No free bites here!" he cried.
Then the boys they sadly walked away,
Save one who stood at his side.

"Bill, give us the core," he whispered low.
That bootblack smiled once more,
And a mischievous dimple grew in his cheek—
"There ain't goin' to be no core!"

MILKING-TIME.

"I TELL you Kate, that Lovejoy cow
Is worth her weight in gold;
She gives a good eight quarts o' milk,
And isn't yet five year old.

"I see young White a-comin' now;
He wants her, I know that.

Be careful, girl, you're spillin' it!
An' save some for the cat.

"Good evenin', Richard, step right in."
"I guess I couldn't, sir,
I've just come down—" "I know it, Dick,
You've took a shine to her.

She's kind an' gentle as a lamb,
Jest where I go she follers;
And though it's cheap, I'll let her go;
She's your'n for thirty dollars.

"You'll know her clear across the farm,
By them two milk-white stars;
You needn't drive her home at night,
But jest let down the bars.

"Then, when you've owned her, say a month,
And learnt her, as it were,
I'll bet—why, what's the matter, Dick?"
"'Tain't her I want—it's *her!*"

"What? not the girl! well, I'll be blessed!—
There, Kate, don't drop that pan.
You've took me mightily aback,
But then, a man's a man.

"She's your'n, my boy, but one word more:
Kate's gentle as a dove;
She'll foller you the whole world round
For nothin' else but love.

"But never try to drive the lass;
Her natur's like her ma's.
I've allus found it worked the best
To jest let down the bars."

AIN'T HE CUTE?

ARRAYED in snow-white pants and vest
And other raiment fair to view,
I stood before my sweetheart Sue,—
The charming creature I love best.
"Tell me, and does my costume suit?"
I asked that apple of my eye,
And then the charmer made reply—
"Oh, yes, you do look awful cute!"

Although I frequently had heard
My sweetheart vent her pleasure so,
I must confess I did not know
The meaning of that favorite word.
But presently at window side
We stood, and watched the passing throng,
And soon a donkey passed along,
With ears like sails extending wide.
And gazing at the doleful brute
My sweetheart gave a merry cry,—
I quote her language with a sigh,—
"O Charlie, ain't he awful cute?"

FROM HAND TO MOUTH.

"FROM hand to mouth," he gaily said,
And pressed her dainty finger tips,
Which salutation quickly led
To one upon her perfect lips,
As fair as roses in the South,
"From hand to mouth."

So she was won, and so was he.
'Twas something like a year ago,
And now they both are one, you see,

Although which one I hardly know.
They're living somewhere in the South
From hand to mouth.

AN ORIGINAL LOVE STORY.

HE struggled to kiss her; she struggled the same
To prevent him, so bold and undaunted;
But as smitten by lightning, he heard her exclaim:
"Avaunt, sir!" And off he avaunted.

But when he returned, with a wild, fiendish laugh,
Showing clearly that he was affronted,
And threatened by main force to carry her off,
She cried: "Don't" And the poor fellow donted.

When he meekly approached, and got down at her feet,
Praying, loud as before he had ranted,
That she would forgive him, and try to be sweet,
And said, "Can't you?"—the dear girl recanted.

Then softly he whispered: "How could you do so?
I certainly thought I was jilted;
But come thou with me, to the parson we'll go,
Say, wilt thou, my dear? And she wilted.

Then gayly he took her to see her new home,—
A cabin by no means enchanted.
"See! Here we can live with no longing to roam,"
He said: "Shan't we, my dear?" So they shantied.

THE FIRST CLOUD.

THEY stood at the altar one short year ago;
He vowed from the troubles of life to defend her
To have her and hold her for weal or for woe—
She spoke the responses in accents most tender.

To-night in the gloom they are sitting apart;
Oh! has all her wifely devotion been wasted?
She mopes there in silence, a pain at her heart;
The lamps are unlighted his supper untasted.

Their sky, erst all cloudless, is now overcast,
For joy there is sorrow, for gladness dejection;
The serpent has entered their Eden at last,
And left its dark trail on the flowers of affection.

Oh, well may there be in her bosom a pain.
A grief that she vainly endeavors to smother;
To-night he has told her in language quite plain,
She can't cook his meals half as well as his mother!

NO KISS.

"KISS me, Will," sang Marguerite,
To a pretty little tune,
Holding up her dainty mouth,
Sweet as roses born in June.

Will was ten years old that day,
And he pulled her golden curls
Teasingly, and answer made:
"I'm too old—I don't kiss girls."

Ten years pass, and Marguerite
Smiles as Will kneels at her feet,
Gazing fondly in her eyes,
Praying, "Won't you kiss me, sweet?"
'Rite is seventeen to-day;
With her birthday ring she toys
For a moment, then replies:
"I'm too old—I don't kiss boys!"

AT THE GARDEN GATE.

THEY lingered at the garden gate,
The moon was full above;
He took her darling hand in his,
The trembling little dove,
And pressed it to his fervent lips,
And softly told his love.

About her waist he placed his arm,
He called her all his own;
His heart, he said, it ever beat
For her, and her alone;
And he was happier than a king
Upon a golden throne.

"Come weal, come woe," in ardent tones
This youth continued he,
"As is the needle to the pole,
So I will constant be;
No power on earth shall tear thee, love,
Away, I swear, from me!"

From out the chamber window popped
A grizzly night-capped head;
A hoarse voice yelled: "You, Susan Jane,
Come in and go to bed!"
And that was all—it was enough;
The young man wildly fled

PART X.

Dialogues, Tableaux and Costume Readings.

A DREAM OF FAIR WOMEN.

[A Reading with Tableaux.]

CHARACTERS AND COSTUMES.

READER—Lady or gentleman, who stands in front and to one side of curtain, read poem as though relating a dream.

HELEN OF TROY—White, purely Grecian, straight garment, slightly bloused at waist, caught at shoulder with large button; skirt, which hangs straight, may be trimmed with Grecian border of narrow gold braid; three bands of white ribbon around her hair, which is knotted at back, well off neck; sandals.

IPHIGENIA—Also white, Grecian, long, loose robe falling in graceful folds from left shoulder; trimmed with light blue or silver braid; hair knotted at back; sandals.

CLEOPATRA—Shimmering satin or silk gown, angel sleeves; as much gold lace and brilliant jewelry as possible—armlets, bracelets, necklace, rings, girdle and crown; large fan of peacock feathers.

JEPHTHAH'S DAUGHTER—Long robe of rich red material, armlets, bracelets, and timbrel (tambourine can be substituted); long dark hair, hanging.

ROSAMOND—Twelfth-century costume—pointed waist, high collar, large full sleeves, tight at wrist, pointed lace cuffs and collar; jeweled girdle.

QUEEN ELEANOR—Long trained robe of purple or black velvet, trimmed with white fur, over petticoat of white satin; crown, dagger, cup of poison.

Sir Thomas Moore's Daughter—Black velvet gown, plain long skirt, pointed bodice; long light hair, hanging.

Joan of Arc—Short red skirt; shield, helmet, sword, and gauntlets.

Queen Elinor—Soft white dress, auburn hair, hanging.

Scene.—A woodland scene, if possible; otherwise hang green curtain across back of stage, so as to give background of dark green folds. Stretch diagonally across left corner of stage a smaller curtain, hiding bower. The participants in these tableaux should carefully study the illustrations indicating appropriate attitudes and gestures.

Reader (*before closed curtains*).

I read, before my eyelids dropt their shade,
"*The Legend of Good Women*," long ago
Sung by the morning star of song, who made
His music heard below.

Dan Chaucer, the first warbler, whose sweet breath
Preluded those melodious bursts that fill
The spacious times of great Elizabeth
With sounds that echo still.

And, for awhile, the knowledge of his art
Held me above the subject, as strong gales
Hold swollen clouds from raining, tho' my heart
Brimful of those wild tales,

Charged both mine eyes with tears. In every land
I saw, wherever light illumineth,
Beauty and anguish walking hand in hand,
The downward slope to death.

Those far-renowned brides of ancient song
Peopled the hollow dark, like burning stars,
And I heard sounds of insult, shame and wrong,
And trumpets blown for wars;

And clattering flints batter'd with clanging hoofs;
And I saw crowds in column'd sanctuaries;

And forms that pass'd at windows and on roofs
Of marble palaces;

Corpses across the threshold; heroes tall,
Dislodging pinnacle and parapet
Upon the tortoise creeping to the wall—
Lances in ambush set.

And high shrine-doors burst thro' with heated blasts,
That run before the fluttering tongues of fire;
White surf wind-scatter'd over sails and masts,
And ever climbing higher.

Squadrons and squares of men in brazen plates,
Scaffolds, still sheets of water, divers woes,
Ranges of glimmering vaults, with iron grates,
And hushed seraglios.

So shape chased shape, as swift as when to land
Bluster the winds and tides the self-same way;
Crisp foam-flakes scud along the level sand,
Torn from the fringe of spray.

I started once, or seem'd to start, in pain,
Resolved on noble things, and strove to speak;
As when a great thought strikes along the brain,
And flushes all the cheek.

And once my arm was lifted to hew down
A cavalier from off his saddle bow,
That bore a lady from a leagur'd town;
And then, I know not how,

All those sharp fancies, by down-lapsing thought
Streamed onward, lost their edges, and did creep,
Roll'd on each other, rounded, smooth'd, and brought
Into the gulfs of sleep.

At last, methought that I had wandered
(*Curtain withdrawn, disclosing woodland scene.*)
Far in an old wood, fresh-washed in coolest dew;
The maiden splendors of the morning star
Shook in the steadfast blue.

Enormous elm-tree boles did stoop and lean
Upon the dusky brushwood underneath,
Their broad curved branches, fledged with clearest green,
New from its silken sheath.

The dim red moon had died, her journey done.
And with dead lips smiled at the twilight plain,
Half fall'n across the threshold of the sun,
Never to rise again.

There was no motion in the dumb, dead air,
Not any song of bird or sound of rill;
Gross darkness of the inner sepulchre
Is not so deadly still

As that wide forest. Growths of jasmine turn'd
Their hurried arms, festooning tree to tree,
And at the root thro' lush green grasses burn'd
The red anemone.

I knew the flowers, I knew the leaves, I knew
The tearful glimmer of the languid dawn
On those long, rank, dark wood-walks drenched in dew,
Leading from lawn to lawn.

The smell of violets hidden in the green
Pour'd back into the empty soul and frame
The times when I remembered to have been
Joyful and free from blame.

And from within a clear undertone
Thrill'd thro' mine ears in that unblissful clime,
Cleopatra (*within*).
"Pass freely thro', the wood is all thine own;
Until the end of time."

Reader.

At length I saw (*Helen of Troy enters back entrance; advances slowly to middle of stage; stands in statuesque attitude*) a lady within call
Stiller than chisell'd marble, standing there;

A daughter of the gods, divinely tall
And most divinely fair.
Her lovliness with shame and with surprise
Froze my swift speech; she turning on my face
The star-like sorrows of immortal eyes
Spoke slowly in her place.

Helen of Troy (*turning and speaking slowly*).

I had great beauty; ask thou not my name;
No one can be more wise than destiny.
Many drew swords and died. Where'er I came
I brought calamity.

Reader.

No marvel, sovereign lady; in fair field
Myself for such a face had boldly died.

(*Enter from left entrance Iphigenia; as she advances to front Helen retires to back of stage.*)

And turning I appealed to one who stood beside.
But she with sick and scornful looks averse
To her full height her stately stature draws:

Iphigenia (*with bitterness*).

My youth was blasted with a curse;
(*Pointing to Helen.*)
This woman was the cause.
I was cut off from hope in that sad place,
Which yet to name my spirit loathes and fears;
My father held his hand upon his face;
I, blinded by my tears,

Still strove to speak; my voice was thick with sighs
As in a dream, dimly I could descry

The stern, black-bearded kings with wolfish eyes,
  Waiting to see me die.

The high masts flicker'd as they lay afloat;
  The crowds, the temples, wavered, and the shore;
The bright death quiver'd at the victim's throat;
  Touch'd—and I knew no more.

Helen of Troy (*sadly, with bowed head, leaving stage off right*).
  I would the white, cold, heavy plunging foam,
Whirl'd by the wind, had roll'd me deep below,
  Then when I left my home. (*Exit H., Iphigenia following*).

Reader.

Her slow full words sank on the silence drear
As thunder drops fall on a sleeping sea
Sudden I heard a voice
(*Inner curtain withdraws, discovering Cleopatra half reclining on crimson couch, under bower of green.*)

Cleopatra.

"Ha, Ha! come here that I may look on thee.
(*Rising on arm and looking at reader—again reclining.*)
Ha! ha! ha! *I* govern'd men by change
And so I swayed all moods. (*Sighing.*)
'Tis long since I have seen a man
Once, like the moon, I made
The ever-shifting currents of the blood
  According to my humor ebb and flow.
I have no men to govern in this wood:
  That makes my only woe.

Nay, yet it chafes me that I could not bend
  One will; nor tame and tutor with mine eye
That dull, cold-blooded Cæsar. Pr'ythee, friend, (*Raising on*
  Where is Mark Antony? *elbow.*)

The man, my lover, with whom I rode sublime
  On Fortune's neck: we sat as God by God:

The Nilus would have risen before his time
And flooded at our nod.

We drank the Lybian sun to sleep, and lit
Lamps that outburn'd Canopus. O my life
In Egypt! O the dalliance and the wit,
The flattery and the strife,
And the wild kiss, when fresh from war's alarms
My Hercules, my Roman Antony,
My mailed Bacchus leapt into my arms,
Contented there to die!

And there he died: and when I heard my name
Sighed forth with life I would not brook my fear
Of the other: with a worm I balked his fame,
What else was left?

I died a Queen. The Roman soldier found
Me lying dead, my crown about my brows—
A name forever—lying robed and crown'd—
Worthy a Roman spouse."

(*Sinks back on couch, and small curtain is drawn, hiding her from view.*)

Reader.

Her warbling voice, a lyre of widest range
Struck by all passion, did fall down and glance
From tone to tone among and thro' all change
Of liveliest utterance.

When she made pause I knew not for delight,
Because with sudden motion from the ground
She raised her piercing orbs, and filled with light
The interval of sound.

Slowly my sense undazzled. Then I heard

(*Soft music.*)

A noise of some one coming thro' the lawn,

And singing clearer than the crested bird
That claps his wings at dawn.
(*Soft music continues, growing louder.*)

As one that museth where broad sunshine laves
The lawn by some cathedral, thro' the door
Hearing the holy organ rolling waves
Of sound on roof and floor within,
And anthem sung, is charm'd and tied
To where he stands—so stood I, when that flow
Of music left the lips (*Enter Jephthah's daughter walking slowly with uplifted face*) of her that died
To save her father's vow:

The daughter of the warrior Gileadite,
A maiden pure, as when she went along
From Mizpeh's towered gates with welcome light
With timbrel and with song.

My words leapt forth: "Heaven heads the count of crimes
With that wild oath."

Jephthah's Daughter.

" Not so, nor once alone : a
Thousand times I would be born and die.
My God, my land, my father—these did move me
From my bliss of life which Nature gave,
Lowered softly by a three-fold cord of love
Down to a silent grave.

The light white clouds swam over us.
Anon we heard the lion roaring in his den ;
We saw the large white stars rise one by one.
Or, from the darken'd glen.

Saw God divide the night with flying flame
And thunder on the everlasting hills.
I heard Him, for He spake, and grief became
A solemn scorn of ills.

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MY LITTLE SWEETHEART.

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PRINCE ARTHUR.

When the next moon was rolled into the sky,
  Strength came to me that equaled my desire,
How beautiful a thing it was to die
  For God and for my sire

It comforts me in this one thought to dwell,
  That I subdued me to my father's will
Because the kiss he gave me, ere I fell,
  Sweetens the spirit still."

(*Exit, sing "Glory to God," repeating several times.*)

Reader.

How her face glowed!
Losing her carol, I stood, pensively,
  As one that from a casement leans his head
When midnight bells cease ringing suddenly,
  And the old year is dead.

(*Enter Rosamond from back during reading of last sentence.*)

Rosamond.

"Alas! Alas!
  Turn and look on me, I am
That Rosamond, whom men call fair,
  If what I was I be.

Would I had been some maiden, coarse and poor,
  O me! that I should ever see the light!

(*Enter Queen Eleanor at right, with cup of poison in one hand, dagger in the other, both of which she offers Rosamond with a look of bitter scorn.*)

(*Recoiling from Queen Eleanor.*)

Those dragon eyes of angered Eleanor
  Do hurt me day and night.

(*Small curtain withdraws disclosing Cleopatra.*)

Cleopatra to Rosamond.

"O! you *tamely* died!
  You should have clung to Fulvia's waist
And thrust the dagger thro' her side."

(*Tableau. Cleopatra looking contemptuously at Rosamond, who is frightened and seeks to escape; small curtains close.*)

Reader.

With that sharp sound the white dawn's creeping beams,
Stol'n to my brain, dissolved the mystery
Of folded sleep. The captain of my dreams
Ruled in the eastern sky,
Moon broadened on the borders of the dark
Ere I saw (*Curtains drawn disclosing Sir Thomas Moore's daughter holding up dress, as if to catch the fallen head—face expressing deepest anguish*) her who clasped in her last trance
Her murdered father's head, or (*Enter Joan of Arc from back; as she enters, draws sword, raises shield, and remains posed thus*) Joan of Arc, the light
Of ancient France.

Or her (*Inner curtain withdrawn, disclosing Queen Elinor kneeling beside Edward*) who knew that Love can vanquish Death,
Who kneeling, with one arm about her king,
Drew forth the poison with her balmy breath,
Sweet as new buds in spring. (*Curtain closed.*)

Reader.

No memory labors longer from the deep
Gold-mines of thought to lift the hidden ore
That glimpses, moving up, than I from sleep
To gather and tell o'er

Each little sight and sound, with what dull pain
Compass'd, how eagerly I sought to strike
Into that wondrous track of dreams again,
But no two dreams are like.

As when a soul laments, which hath been blest,
Desiring what is mingled with past years
In yearnings that can never be expressed,
In sighs or groans or tears

Because all words, tho' cull'd with choicest art,
Failing to give the bitter of the sweet,
Wither beneath the palate, and the heart
Faints, faded by its heat.

(*Tableau. All the characters in appropriate attitudes.*)

PRINCE ARTHUR.

[A scene from Shakespeare's play of King John.]

CHARACTERS AND COSTUMES.

ARTHUR.—Black velvet suit. black stockings, low shoes, wide lace collar and cuffs.

HUBERT.—Long cloak, wide felt hat with feather, high boots, sword.

SCENE.—A room in a castle.

Enter Hubert and two Attendants.

Hubert. Heat me these irons hot; and look thou stand
Within the arras: When I strike my foot
Upon the bosom of the ground, rush forth,
And bind the boy which you shall find with me
Fast to the chair. Be heedful; hence, and watch.

1 *Attendant.* I hope your warrant will bear out the deed.

Hubert. Uncleanly scruples! fear not you; look to't.—
(*Exeunt attendants.*)
Young lad, come forth; I have to say with you.

Enter Arthur.

Arthur. Good morrow, Hubert.

Hubert. Good morrow, little prince.

Arthur. As little prince, having so great a little
To be more prince, as may be. You are sad.

Hubert. Indeed, I have been merrier.

Arthur. Mercy on me!
Methinks nobody should be sad but I:
Yet, I remember, when I was in France.

Young gentlemen would be as sad as night,
Only for wantonness. By my christendom,
So I were out of prison and kept sheep,
I should be as merry as the day is long;
And so I should be here, but that I doubt
My uncle practices more harm to me:
He is afraid of me and I of him.
Is it my fault that I was Geoffrey's son?
No, indeed, it's not; and I would to heaven
I were your son, so you would love me, Hubert.

Hubert (*aside*). If I talk to him, with his innocent prate,
He will awake my mercy which lies dead;
Therefore, I will be sudden and dispatch.

Arthur. Are you sick, Hubert? You look pale to-day.
In sooth, I would you were a little sick,
That I might sit all night and watch with you;
I warrant I love you more than you do me.

Hubert (*aside*). His words do take possession of my bosom.—
Read here, young Arthur.— (*Showing a paper.*)
(*Aside.*) How now, foolish rheum!
Turning dispiteous torture out of door!
I must be brief, lest resolution drop
Out at mine eyes in tender womanish tears.
Can you not read it! is it not fair writ?

Arthur. Too fairly, Hubert, for so foul effect.
Must you, with hot irons, burn out both mine eyes?

Hubert. Young boy, I must.

Arthur. And you will?

Hubert. And I will.

Arthur. Have you the heart? When your head did but ache,
I bound my handkerchief about your brows,—
The best I had, a princess wrought it me,—
And I did never ask it you again;
And with my hand at midnight held your head,
And like the watchful minutes to the hour,
Still and anon cheer'd up the heavy time,
Saying, "What lack you?" and "Where lies your grief?"

Or, "What good love may I perform for you?"
Many a poor man's son would have lain still,
And ne'er have spoke a loving word to you;
But you, at your sick service, had a prince.
Nay, you may think my love was crafty love
And call it cunning. Do, and if you will.
If heaven be pleased that you should use me ill,
Why, then you must. Will you put out mine eyes?
The eyes that never did so much as frown on thee.

Hubert. I have sworn to do it,
And with hot irons must I burn them out.

Arthur. Ah! none but in this iron age would do it!
The iron of itself, though heat red-hot,
Approaching near these eyes, would drink my tears
And quench his fiery indignation
Even in the matter of mine innocence;
Nay, after that consume away in rust,
But for containing fire to harm mine eyes.
Are you more stubborn hard than hammered iron?
And if an angel should have come to me and told me
Hubert should put out mine eyes,
I would not have believed him—no tongue but Hubert's.

Hubert. Come forth. (*Stamps.*)

(*Re-enter attendants, with a cord and red-hot irons.*)

Do as I bid you do.

Arthur. O, save me, Hubert, save me! My eyes are out
Even with the fierce looks of these bloody men.

Hubert. Give me the iron, I say, and bind him here.

Arthur. Alas, what need you be so boisterous rough?
I will not struggle, I will stand stone-still.
For heaven's sake, Hubert, let me not be bound!
Nay, hear me, Hubert, drive these men away,
And I will sit as quiet as a lamb;
I will not stir, nor wince, nor speak a word,
Nor look upon the iron angerly.
Thrust but these men away, and I'll forgive you,
Whatever torment you do put me to.

Hubert. Go, stand within; let me alone with him.

1 *Attendant.* I am best pleased to be from such a deed.

(*Exeunt attendants.*)

Arthur. Alas, I then have chid away my friend!
He hath a stern look, but a gentle heart;
Let him come back, that this compassion may
Give life to yours.

Hubert. Come, boy, prepare yourself.

Arthur. Is there no remedy?

Hubert. None but to lose your eyes.

Arthur. O, heaven, that there were but a mote in yours.
A grain, a dust, a gnat, a wandering hair,
Any annoyance in that precious sense!
Then feeling what small things are boisterous there,
Your vile intent must needs seem horrible.

Hubert. Is this your promise? go to, hold your tongue.

Arthur. Hubert, the utterance of a brace of tongues
Must needs want pleading for a pair of eyes:
Let me not hold my tongue, let me not, Hubert;
Or, Hubert, if you will, cut out my tongue,
So I may keep mine eyes. O, spare mine eyes,
Though to no use but still to look on thee!
Lo! by my troth, the instrument is cold and
Would not harm me.

Hubert I can heat it boy.

Arthur. No, in good sooth; the fire is dead with grief.
Being create for comfort, to be us'd
In undeserved extremes. See else yourself:
There is no malice in this burning coal;
The breath of heaven has blown his spirit out
And strew'd repentant ashes on his head.

Hubert. But with my breath, I can revive it, boy.

Arthur. And if you do, you will but make it blush
And glow with shame of your proceedings, Hubert:
Nay, it perchance will sparkle in your eyes;
And like a dog that is compell'd to fight,
Snatch at his master that doth tarre him on.

All things that you should use to do me wrong
Deny their office: only you do lack
That mercy which fierce fire and iron extends,
Creatures of note for mercy-lacking uses.

Hubert. Well, see to live; I will not touch thine eyes
For all the treasure that thine uncle owes:
Yet I am sworn, and I did purpose, boy,
With this same very iron to burn them out.

Arthur. O, now you look like Hubert! all this while you were disguised.

Hubert. Peace! no more.
Your uncle must not know but you are dead:
I'll fill these dogged spies with false reports;
And, pretty child, sleep doubtless and secure,
That Hubert, for the wealth of all this world,
Will not offend thee.

Arthur. O heaven! I thank you, Hubert.

Hubert. Silence! no more. Go closely in with me;
Much danger do I undergo for thee.

(*Exit concealing Arthur with his cloak.*)

—*Shakespeare.*

WHERE'S ANNETTE?

[A Reading in Costume.]

COSTUME.—Soft white robe, white lace scarf draped about head and shoulders.

Stop! Stranger, may I speak with you? ah! yes, you needn't fear
Till I whisper through the grating. I wouldn't have them hear.
Those jailers, if a body but chance to speak her name,
They roll their eyes so savage, as if they meant to tame
Some wild beast, and they scare me. Come nearer—nearer yet;
Come near till I whisper; have you seen her—seen Annette?

She has blue eyes—my darling; her curls are rings of gold;
She is so plump and dimpled, and she is just three years old.

You'll know if you have seen her, because there can not be
'Mong all the pretty children another fair as she.
Ha! ha! she laughs so merry; her soul's full of light;
Her voice is full of music; she is so bonny bright.

You ask me, "What about her?" Oh, then you haven't heard?
You see I went out calling and left the little bird
At home, in care of Sarah, the nurse—I often do.
Well, well, we sat and chatted, and so the moments flew,
That woman seemed so trusty. Gone! gone!—both gone away!
Come, think! you must have seen them—'twas only yesterday!

Yes, stolen—lost, I tell you! and never any trace!
Ah! I can see him enter—the anguish in his face—
After the fruitless searching! "No news?" No answer came,
But, Oh! his eyes flashed at me—his eyes were full of blame;
And so, when in the midnight I saw him pacing there,
And heard his restless footsteps, 'twas more than I could bear.

Then I crept softly, softly, among the shadows dim;
I said, "I'll go and find her, and bring her back to him."
I wandered till the daybreak and till the set of sun:
"Say have you seen my baby?" I asked of every one;
"Her eyes are blue and merry; her hair as bright as gold;
She is so plump and dimpled, and she's just three years old."

And none of them had seen her—they only stared at me,
And so I wandered, wandered, until I reached the sea
So far across the waters! the days they were like years,
And all the surging billows were troubled with her tears,
And all the winds were sobbing: "Mamma! Mamma!" they cried,
She could not hear me answer there on the ocean wide.

And when we reached the harbor, I was so glad at last,
I hurried off to find her; I hurried off so fast.
I could not stay for nightfall, I could not stay for noon,
I thought to hurry, hurry, and find her very soon.

From town to town I wandered; I asked of all I met,
"Say have you seen my baby? say, have you seen Annette?"

The rain falls on you sometimes, and sometimes falls the snow;
The people they stare at you, and laugh where'er you go;
And often one is weary, and often one is cold,
And there's a creature haunts me; she's wrinkled, weird and old;
Her locks are white as silver, her eyes they gleam and glare;
She is so haggard, haggard! I meet her everywhere.

She hides behind the windows, and follows as I pass;
And where the brook runs fast, and through the wet low grass
She follows, follows everywhere! I cannot shake her off,
I hear her now behind me—hark, at her jeers and scoff!
"Annette, dear Annette!" How her voice does thrill me through;
She knocks at every door, she's standing now by you.

Oh! how I long to press her once more unto my heart—
Wait, now I think I hear her, how could we ever part!
She is so plump and sweet, and her eyes are heavenly blue;
Two violets the fairies bring sparkling, bright and new,
To blossom at her waking. She went but yesterday.
Come, won't you help me find her? She can't be far away.

What did they bring me here for? I say, I want to go!
How shall I ever find her, when I am locked in so?
They lied to me! They told me—'twas once there in the street
When I sat on a doorstep to rest my aching feet—
They said, "We'll lead you to her," and many times said, "Come!"
At last I followed, eager to find my little one.

I found a prison—curse them! Wait till I whisper low,
They just humbug the public! They bring you here to show
How high are all the ceilings, and how the floors are white,
And yet they steal my darling, and keep her out of sight;
And when I bid them bring her, they promise, "By and by!"
Just turn the key, please, won't you, and let me slip out, sly!

Her father's waiting for her; he's pacing to and fro,
Among the lonesome midnight, O, please, I want to go—
If I could take her to him, and say, "Here is Annette!"
Then all the years of waiting, I'm sure he would forget;
And he would look no blaming; and Oh, there would be three,
That the very angels bright could scarcely gladder be.

You iron bars, I'll crush you! I'll batter down these walls!
She's crying, Oh, she's crying! "Mamma! Mamma!" she calls.
If I were strong as Samson! O! curse you people there!
You lied to me! Away then! Come near me if you dare!
O, pity, pity, people! Oh! Please to let me go!
Where is Annette? Where is she? Does any body know?

A lullaby can be added here with very pretty effect.

LOVE IN THE KITCHEN.

[A Humorous Dialogue.]

CHARACTERS AND COSTUMES.

Kitty—Short dress, small white apron with pockets, cap, handkerchief.

Teddy—Gray knee-breeches, low shoes, short coat, green tie.

Kitty. Now, Mr. Malone, when yer spakin' like that,
It is aisy to see—
(*He attempts to put his arm around her.*)
Arrah, git out o' that!
Whin discoursin' wid ladies, politeness should tache,
That you'r not to use hands, sir, instid ov yer spache.
Should the missus come down, sir, how would I appear
Wid me hair all bewildhered?

Teddy (*looks at Kitty ruefully*). Oh, Kitty, me dear,
Yer pardon I ax, but yer mouth is so sweet
It's a betther acquaintance I'm seekin' wid it;
An' I love you so fondly—begorra, it's thrue!
That I'm always unaisy unless I'm wid you,

An' thin I'm unaisy as bad as before,
An' there's nothing'll aise me at all any more,
Until yer betrothal I've got, and bedad,
(*Takes hold her hand with one hand, and puts the other about her waist.*)
I'll *not* let ye go till yer promise I've had.

Kitty (*breaking away*). It's jist like yer impidence, Mr. Malone!

Teddy. Ye can call it impidence, Kitty, ohone,
In a man to be lovin' the likes of yerself,
An' ye might marry worse, if I say it myself,
Fur me heart is yer own, and me wages is good,
An' I know a brick cabin all built out ov wood,
To be had fur the axin' of Dinnis McCue;
Fur he's goin' to lave it, and thin it will do,
Wid some fixin' and mendin' to keep out the air,
An' a bit ov a board to patch up here and there;
An' a thrifle ov mud to discourage the cracks—
An' we'll make up in lovin' whatever it lacks;
An' it's built on a rock, with a mighty fine view
Ov the country surroundin' that same avinew;
An' to be quite ginteel an' extension we'll rig,
Convanient for keepin' an illegant pig;
An' thin we'll both prosper as nate as yes plaze,
An' ye'll see me an alderman some o' these days;
So, Kitty, mavourneen, turn round yer dear face
An' give us one kiss the betrothal to own.

Kitty. The divil a bit of it, Teddy Malone.
D'ye think I'd be lavin' a house ov brown stone
Fur the tumble-down shanty yer talkin' about,
While I live like a lady, wid two evenin's out,
An' a wardrobe I flatter myself is complete?
Sure ye couldn't tell missus from me on the street,
An' at home it's the same, fur she's fond of her aise,
An' ye couldn't tell which ov us bosses the place;
An' it's like yer assurance to ask me to lave,
An' be the same token—

(*He catches her hand and kisses it.*)
Now will ye behave?
Let go of me hand, sir!
Teddy. —But Kitty, me dear,
Ye can't be intendin' to always live here
Wid niver a husband, but mopin' alone.
Kitty. Whist, Mr. Malone.—Yer very unmannerly!
Teddy. Divil a man!
It's only the truth that I'm sayin', indade
That yer niver intendin' to die an *old maid.*
Kitty (*coquettishly*). It's right ye are, Teddy, how could ye know this!
Teddy (*eagerly*). Well, thin, will it plaze ye to give me the kiss.
Kitty. Git out wid yer blarney! (*Tossing her head.*)
Sure how can I tell,
There might be another I like just as well.
Teddy. Arrah, Kitty, me darlin', *don't* say that agin,
If ye wouldn't be killin' the thruest of min;
But if there's another ye like more than me
Then it's faithless yes are, an' it's gone I'll be,
(*With emotion.*)
An' I'll die broken-hearted fur the lack av the joy
I thought to be gainin'.
Kitty. Why, Teddy, me boy,
Is it dyin' yer talkin' av? What would *I* do—
An unmarried widda in mournin' fur you? (*Shyly.*)
An' ye wanted a kiss, sur? (*Putting up lips to be kissed.*)
(*Teddy kisses her several times.*)
Well, then, if ye must
Oh, murther, the man is devourin' me just!
Is it aitin' me up ye'd be after belike?
Well, if any one's askin' about ye, I'll own
That a broth of a boy is me Teddy Malone.

THE POLISH BOY.

[A strong dramatic dialogue.]

CHARACTERS AND COSTUMES.

MOTHER.—Black lace or velvet dress; bracelets; rings; cross at the throat.

BOY.—Black velvet suit, white collar and cuffs; light hair in curls about neck; dagger.

RUFFIANS.—Long cloaks and hoods.

SCENE.—A room lighted with candles; at back of stage, form on bier, covered over with black; candles at head and foot. Curtain rises discovering the mother kneeling beside the bier, child clinging to her. Muffled tread, as of men marching, and sound of beating drums grows near. Ruffians burst in breaking a garland of flowers stretched across the entrance.

Mother (*springs up and clasps the boy to her breast; eyes flash; speaks with great dignity and air of defiance.*)

Back! Ruffians, back! nor dare to tread
Too near the body of my dead!
Nor touch the living boy. I stand
Between him and your lawless band!
No traitor he. But listen! I
Have cursed your master's tyranny
I cheered my lord to join the band
Of those who swore to free our land,
Or fighting die; and when he pressed
Me for the last time to his breast
I knew that soon his form would be
Low as it is or Poland free.
But he is dead—the good—the brave—
And I, his wife, am worse—a slave!
Take me, and bind these arms, these hands
With Russia's heaviest iron bands,
And drag me to Siberia's wilds to perish
If it will save my child.

1st Ruffian. Peace, woman peace! Give us the boy!

(*Grasping the boy who struggles and cries out.*)

Mother. One moment! one!
Will land or gold redeem my son?
If so (*kneeling*), I bend my Polish knee,
And Russia, beg this boon of thee. (*Hands outstretched.*)
Take lands, take palaces, take *all*,
But *leave him free* from Russia's thrall!
Take these!

(*Strips hands of rings and bracelets; takes off cross also, and throws them on the floor at the feet of the leader, who stoops and eagerly gathers them up. The boy meanwhile escapes to mother who shows joy. Ruffians again take him from her. With a cry of despair, she falls across bier. Boy breaks from ruffians and stands proudly and defiantly before them.*)

Boy. Ye hold me not! No, no; nor can.
This hour has made the boy a man.
The world shall witness that one soul
Fears not to prove itself a Pole.
I knelt beside my slaughter'd sire,
Nor felt one throb of vengeful ire,
I wept upon his marble brow— (*With much feeling.*)
Yes, wept. (*With sudden dignity*) I was a child; but now
My noble mother on her knee,
Has done the work of years for me.
Although in this small tenement,
My soul is cramp'd, unbowed, unbent;
I've still within me ample power
To free myself this very hour.
(*Pointing to dagger hidden inside pocket.*)
This dagger in my breast, and *then*, (*Tauntingly.*)
Where's your boasted power, base men?

(*Draws dagger, holds high in air; ruffians start back in affright.*)

Ha! start ye back? Fool! coward! knave!
Think ye my noble father's grave
Would drink the life-blood of a slave?
The pearls that on its handle flame,

Would blush to rubies in their shame
Of such ignoble rest!
No! thus: (*Striking breast with dagger.*)
I rend the tyrant's chains,
And fling him back a boy's disdain.
(*Slowly turning to where the mother lies.*)
Up! Mother, up! I'm free! I'm free! (*Soft music.*)
The choice was death or slavery!
Up! Mother, up! Look on my face.
I only wait for thy embrace.
One last, last word! a blessing, one;
To know thou approv'st what I have done.
No look! no word! can'st thou not feel
My warm blood o'er thy heart congeal?
Speak! Mother, speak! lift up thy head!
What, silent yet? Then art thou dead!
Great God, I thank thee! Mother, I (*Soft music.*)
Rejoice with thee! and—thus—to—die.
(*Falls slowly at the mother's side with head on her breast.*)

GOIN' SOMEWHERE.

[An excellent character dialogue.]

CHARACTERS AND COSTUMES.

OLD WOMAN.—Dark dress, old fashioned dolman or shawl, old fashioned bonnet, lace mits, bird cage and bandbox; palm leaf fan.

OLD MAN.—Old fashioned frock coat, high collar, black cravat, white tall hat, carpet-sack, extra wrap thrown over arm, also a bundle.

SCENE.—Interior of railway car. Two or three seats occupied by passengers.

Enter Old Man followed by Old Woman.

Old Man. Come along, Mary; why anybody'd think I'd never been nowheres. Hain't I spoke in town meetin' twict? an' been

a hundred miles on a steamboat, an' got a brother 'at made the overland trip to Californy?

Old Woman (*taking seat in front*). An' hain't *I* been to funerals an' quiltin's 'n sich? but la suz, Philetus! they hain't nothin' to goin' from Posey Keounty to Chicago on the covered cars; tho' I know a woman that thinks nothin' o' settin' out on a railroad journey where she has to wait fifteen minutes at a junction an' change cars at a depot. But, Philetus (*looking around anxiously*), I b'lieve we've went an' tooken the wrong train.

Old M. (*startled*). It can't be, nohow. Didn't I ask the conductor, an' he said we's all right?

Old W. Yes, he did; but look out of the winder an' make sure; he might 'a been a lyin' to us.

Old M. (*looks out as if at window*) I guess we're all right, Mary.

Old W. (*whispering*). Ask somebody—ask that man there.

Old M. (*to gentleman reading paper behind.*) This hyr's the train for Chicago, ain't it?

Gent. This is the train, sir.

Old M. There! didn't I tell you? (*Chuckling.*)

Old W. (*folding hands*). It may be—it may be! but if we're carried wrong, it won't be my fault. I say that we're wrong; and when we've been led into some pirates' cave and butchered for our money, ye'll wish ye had heeded my words.

Enter Conductor.

Conductor. "Tickets, please!"

Old M. (*searching every pocket, emptying all sorts of things from one pocket*). Mary, what *do* you s'pose has become of them tickets?

Old W. (*searching carpet-sack*). Well, if it *don't beat all*—the way you forgit things.

Old M. (*finding tickets finally in his hat wrapped up in a huge red bandana*). O! here they are. I put 'em in my hat so I'd know right where they was. (*Conductor disappears with tickets after having collected from all other passengers.*) Looks like rain over thar in the west. I hope the boys 'll get them oats in.

Old W. That minds me of the umberel. (*Searching among the luggage for it, and not finding it.*) It's gone.

Old M. (*startled.*) W-what?

Old W. That unbereller!

Old M. No!

Old W. Gone—hide and hair! That sky-blue umberel that I've had ever since Marthy died!

Old M. (*searching*). Wall, that's queer.

Old W Queer! not a bit. I've talked to you and talked to you, but it does no good; you come from a heedless family; you'd forgit to put your boots on if I didn't tell ye to.

Old M. (*in cutting tone*). None of the Harrisons was ever in the poorhouse.

Old W. Philetus! Philetus H. Harrison! (*laying hand on his arm*) don't you dare twit me of that again! I've lived with you nigh onto forty year, and waited on you when you had the biles and the toothache and the colic, and when you fell and broke yer leg; but don't you push me up to the wall! (*After a pause.*) My! but I'm dretful thursty. I'm glad I fetched that bottle of cold tea (*searching among the luggage not finding it straightens up and whispers*), and *that's* gone *too!*

Old M. What now?

Old W. It's been stole! (*Looking round at other passengers gasping.*) First the umbereller—then the bottle!

Old M. I couldn't hev left it, could I?

Old W. For land sake! don't ask me! That bottle has been in our family twenty years—ever since mother died—and now its gone! Land only knows what I'll do for a camfire bottle when we get home—if we *ever* do.

Old M. I'll buy you one.

Old W. Yes, I know ye are always ready to buy; an' if it wasn't for me to restrain you, the money'd fly like feathers in the wind. (*With a knowing look.*)

Old M. Wall, I didn't have to mortgage my farm.

Old W. Twitting agin? It isn't enough that you've lost a good umbereller and a camfire bottle; but you must twit me of this and that. (*Weeps.*)

Old M. (*looks sorry—after a pause—to man accross the aisle*). What's the sile around here?

Old W. Philetus! Philetus H. Harrison! stop your noise! (*Poking him with her elbow.*)

Old M. I just asked a question.

Old W. What'd your brother Joab tell ye, the last thing afore we left him? Didn't he say somebody'd swindle ye on the string game or the confidence game, or some other kind of game? Didn't he warn ye agin rascals?

Old M. I hain't seen no rascals.

Old W. Of course ye hain't, cause ye'r blind! I know that that man's a villin; an' if they don't arrest him for murder before we leave this train I'll miss my guess. *I* can read human natur' like a book. (*Pause—sigh.*) I wish I *knew* that this was the train fur Chicago.

Old M. Course it is.

Old W. How do you know?

Old M. 'Cause it is.

Old W. Well, I know it hain't; but if you are content to rush along to destruction, I shan't say a word. Only when your throat is bein' cut, don't call out that I didn't warn you!

Enter Peanut Boy.

Peanut Boy. Nice fresh peanuts! peanuts! peanuts!

Old W. (*seeing Old M. reach in pocket for wallet*). Philetus, you shan't squander that money after peanuts!

(*Waving the boy on with one hand, and holding Old M.'s arm with other.*)

Old M. Didn't I earn it?

Old W. Humph! you sold two cows to come on this visit, and the money's half gone now; no telling how we git home. (*Sighing deeply.*) I wish't I hadn't a' come. (*Old M. looks at ceiling, then out at window, and tries to produce a smile.*) I know very well what you want to say, but it's a blessed good thing for you that I did come. If you had come alone you'd have been murdered, and gashed, and scalped, and sunk into the river afore now!

Old M. Pooh!

Old W. Yes, pooh! if you want to; but I know.

(*He leans back, she settles herself with a sigh, and his arm rests on the back of the seat. He nods, and she nods and leans her head on his shoulder. She breathes heavily, he snores audibly. The curtain falls.*)

MATINAL.

SCENE.—Young lady's boudoir—Reader in pretty morning dress is seated before a dressing table, on which are seen toilet articles. Mirror, brushes, comb, puff-box, jewel-case, and so forth. Window at back or off side.

Ten o'clock! Well I'm sure I can't help it!

(*Knocking at door.*)

I'm up, go away from the door!

(*Knocking continues.*)

Now children, I'll speak to your mother
If you pound there like that any more.
How tired I do feel! Where's that cushion?
I don't want to move from this chair;
I wish Marie'd make her appearance!
I really *can't* do up my hair.
I wish I'd not danced quite so often—
I knew I'd feel tired! but it's hard
To refuse a magnificent dancer,
If you have a place left on your card.
I was silly to wear that green satin;
It's a shame that I've spoiled it so;
All down the front breadth—it's just ruined,
No trimming will hide that, I know.
That's me! Have a costume imported,
And spoil it the very first night!
I might make an overskirt of it,
That shade looks lovely with white. (*Yawns.*)
How horrid my eyes look! (*Uses puff.*) Good gracious!

(*Sneezes.*)

I hope I didn't catch cold

Sitting out on the stairs with Will Stacy.
If ma knew that wouldn't she scold!
(*Rises and walks languidly to window.*)
She says he's so fast—well, who isn't?
Dear! Where is Marie? How it rains!
I don't care, he's real handsome,
And his talk sounds as if he'd some brains.
I do wonder what *is* the reason
That good men are all like Joe Price,
So *poky*, and stiff, and *conceited*,
And fast ones are always so nice?
Just see how Joe acted last evening!
He didn't come near me at all,
Because I danced twice with Will Stacy
That night at the charity ball.
I didn't care two pins to do it,
But Joe said I mustn't—and so
I just did—he isn't my master,
Nor shan't be, I'd like him to know.
I don't think he looked at me even,
Though just to please him I wore green;
And I'd saved him three elegant dances,
I wouldn't have acted so *mean.*
The way he went on with Nell Hadly,
Dear me! Just as if I would care! (*Laughs.*)
I'd like to see those two get married,
They'd make a congenial pair!
(*Sighs and sits at table.*)
I'm getting disgusted with parties;
I think I'll stop going out;
What's the use of this fussing for people
I don't care the least bit about?
(*Takes photograph from easel on dressing table—regards it intently.*)
I *did* think Joe had some sense once,
But my, he's just like all the men!
(*Throws down photo.*)

And the way I've gone on about him—
Just see if I do it again;
Only wait till the next time I see him,
I'll pay him; won't I be cool? (*Takes up photo again.*)
I've a good mind to—(*threatens to tear it*) I'll—
(*tears it.*) Yes, I will! (*Bell.*)
The bell! who can that be, I wonder? (*Goes to window.*)
Let's see—I declare! Why, *it's Joe!*
How long they are keeping him waiting!
Good gracious! why don't that girl go? (*Enters maid.*)
Yes—say I'll be down in a minute! (*Sits at table.*)
Quick, Marie, fix my hair!
Not that bow—the green one—Joe likes it—
How slow you are!—I'll pin it—there!
(*Uses puff, puts on bracelet, pats hair before mirror, hurries out. Maid picks up pieces of photo, looks at them, then after young lady. Smiles knowingly.*)

MICE AT PLAY,

(A dialogue for children.)

CHARACTERS.

BESS (*girl of eight or ten years*).
BOB (*small boy*).
ARCHIE (*boy of ten or twelve years*).
TOM (*boy of twelve*).
} Costumes modern.

SCENE.—A room. The children grouped around table where Tom is writing a letter. Archie sits in an easy chair eating cookies from a plate on little table near, with arm in a sling; Bess in low rocker near table dressing a doll; Bob on a hassock near the fire making a harness for the cat.

Tom (*looking at Bess with a frown*). Bess, stop jogging the table. How on earth can a fellow write with you around?

Bess. Read what you have written, Tom.

Archie. Yes, do.

Tom. O, wait till it's done. (*Pause, Tom hesitates.*) How do you spell circus?

Bess (*promptly*). S-u-r-k-e-s-ss.

Tom. Naw, you don't either. *I* know better than that.

Bess. Humph! 'Ef you know so much, why do you ask?

Archie. There's a *c* in it, for I saw the big red and blue posters in the village and I know there's a *c* in circus.

Bess. Then it's c-i-r-k-i-s.

Tom. Yes, I guess that's right (*writes the word making imaginary letters with his mouth, holds back head, first on one side then on the other*). I'm not exactly sure, though. It looks kinder queer. And mamma does make such an awful row if I don't spell right! What's the use of spelling, anyway? If the folks know what you mean, that's enough—one way is as good as another. Pshaw! I don't believe it is right [*head on hand*]. Say, Bob! you're a first-rate boy—a real, regular first-rate good boy, you are.

Bob (*looks up*). Now, if you want me to go up stairs or anything, *I won't.*

Tom. Oh! yes Bobby! That's a lovely harness you've made for pussy. I couldn't have done better myself. (*Coaxingly.*) You know where my dictionary is, up in my room on the table? Run along and get it—that's a good boy. Come Bobby.

Bob (*Sticks out lips*). Go yourself!

Tom. Oh, I'm so tired! I've done nothing but run for doctors all day. Come, Bob. I'll tell mamma what a good boy you are if you will.

Bob. Won't you tell her I dropped the teapot down the well?

(*All speak at once and look interested.*)

Tom. O, did you?

Archie. Oh! Oh!

Bess. Why, Bobby Bradley!

Bob (*Nods head—looks conscious*).

(*All speak at once.*)

Tom. The big one?

Archie. The little one?

Bess. Which one?

Bob. The big silver one.

(*All speak.*)

Bess. How?

Archie. Why?

Tom. What were you doing with it?

Bob. The gardener wouldn't lend me the watering pot, and I wanted to water my garden, so I thought that would do instead; and I went—went to fill it at the well (*begins to cry*) and the bucket—hit—it—right—*over in the well.* (Rubs eyes with fist.) An' it's the bucket's fault, an' I ain't to blame.

Tom (*whistles.*)

Bob. If you won't tell mamma I'll go for the book.

Tom. Well, I won't tell her in this letter any way.

Bob. Don't tell her *at all.*

Tom (*threatening to write*). If you don't go right off and get it I'll write it this minute.

Bob (*jumping up*). I'll go, I'll go. (*Exit.*)

Bess. My! that's the worst scrape yet, for if I did get lost I was found again; and if I did tear my clothes, they're all mended now; and if Archie did break his arm, it's all mended now, too. But the teapot! That's down the well, and there it is.

Tom. Well, I guess it's done now. (*Reads*)

Dear Mamma:—I wish you was home. We have dun a good many bad things. Bess got lost in the woods, and most drowned in the Rainy Pond. I shot Kate thru the head with a squirt of water and most killed her. Archie broke his arm trying to wride the trik-mule at the curkis. Bob has dun worst of all; but I said I wouldn't tell that. Bob has done a dredful thing; but I said I woodn't tel, so I won't. It's orful. Papa is very good to us, and don't make us wash too much. The bred is orful; Maggie is cross. But we're all well, except Archie's arm, and Dr. Jarvis says if he don't get fever he will get well.

Your loving son, TOM.

P. S.—You will feel orful bad about what Bob's dun.

(*Bob enters with dictionary under his arm just as Tom is reading the P. S. He stands with lips stuck out pouting and looking at Tom as curtain falls.*)

PART XI.

Selections for Special Occasions.

ODE TO THE AMERICAN FLAG.

[The celebration of Flag Day is very popular with school children. The following poem is fitting for such an occasion.]

WHEN freedom from her mountain height
Unfurled her standard to the air,
She tore the azure robe of night,
And set the stars of glory there.
She mingled with its gorgeous dyes
The milky baldric of the skies,
And striped its pure celestial white
With streakings of the morning light·
Then from his mansion in the sun
She called her eagle bearer down,
And gave into his mighty hand
The symbol of her chosen land.

Majestic monarch of the cloud!
Who rear'st aloft thy regal form,
To hear the tempest trumpings loud
And see the lightning lances driven,
When strive the warriors of the storm.
And rolls the thunder-drum of heaven—
Child of the sun! to thee 'tis given
To guard the banner of the free;
To hover in the sulphur smoke,
To ward away the battle-stroke;
And bid its blendings shine afar,
Like rainbows on the clouds of war,
The harbingers of victory!
Flag of the brave! thy folds shall fly,

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WAITING.

The sign of hope and triumph high,
When speaks the signal trumpet tone,
And the long line comes gleaming on.
Ere yet the life-blood, warm and wet,
Has dimmed the glistening bayonet,
Each soldier eye shall brightly turn
To where thy sky-born glories burn,
And, as his springing steps advance,
Catch war and vengeance from the glance;
And when the canon-mouthings loud,
Heave in wild wreathes the battle-shroud,
And gory sabres rise and fall,
Like shoots of flame on midnight's pall,
Then shall thy meteor glances glow,
And cowering foes shall shrink beneath
Each gallant arm that strikes below
That lovely messenger of death.

Flag of the seas! on ocean wave
Thy stars shall glitter o'er the brave,
When death, careering on the gale,
Sweeps darkly 'round the bellied sail,
And frighted waves rush wildly back
Before the broadside's reeling rack;
Each dying wanderer of the sea
Shall look at once to heaven and thee,
And smile to see thy splendor fly,
In triumph, o'er his closing eye.
Flag of the free heart's hope and home!
By angel hands to valor given,
Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,
And all thy hues were born in heaven.
Forever float that standard sheet!
Where breathes the foe but falls before us,
With Freedom's soil beneath our feet,
And Freedom's banner streaming o'er us?

INDEPENDENCE BELL.

[The story of the famous bell that rang out the glad tidings of freedom is a fitting subject for a Fourth of July recitation.]

THERE was a tumult in the city,
In the quaint old Quaker town,
And the streets were rife with people
Pacing restless up and down—
People gathering at corners,
Where they whispered each to each,
And the sweat stood on their temples
With the earnestness of speech.

As the bleak Atlantic currents
Lash the wild Newfoundland shore,
So they beat against the State House,
So they surged against the door;
And the mingling of their voices
Made a harmony profound,
Till the quiet street of Chestnut
Was all turbulent with sound.

"Will they do it?" "Dare they do it?"
"Who is speaking?" "What's the news?"
"What of Adams?" "What of Sherman?"
"Oh, God grant they won't refuse!"
"Make some way, there!" "Let me nearer!"
"I am stifling!" "Stifle, then!
When a nation's life's at hazard,
We've no time to think of men!"

So they beat against the portal,
Man and woman, maid and child;
And the July sun in heaven
On the scene looked down and smiled.
The same sun that saw the Spartan
Shed his patriot blood in vain
Now beheld the soul of freedom,
All unconquered, rise again.

See! See! The dense crowd quivers
Through all its lengthy line,
As the boy beside the portal
Looks forth to give the sign!
With his little hands uplifted,
Breezes dallying with his hair,
Hark! with deep, clear intonation,
Breaks his young voice on the air.

Hushed the people's swelling murmur,
List the boy's exultant cry!
"*Ring!*" he shouts, "RING! *grandpa*"
Ring! oh, RING for LIBERTY!"
Quickly at the given signal
The old bell-man lifts his hand,
Forth he sends the good news, making
Iron music through the land.

How they shouted! What rejoicing!
How the old bell shook the air,
Till the clang of freedom ruffled
The calmly gliding Delaware!
How the bonfires and the torches
Lighted up the night's repose,
And from the flames, like fabled Phœnix,
Our glorious Liberty arose!

That old State House bell is silent,
Hushed is now its clamorous tongue;
But the spirit it awakened
Still is living—ever young;
And when we greet the smiling sunlight
On the Fourth of each July,
We will ne'er forget the bell-man
Who, betwixt the earth and sky,
Rang out, loudly, "INDEPENDENCE;"
Which, please God, *shall never die!*

THE BIRTHDAY OF WASHINGTON.

[The birthday of the Father of our Country is a national holiday. The following poem glows with patriotic feeling.]

WELCOME thou festal morn!
Never be passed in scorn
Thy rising sun,
Thou day forever bright
With Freedom's holy light,
That gave the world the sight
Of Washington.

Unshaken 'mid the storm,
Behold that noble form—
That peerless one—
With his protecting hand,
Like Freedom's angel stand,
The guardian of our land,
Our Washington.

Traced there in lines of light
Where all pure rays unite,
Obscured by none;
Brightest on history's page,
Of any clime or age,
As chieftain, man and sage,
Stands Washington.

Name at which tyrants pale,
And their proud legions quail,
Their boasting done,
While Freedom lifts her head
No longer filled with dread,
Her sons to victory led
By Washington.

Now the true patriots see,
The foremost of the free,
The victory won,
In Freedom's presence bow,

While sweetly smiling now
She wreathes the spotless brow
Of Washington.

Then with each coming year,
Wherever shall appear
That natal sun,
Will we attest the worth
Of one true man to earth,
And celebrate the birth
Of Washington.

THE GRAVE OF LINCOLN.

[The memory of the martyred President will ever be treasured by all Americans. The following poem is appropriate for Lincoln's birthday.]

NOW must the storied Potomac
Laurels forever divide;
Now to the Sangamon fameless
Give of its century's pride—
Sangamon, stream of the prairies,
Placidly westward that flows,
Far in whose city of silence
Calm he has sought his repose.
Over our Washington's river
Sunrise beams rosy and fair;
Sunset on Sangamon fairer—
Father and martyr lies there.

Kings under pyramids slumber,
Sealed under Lybian sands;
Princes in gorgeous cathedrals,
Decked with the spoil of the lands;
Kinglier, princelier sleeps he,
Couched 'mid the prairies serene,

Only the turf and the willow
  Him and God's heaven between;
Temple nor column to cumber
  Verdure and bloom of the sod—
So, in the vale by Beth-peor,
  Moses was buried of God.

Break into blossoms, O prairies,
  Snowy and golden and red;
Peers of the Palestine lilies
  Heap for your glorious dead!
Roses as fair as of Sharon,
  Branches as stately as palm,
Odors as rich as the spices,—
  Cassia and aloes and balm,—
Mary, the loved, and Salome,
  All with a gracious accord,
Ere the first glow of the morning,
  Brought to the tomb of the Lord.

Wind of the west! breathe around him
  Soft as the saddened air's sigh,
When to the summit of Pisgah,
  Moses had journeyed to die;
Clear as its anthem that floated
  Wide o'er the Moabite plain,
Low, with the wail of the people,
  Blending its burdened refrain.
Rarer, O wind! and diviner—
  Sweet as the breeze that went by,
When, over Olivet's mountain,
  Jesus was lost in the sky.

Not for thy sheaves nor savannas
  Crown we thee, proud Illinois!
Here in his grave is thy grandeur,
  Born of his sorrow thy joy.

Only the tomb by Mount Zion,
Hewn for the Lord, do we hold
Dearer than his in thy prairies,
Girdled with harvests of gold!
Still for the world through the ages,
Wreathing with glory his brow,
He shall be Liberty's saviour,—
Freedom's Jerusalem thou!

THE BLUE AND THE GRAY.

[On Decoration Day the graves of Union and Confederate soldiers are strewn with flowers alike. The war is only a dream of the past.]

BY the flow of the inland river,
Whence the fleets of iron have fled,
Where the blades of the green grass quiver,
Asleep are the ranks of the dead;
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day—
Under the one, the blue;
Under the other, the gray.

These in the robings of glory,
Those in the gloom of defeat,
All with the battle-blood gory,
In the dusk of eternity meet;
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day—
Under the laurel, the blue;
Under the willow, the gray.

From the silence of sorrowful hours
Let the desolate mourners go,
Lovingly laden with flowers
Alike for the friend and the foe;
Under the sod and the dew,

Waiting the judgment day—
Under the roses, the blue;
Under the lilies, the gray.

So with an equal splendor
The morning sun rays fall,
With a touch impartially tender,
On the blossoms blooming for all,
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day—
'Broidered with gold the blue;
Mellowed with gold the gray.

Sadly, but not with upbraiding,
The generous deed was done;
In the storm of the years that are fading
No braver battle was won;
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day—
Under the blossoms, the blue,
Under the garlands, the gray.

No more shall the war cry sever,
Or the winding rivers be red;
They banish our anger forever
When they laurel the graves of our dead!
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day—
Love and tears for the blue,
Tears and love for the gray.

THE PUMPKIN.

[The joys of Thanksgiving Day are vividly pictured in this poem.]

O GREENLY and fair in the lands of the sun,
The vines of the gourd and the rich melon run,
And the rock and the tree and the cottage enfold,

With broad leaves all greenness and blossoms all gold,
Like that which o'er Nineveh's prophet once grew,
While he waited to know that his warning was true,
And longed for the storm-cloud, and listened in vain
For the rush of the whirlwind and red fire-rain.

On the banks of the Xenil, the dark Spanish maiden
Comes up with the fruit of the tangled vine laden;
And the Creole of Cuba laughs out to behold
Through orange leaves shining the broad spheres of gold;
Yet with dearer delight from his home in the North,
On the fields of his harvest the Yankee looks forth,
Where crook-necks are coiling and yellow fruit shines,
And the sun of September melts down on his vines.

Ah! on Thanksgiving Day, when from East and from West,
From North and from South come the pilgrim and guest,
When the grey-haired New-Englander sees round his board
The old broken links of affection restored.
When the care-wearied man seeks his mother once more,
And the worn matron smiles where the girl smiled before
What moistens the lip and what brightens the eye?
What calls back the past, like the rich pumpkin pie?

O, fruit loved of boyhood! The old days recalling;
When wood grapes were purpling and brown nuts were falling.
When wild ugly faces we carved in the skin,
Glaring out through the dark with a candle within,
When we laughed round the corn heap, with hearts all in tune,
Our chair a broad pumpkin, our lantern the moon,
Telling tales of the fairy who traveled like steam,
In a pumpkin-shell coach, with two rats for her team.

The thanks for thy present—none sweeter or better
E'er smoked from an oven or circled a platter.
Fairer hands never wrought at a pastry more fine,
Brighter eyes never watched o'er it its baking than thine.
And the prayer, which my mouth is too full to express,

Swells my heart that thy shadow may never be less,
That the days of thy lot may be lengthened below,
And the fame of thy worth like a pumpkin vine grow,
And thy life be as sweet, and its last sunset sky
Golden tinted and fair as thine own pumpkin pie.

THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS.

[An excellent reading for a Christmas Festival.]

'TWAS the night before Christmas, when all through the house
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse;
The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,
In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there;
The children were nestled all snug in their beds,
While visions of sugar-plums danced through their heads;
And mamma in her kerchief, and I in my cap,
Had just settled our brains for a long winter's nap,
When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter,
I sprang from my bed to see what was the matter.
Away to the window I flew like a flash,
Tore open the shutters and threw up the sash.
The moon, on the breast of the new-fallen snow,
Gave a luster of mid-day to objects below;
When, what to my wondering eyes should appear,
But a miniature sleigh, and eight tiny reindeer,
With a little old driver, so lively and quick,
I knew in a moment it must be St. Nick.
More rapid than eagles his coursers they came,
And he whistled, and shouted, and call'd them by name:
"Now, Dasher! now, Dancer! now Prancer! now Vixen!
On, Comet! on, Cupid! on, Donder and Blitzen!
To the top of the porch, to the top of the wall!
Now, dash away, dash away, dash away all!"
As dry leaves that before the wild hurricane fly,
When they meet with an obstacle mount to the sky,
So, up to the house-top the coursers they flew,

With the sleigh full of toys, and St. Nicholas too.
And then in a twinkling I heard on the roof
The prancing and pawing of each little hoof
As I drew in my head, and was turning around,
Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with a bound.
He was dress'd all in fur from his head to his foot,
And his clothes were all tarnish'd with ashes and soot;
A bundle of toys he had flung on his back,
And he look'd like a peddler just opening his pack.
His eyes how they twinkled! his dimples how merry!
His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry;
His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow,
And the beard on his chin was as white as the snow.
The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth,
And the smoke, it encircled his head like a wreath.
He had a broad face and a little round belly
That shook, when he laugh'd, like a bowl full of jelly.
He was chubby and plump—a right jolly old elf—
And I laugh'd when I saw him, in spite of myself.
A wink of his eye, and a twist of his head,
Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread.
He spake not a word, but went straight to his work,
And filled all the stockings; then turn'd with a jerk,
And laying his finger aside of his nose,
And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose.
He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle,
And away they all flew like the down of a thistle;
But I heard him exclaim, ere he drove out of sight,
"Happy Christmas to all, and to all a good-night!"

CHRIST RISEN.

[A beautiful recitation for Easter Sunday].

AGAIN the Lord of Life and Light
Awakes the kindling ray,
Unseals the eyelids of the morn,
And pours increasing day.

Oh! what a night was that which wrapt
The heathen world in gloom!
Oh! what a sun, which broke this day
Triumphant from the tomb!

This day be grateful homage paid,
And loud hosannas sung;
Let gladness dwell in every heart,
And praise on every tongue.

Ten thousand differing lips shall join
To hail this welcome morn,
Which scatters blessings from its wings
To nations yet unborn.

The powers of darkness leagued in vain
To bind his soul in death;
He shook their kingdom, when He fell,
With his expiring breath.

And now His conquering chariot wheels
Ascend the lofty skies;
While broke beneath His powerful cross
Death's iron scepter lies.

Exalted high at God's right hand,
The Lord of all below,
Through Him is pardoning love dispensed,
And boundless blessings flow.

And still for erring, guilty man
A Brother's pity flows;
And still His bleeding heart is touch'd
With memory of our woes,

To Thee, my Savior and my King,
Glad homage let me give;
And stand prepared like Thee to die,
With Thee that I may live

THE DEATH OF THE OLD YEAR.

[Appropriate for the New Year.]

FULL knee-deep lies the winter snow,
And the winter winds are wearily sighing.
Toll ye the church-bell sad and slow,
And tread softly and speak low,
For the Old Year lies a-dying.
Old Year, you must not die;
You came to us so readily,
You lived with us so steadily,
Old Year, you shall not die.

He lieth still; he doth not move;
He will not see the dawn of day.
He hath no other life above.
He gave me a friend and a true true-love,
And the New Year will take 'em away.
Old Year, you must not go;
So long as you have been with us,
Such joy as you have seen with us,
Old Year, you shall not go.

He froth'd his bumpers to the brim;
A jollier year we shall not see.
But though his eyes are waxing dim,
And though his foes speak ill of him,
He was a friend to me.
Old Year, you shall not die;
We did so laugh and cry with you,
I've half a mind to die with you,
Old Year, if you must die.

He was full of joke and jest,
But all his merry quips are o'er.
To see him die across the waste
His son and heir doth ride post-haste,

But he'll be dead before.
Every one for his own.
The night is starry and cold, my friend,
And the New Year blithe and bold, my friend
Comes up to take his own.

How hard he breathes! Over the snow
I heard just now the crowing cock.
The shadows flicker to and fro:
The cricket chirps; the light burns low,
'Tis nearly twelve o'clock.
Shake hands before you die.
Old year, we'll dearly rue for you;
What is it we can do for you?
Speak out before you die.

His face is growing sharp and thin.
Alack! our friend is gone.
Close up his eyes, tie up his chin;
Step from the corpse and let him in
That standeth there alone,
And waiteth at the door.
There's a new foot on the floor, my friend,
And a new face at the door, my friend,
A new face at the door.

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR.

[Longfellow's birthday is now celebrated in the schools. This poem by the great poet is adapted for such an occasion.]

BETWEEN the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupation,
That is known as the Children's Hour.

I hear in the chamber above me
The patter of little feet,

The sound of a door that is opened,
And voices soft and sweet.

From my study I see in the lamplight,
Descending the broad hall stair,
Grave Alice, and laughing Allegra,
And Edith with golden hair.

A whisper, and then a silence:
Yet I know by their merry eyes
They are plotting and planning together,
To take me by surprise.

A sudden rush from the stairway,
A sudden raid from the hall!
By three doors left unguarded
They enter my castle wall!

They climb up into my turret
O'er the arms and back of my chair;
If I try to escape, they surround me;
They seem to be everywhere,

They almost devour me with kisses,
Their arms about me entwine,
Till I think of the Bishop of Bingen
In his Mouse-Tower on the Rhine!

Do you think, O blue-eyed banditti,
Because you have scaled the wall,
Such an old moustache as I am
Is not a match for you all?

I have you fast in my fortress,
And will not let you depart,
But put you down into the dungeon
In the round-tower of my heart.

And there will I keep you forever,
Yes, forever and a day,
Till the walls shall crumble to ruin,
And molder in dust away!

HYMN TO THE FLOWERS.

[To be recited on Flower Sunday.]

'NEATH cloister'd boughs, each floral bell that swingeth
And tolls its perfume on the passing air,
Makes Sabbath in the fields, and ever ringeth
A call to prayer.

Not the domes where crumbling arch and column
Attest the feebleness of mortal hand,
But to that fane, most catholic and solemn,
Which God hath plann'd.

To that cathedral, boundless as our wonder,
Whose quenchless lamps the sun and moon supply—
Its choir the winds and waves, its organ thunder,
Its dome the sky.

There as in solitude and shade I wander
Through the green aisles, or, stretch'd upon the sod,
Awed by the silence, reverently ponder
The ways of God,

Your voiceless lips, O Flowers, are living preachers,
Each cup a pulpit, every leaf a book,
Supplying to my fancy numerous teachers
From loneliest nook.

Floral apostles that in dewy splendor
"Weep without woe, and blush without a crime,"
Oh, may I deeply learn, and ne'er surrender,
Your lore sublime!

"Thou wert not Solomon! in all thy glory,
Array'd," the lilies cry, "in robes like ours;
How vain your grandeur! Ah, how transitory
Are human flowers!"

PART XII.

Rules of Order for Literary Societies.

CONSTITUTION, BY-LAWS AND PARLIAMENTARY RULES.

WHEN it is desired to form a society for literary, social or other purposes, those interested should see that the proper persons are invited to meet at a certain time and place. After a temporary organization has been effected, a committee should be appointed to draw up the constitution and by-laws, to be adopted at the following meeting, by a majority of votes.

This constitution governs all actions of the society and should be recorded in a book and signed by all the members of the organization. It should contain the following provisions: Name of the society; object of the society; who may become members and how; officers, their election and duties; meetings of the society, how and when held; how to amend the constitution. The by-laws should contain all the other rules of the society. Some work on parliamentary rules should be specified as the authority in the workings of the organization.

The following constitution, by-laws and parliamentary rules can be taken as the proper form for conducting such a body:

PARLIAMENTARY RULES.

DUTIES OF MEMBERS.—When a meeting is called to order its members should at once take their seats and preserve order and decorum. Respect must always be shown the President. When a member desires to speak he must rise and address the presiding officer, who will call him by name or indicate him by position. If the President wishes to make an explanation or statement, the member occupying the floor should at once resume his seat.

The success of any organization depends upon the harmony among its members. This can be effected by observing two rules: *Avoid personalities* and *Attend strictly to business.*

ORDER OF BUSINESS.—In legislative assemblies the order of business is as follows: 1. Secretary reads records of previous meeting. 2. Reports of standing committees. 3. Reports of special committees. 4. Special orders. 5. Unfinished business. 6. New business.

Upon taking his seat the President will rap upon his desk and say: "The Society will please come to order." He will then say: "The Secretary will please read the minutes of the previous meeting." When the minutes have been read the President will say: "You have heard the minutes read, what is your pleasure?" Thereupon, some member will say: "Mr. President, I move the minutes stand approved." The motion is seconded, when the President will say: "It is moved and seconded that the minutes stand approved. All in favor of the motion will signify it by saying 'Aye.' Those opposed, 'No.'" The President then proceeds to call for the reports of standing committees and so on through the usual order of business.

PRESIDENT.—It is the duty of the President to open the meeting at the time fixed upon, by taking the chair, calling the meeting to order and announcing the business in the order in which it is to be acted upon. He shall receive and submit all motions, and put to vote all questions which are regularly moved and seconded and announce the results. He shall strictly enforce order and decorum, and appoint committees. He can speak to points of order in preference to others and decide all questions of order. If the house is evenly divided he can give the deciding vote.

SECRETARY.—The duties of the Secretary shall be to keep the records of the proceedings, read all papers when ordered, when he shall always rise. He should call the roll, when ordered, and state the answer when a vote is taken by yeas and nays. He shall have the custody of all papers and documents, and sign all proceedings of the Society.

QUORUM.—A quorum is a sufficient number of the members of

an association who can legally transact business. Unless a quorum is present no business is in order except a motion to adjourn.

COMMITTEES.—Standing committees are permanent. Special committees perform the duty for which they are appointed, when they are discharged. Every committee selects its own chairman, although it is customary to elect as chairman the person first named by the President. In the appointment of a committee, no person opposed to the measure shall be named. Committees do not adjourn, but when they have concluded their deliberations should rise and report. The report should be presented by the chairman. When the report has been received and the committee discharged they can not act again, unless granted new power.

MOTIONS.—A motion is a proposition made to an assembly. When a proposition is put to vote, it is called the question. A motion cannot be acted upon or the question put until it has been seconded, and cannot be withdrawn, except by permission of the house. No motion can be made while a speaker has the floor or while another motion is before the house, except it be a question of privilege.

AMENDMENT.—A motion can be amended or changed and such amendment takes precedence of the original question and must be considered and decided first. An amendment to an amendment must also be decided before the amendment. A motion to amend the second amendment is not in order.

QUESTION.—After the question has been stated by the President and debated by the members, he rises and asks: "Are you ready for the question?" The members signify their readiness by responding: "Question!" The Chairman then puts the question to the house, first the affirmative, then the negative side, after this manner: "Those in favor of the question will signify it by saying 'Aye.' Those opposed will say 'No.'" He then announces the result of the vote. If any member doubts the result he can call for a division, when the members shall rise and be counted. If doubt is then expressed by any member a count can be called for. The President then appoints two tellers, one

from each side, who count the voting members and report the result to the Chairman, who announces it to the house.

PRIVILEGED QUESTIONS.—When a question is being debated no motion shall be received except the following, which are known as privileged questions: First: The motion to adjourn is always in order, and takes precedence of all other motions. Second: The motion to lay on the table; when a matter has been laid on the table it can only be taken up at a subsequent meeting. Third: The motion for the previous question stands next in order and when moved and seconded must be put. Fourth: When a motion for postponement is followed by one referring the motion to a committee, the latter motion is put first. Fifth: If an amendment and definite postponement are proposed the latter is put first, as the amend ent can then be brought up when the main question is considered. The motion to postpone indefinitely is adopted when members desire to wholly suppress a question.

PREVIOUS QUESTION.—Although a question may be before the house, it is allowable for any member to move that the question be put. This is termed "moving the previous question," and at once stops all debate on the main question. If this motion passes the house the main question is put immediately. When the previous question has been moved and seconded the Chairman should say: "Are you now ready for the main question?" If the motion is lost, the main question remains as the question before the house.

DECISIONS ON ORDER.—Whenquestions of order arise among members and the President is appealed to, he must at once decide, and his decision is in order before any other business. If any member objects to the President's ruling, the member can appeal from his decision and have the matter decided by a vote of the meeting. In this instance the Chairman puts the question on appeal as follows: "It is desired that an appeal be taken from the Chair. Do the members sustain the decision of the Chairman?" The question is then before the house for debate in which the President can take part.

ORDER OF THE DAY.—A question which has been postponed

to a certain day is called the order of the day. A motion made on the day appointed that the order of the day be taken up takes precedence of any other question.

COMMITTEE OF THE WHOLE.—It frequently becomes necessary for the assembly to form itself into a committee of the whole, upon a motion of some member. If such a motion is carried, the presiding officer appoints a chairman of the committee and takes a seat with the other members. A committee of the whole cannot adjourn. If the business has been completed, for which it was formed, the President resumes his seat and the chairman of the committee reports its proceedings and conclusions. If the business has not been completed before time of adjournment the President resumes his seat and the chairman will make a report and ask leave to sit again.

CONSTITUTION.

ARTICLE I.—The name of the Society shall be———————

ARTICLE II.—Its object shall be the social and literary advancement of its members.

ARTICLE III.—The officers of the Society shall consist of a President, a Vice-President, a Secretary, a Treasurer and a Librarian, who shall be elected annually by ballot, on the first Friday in January of each year, said officers to hold their position until their successors are elected.

ARTICLE IV.—It shall be the duty of the President to preside at all meetings of the Society. The Vice-President shall preside in the absence of the President, and in case of the absence of both President and Vice-President, it shall be the duty of the Treasurer to preside.

The duty of the Secretary shall be to conduct the correspondence, keep the records of the Society, and read at each meeting a report of the work done at the preceding meeting.

The Treasurer shall keep the funds of the Society, making an annual report of all moneys received, disbursed, and the amount on hand.

The duty of the Librarian shall be to take charge of all books and records belonging to the Society.

ARTICLE V.—It shall be the duty of the President to appoint committees to have charge of certain departments, such as finance, lectures and library.

ARTICLE VI.—The duty of the finance committee shall be to decide upon the amount of dues, and report same to the Treasurer, whose duty shall be to collect these dues. The lecture committee shall make all arrangements for lectures to be given in the interests of the Society. The library committee shall select books for the permanent library of this organization.

ARTICLE VII.—Any person can become a member of this organization with the consent of two-thirds of its members. Each member shall be required to sign the Constitution, and pay the membership fee and all dues. It is customary for organizations of this kind to elect honorary members who are not required to pay any fees or dues.

ARTICLE VIII.—This organization shall hold weekly meetings. Special meetings can be called by the President, upon the written request of three members, when the presence of five members shall constitute a quorum.

ARTICLE IX.—When any member shall be found guilty of any action contrary to the rules of this organization, his dismissal can be effected by a two-thirds vote of the members present at any meeting. Such a member, however, should be given an opportunity to be heard in his own defense.

ARTICLE X.—This Constitution can be changed or amended by a two-thirds vote of the members, providing notice is given one week in advance.

BY-LAWS.

LAW 1. No question shall be stated, unless moved by one member and seconded by another, and no question shall be considered until stated by the President. When a question is before the Society no other motion shall be entertained, except to adjourn, postpone, lay on the table, move the previous question, refer or amend.

LAW 2. A member shall be required to rise and address the President, and confine himself strictly to the question. If more

than one member rises to speak at the same time, the President shall decide which one is entitled to the floor.

Law 3. When a question is ready for the vote of the Society, the President shall first ask: "Are you ready for the question?" If no member wishes to speak the President shall rise and state the question. After the question has been put, no member shall be permitted to speak upon it unless by permission of the Society.

Law 4. The affirmative and negative sides of a question having been both put and accepted, the President shall declare the result of the vote.

Law 5. All questions shall be decided by a majority of votes.

Law 6. After a question has been decided a member may move a reconsideration, on the same day the original vote was taken, provided that member voted on the successful side of the question.

Law 7. The President or any member may call another member to order while speaking, when such member shall take his seat until the question of order is decided.

Law 8. It shall be the duty of the President to preserve order during the meeting and decide all questions of order, subject to an appeal to the society, and sign all proceedings of the meetings.

Law 9. No motion can be withdrawn by the one who made such motion unless the member who seconded the motion shall withdraw his second.

Law 10. No subject laid on the table shall be taken up again on the same evening.

Law 11. Motions to lay a measure on the table, to adjourn, to reconsider and to move the previous question are not debatable.

Law 12. When an important motion or amendment has been made and seconded the mover may be called upon to put the same in writing and hand it to the President, who shall read it to the Society.

Law 13. The mover of a motion can accept any amendment, but if the amendment be offered and not accepted, although seconded, the Society shall pass upon it before voting upon the original motion.

LAW 14. Every retiring officer shall hand to his successor all papers, books or money belonging to the Society.

LAW 15. A motion to adjourn is always in order, and when a motion to adjourn has been carried every member shall retain his seat until the President leaves his chair.

LAW 16. These rules of order cannot be changed without a two-thirds vote of the Society and a two weeks' notice of such alterations.

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